ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

AUGUST 1973 • ONE DOLLAR

PLAYBOY

AT LAST, THE WATERGATE TAPES! NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED, LEAKED OR SHREDDED!

AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH DAVID HALBERSTAM

PORNO CHIC: HARD-CORE FILMS COME OUT OF THE CLOSET

PLAYBOY'S HISTORY OF ORGANIZED CRIME IN AMERICA

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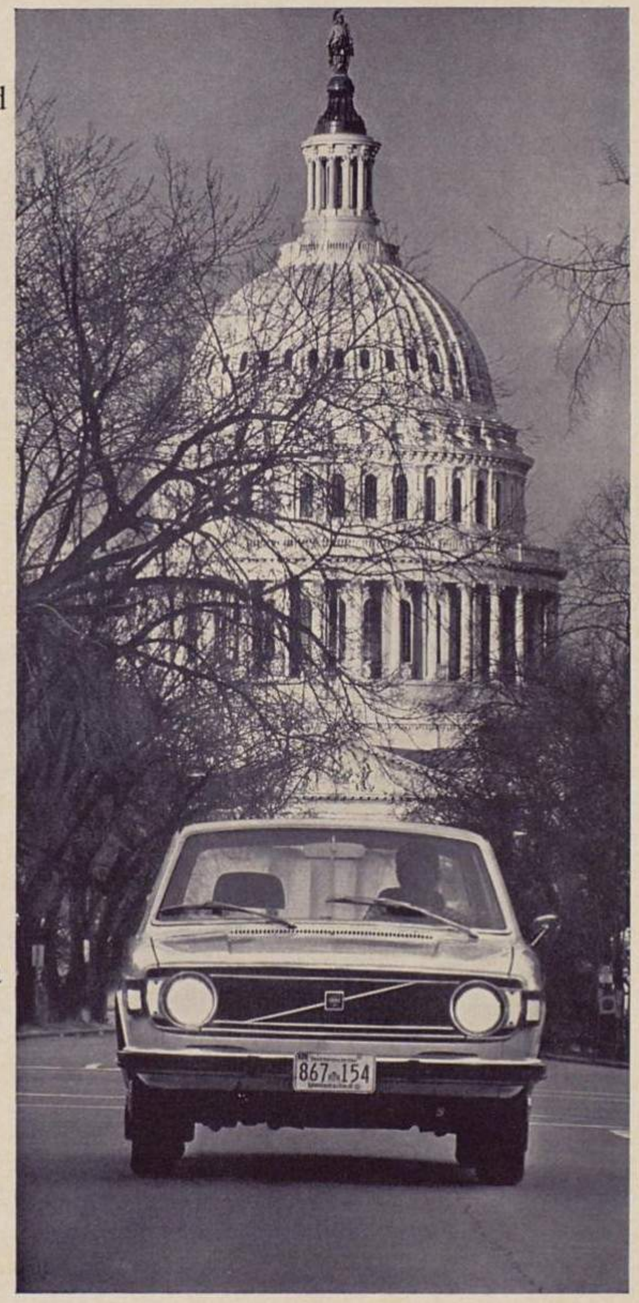

VOLVO

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WHY IS THE BRASS MONKEY STILL IN HIDING?

New inquiries suggest some nasty realities in the story behind the drink that defeated the Japanese Imperial Secret Service in World War II.

On a foggy night in Macao in 1942, a name was whispered into the darkness. "Rasske! H.E. Rasske!"

Was this simply the cover name of an Allied spy—code-named the Brass Monkey? Or, was it also the alias of a Japanese agent?

Lately, some of our mail has suggested a startling new theory to resolve the contradictions in the Brass Monkey legend. Is it possible that Admiral Kokura, head of Kempeitai Counterespionage, and H.E. Rasske were both double agents—and that *each* was protecting *the other*?

The Story As Originally Told.

The "facts" as leaked so far, revolve around a notorious club allegedly operated in the port of Macao. A small brass figurine squatting in a niche at the door gave the place its name, and the sunshine yellow drink they served, its renown. Both were known as the Brass Monkey.

We are asked to assume, perhaps too conveniently, that only our operatives knew that the drink was the key to a spy. That by scratching out the words, "No Evil" from the coaster under the Brass Monkey cocktail, then eliminating every letter from "The Brass Monkey" that didn't match those in "See, Hear, Speak," the name of the contact—H.E. Rasske—would be revealed.

Secrets of a Bar-Girl.

Is it possible that none of these coasters got into the wrong hands: even though members of the Kempeitai no doubt infested the place? Surely they pumped every likely employee for information, especially the club's bar-girls. These girls routinely tempered their own intake of liquor by mixing the Brass Monkey with orange juice. Even with this stratagem, is it possible that none of these girls, however innocently, ever let slip a single piece of information? Or, that all of them successfully resisted the temptation to sell out? Possible, but unlikely.

Incriminating Evidence?

How then was the Brass Monkey spy ring able to perform so cavalierly right under the nose of the enemy? Surely, it was more than dumb luck.

Kokura was quoted as saying, "The Brass Monkey is worth two aircraft carriers in the Coral Sea." Was this ambiguous remark a guarded admission that Rasske was more valuable to Japan alive than dead? Or, was his value to Kokura himself?

That would solve the riddle of the all-too-accommodating suicide of the Macao Kempeitai section chief *and* the closing of the Club itself at about the same time. Both events could have been engineered to cover Kokura, if the section chief was about to un-mask him as a double-agent.

Behind the Mask.

The possibility that the Brass Monkey himself was "doubling" (with headquarters' approval, of course) is too logical to discount. But why is the Brass Monkey still in hiding? Has he secrets still too dangerous to divulge? Does a former Japanese admiral still vow revenge for his betrayal? Or, could certain of Rasske's own ex-functionaries believe to this day that he deceived them?

Will the Brass Monkey ever show his face again? We don't know. Mr. H.E. Rasske, if that *really is* your name—will you?

What's a Brass Monkey?

It's an absolutely smashing drink made from a secret combination of liquors. Tasty, smooth and innocent-looking, but potent. The color of sunshine with the mystery of moonlight. If you've got a long evening ahead of you, try mixing the Brass Monkey with orange juice. Especially if you have your own secrets to keep.

HEUBLEIN COCKTAILS

The face in this photograph is said to be H.E. Rasske, the man we think was the Brass Monkey.

Heublein Brass Monkey®: 48 Proof. Made with Rum, Smirnoff® Vodka and Natural Flavors. ©1973. Heublein, Inc., Hartford, Conn. 06101.

HAMMER

ROTH

BENNETT

BARR

WILLIAMSON

FRADY

GRIFFIN

WAINWRIGHT

SCOTT

BRICKMAN

PLAYBILL Mario Puzo started something with *The Godfather*. But it's important to remember that he didn't exactly discover the Mob. It has been around for some time now and just may be prospering long after the boom in Mafia books has faded and died, because hoods have always performed a service, filled a need—which Puzo pointed out in his book—and as long as there are buyers, sellers will be there to provide them with the goods.

To examine the origins and influence of Mob power, we commissioned writer Richard Hammer to undertake a study, *Playboy's History of Organized Crime*. The first of its 11 parts, illustrated by George Roth, appears this month; titled "The American Dream," it deals with early immigrants and the organizations they brought with them—or formed as a means of gaining clout in the society. Hammer, whose *Court-Martial of Lt. Calley* was nominated for the National Book Award last year, is currently working on a biography of the late *mafioso* Lucky Luciano.

When he wrote *The Best and the Brightest*, David Halberstam probably thought he'd done the definitive treatise on high-level lying. No such luck. Watergate and its various offspring prove that there may be no limit to what a bunch of zealots will do when they think the nation's security—or virtue—is at stake. So, given Halberstam's savvy in this area, we went to him for an interview. Turns out he is nonpartisan; he feels equal contempt for the liars in both parties. (If you want to learn what some of our more irreverent staffers think the bug at Democratic headquarters *really* overheard, scan *The Watergate Tapes*.) Like Halberstam, a less-than-ardent admirer of Richard Nixon is former *Life* columnist Loudon Wainwright, whose essay *Heroic Nonsense* attacks a particularly egregious bit of Nixonthink.

Over on Capitol Hill, one of the routes to power—Marshall Frady discovered in doing *Chairman Skinflint*, his profile of Representative Wayne Hays of Ohio—is husbanding the nickels and dimes. Frady has just wrapped up an article on John Connally for one of our upcoming issues and is currently putting the final touches on a Simon & Schuster collection of his writings on the white Southerner—a subject close to his Baptist heart.

Our August fiction deals with further disquieting manifestations of contemporary life: troubled race relations, family breakups and a sense—also expressed by Halberstam—that 1984 is almost here. Hal Bennett's *The Ghost of Martin Luther King* (illustrated by Diane Barr) shows how a young Southern black's insight is sharpened by conflict. *Flies, Snakes, Fat Benny* is the poignant tale of a slob with a wandering wife; its author, Tom Griffin, a newcomer to our pages, is an advertising copy writer who moonlights as an actor/playwright. Our third short story, Richard Lourie's *Next Train to Warsaw?* (which will form part of his novel *Sagittarius in Warsaw*, to be published by Vanguard this fall), exposes the bureaucratic mind raised to the nth degree. This is a PLAYBOY first for Lourie, too; at last report, he was traveling in Mexico.

Writer-producer and five-string-banjo virtuoso (check *Dueling Banjos*, from the sound track of *Deliverance*) Marshall Brickman finds little to recommend New York. What he did find there, at an auction, was a five-volume set of Samuel Pepys's *Diary*. "I realized," Brickman told us, "how little difference there is between modern New York City and 17th Century London—except that in 17th Century London the plumbing was more dependable." So—with a bow to the late Franklin Pierce Adams, who 50 years ago occasionally parodied Pepys—Brickman concocted *Samuel Pepys in Funne City*. A world away is the pristine lost lake of Svalbard in the Norwegian arctic, described by Jack Denton Scott in *Journey into Silence*. It's an icy Eden unspoiled by man, where Scott—a seasoned traveler and writer of 12 books and some 1000 magazine articles—reports a city dweller can get lightheaded from the air's sheer purity.

"Ninety-nine and 44/100ths percent impure" was the way one paper described *Behind the Green Door*, a hard-core film starring Marilyn Chambers (whose more demure likeness has graced boxes of Ivory Snow). Marilyn and friends are visited this month in Contributing Editor Bruce Williamson's essay on the new wave of sexually explicit films, *Porno Chic*. In the course of covering the story, Williamson proved somewhat more inhibited than his subjects; although, for a lark, he posed in unobstructed rear view as Mr. June for *Ladies Home Companion 1973* male-nude calendar, he declined—with thanks—the offer of a porn-movie role.

Funny things also happened to a couple of other staffers on their way to publication this month. Contributing Editor Richard Warren Lewis, eagerly tearing open a PLAYBOY envelope that he expected to contain our check for his article on the world series of Monopoly, *Showdown on Boardwalk*, found $2000—in Monopoly money. And *Playboy's Pro Football Preview* pundit Anson Mount was almost as nonplused when *his* mail brought a bona fide National Football League Standard Player Contract from the Dallas Cowboys, made out to his newborn son Anson Adams Mount IV and good for summer training camp, 1995. More evidence, reasons Mount, of the Cowboys' prescient talent-scouting system.

Rounding out the magazine are the manly chests on display in *T Party*, photographed by Alberto Rizzo; the further adventures of Little Annie Fanny, chess novice; *Great Bars/Great Drinks*, a selection of specialties from famous establishments chosen by Emanuel Greenberg; and the 15th gatefold collaboration by Bill and Mel Figge and Ed DeLong: Playmate Phyllis Coleman. *Winner!* we call her. So, we think, is this issue.

LOURIE

MOUNT

LEWIS

RIZZO

FIGGE

FIGGE

DE LONG

vol. 20, no. 8—august, 1973

PLAYBOY

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The City Porsche

What's a zippy little mid-engine coupe like the Porsche 914 doing in a stop-and-go place like the big city?

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Like using its fuel-injected 2.0-liter engine (which means none of the carburetor adjustments you have with most other sporty cars) for plenty of go when the light turns green.

And getting plenty of stop from its 4-wheel disc brakes when the light turns red.

And taking the bump out of potholes and manholes with its front-wheel independent torsion bar suspension.

And not having to look very hard for a place to park. (There's always enough room for a 914.)

Or having to look very often for a place to buy gas. (The 914 is a gas-sipper. Not a gas-guzzler.)

Nor will it boil over in cross-town traffic. The engine is air-cooled.

And of course the Porsche 914 has always been known for its cornering. With its mid-engine design and rack-and-pinion steering.

And what has more corners than a city?

"It was sad enough having her call everything off. But did she have to be so cruel?"

"Good-bye Nick"

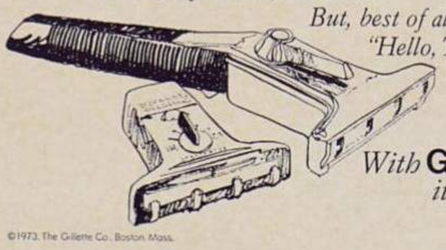
I walked around in the rain for hours after she said good-bye. It was sad enough, having her call everything off. But did she have to be so cruel? "Good-bye, Nick," she said. My name is Tom. Nick was what she called me though, because I always nicked myself when I shaved. The rain was loosening the bandage on my face.

It was late when I arrived at my apartment and found a small, plainly wrapped package at my door. I picked it up and went in. Exhausted, but unable to sleep, I sat down and opened the package.

Inside was a Gillette Techmatic® razor. The note carried her fragrance into the room and memories flooded my dulled mind. The Techmatic, she wrote, is adjustable so I can change the setting to fit my skin and beard. And instead of blades with corners that can cut and nick my face, there's a continuous razor band. And it's all safely enclosed in a cartridge so I will never have to touch a sharp edge again.

A smooth, safe shave, she wrote.

But, best of all, she signed it, "Hello, Tom."



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DEAR PLAYBOY

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ELEVEN YEARS AND COUNTING

Nat Hentoff's chilling revelations of government invasion into our private lives (*If You Liked "1984," You'll Love 1973*, PLAYBOY, May) made me fear that there's nothing I can do to counter government snooping—short of setting out to sea in a raft. Hentoff's work will not have been in vain only if all of us are alerted to this menace, and your publishing his article goes a long way toward accomplishing that end.

Robert Barrie, Jr.
Miami, Florida

Hentoff complains of military surveillance of civilians. Multiply that a hundredfold and you'll get some idea of how the Armed Forces treat their own.

L/Cpl. Jerry Hodges, U. S. M. C.
Camp Pendleton, California

I am writing to you from a 6′ x 4′ cell in a maximum-security unit at the Mississippi State Penitentiary. I am serving time for a drug conviction brought about by local narcs who bugged not only my apartment, telephone and car but my girlfriend as well. For months, a small microphone concealed in a lipstick tube picked up every word my girl and I had together. The highlight of the pretrial events was when the agents played back several tapes of our lovemaking, cracking jokes about it to our faces. My advice to all PLAYBOY readers: Get the name of your local bug exterminator, right now.

R. W. Miller
Parchman, Mississippi

For a really tortuous exercise in lopsided libertarianism, you couldn't do much worse than *If You Liked "1984," You'll Love 1973*. The hang-up with Hentoff's liberalism is that it lacks the sense of history to realize that total self-indulgence in all rights is suicidal. Moreover, Hentoff wants it both ways. He's for a free press, but he's opposed to retaining the right of people to keep and, if necessary, bear arms, whether for their own defense, the defense of their country or, as Jefferson suggested, to overthrow an oppressive Government. Hentoff's double standard is showing.

Bill R. Davidson
Benson, Arizona

Hentoff's piece is disquieting, of course. The potential for government abuse is very great. However, when you consider our disruptive era and its paralyzing crime rate, you can easily understand why it has become necessary for government to take the direction it has. Judicial reform, speedier trials, better police training (not to mention better police pay) and stiffer penalties may stem the rising tide of crime. Government encroachment into private life is bad, I agree, but before you condemn it, take a look at the daily headlines.

Gary L. Day
Canyon, Texas

We did, and all we saw was Watergate.

CAUGHT IN THE COOKIE JAR

My thanks to Calvin Trillin for paying tribute to an often misunderstood and frequently maligned group in his *Dieticians Are Just Folks* (PLAYBOY, May). While we dieticians relish good food and drink as fervently as anyone else, we unfortunately cannot claim ignorance of the results of overindulgence. Our meetings remind us only too well that one pays a price for frequent immoderation. A fat dietician has no credibility, and you can bet your sweet boobies that I don't keep my 38-25-36 by munching on *croissants* and fried oysters all day.

Eleanore M. Lemmens, R.D.
Duluth, Minnesota

FREE HUEY?

Eldridge Cleaver's soul may be on ice, but Huey Newton's is on fire. Your May interview revealed the Black Panther founder to be a complete black man of today. Newton is no martyr, fanatic or radical. He has a goal, a means of accomplishing it and a willingness to see it to the end. I am with him all the way.

L. D. Spratley
Williamsburg, Virginia

I began reading your interview with little respect for Newton's point of view. I finished it unconverted. One reason for my feeling was that Newton is so contradictory. For instance, he says, "We don't accept the idea that there was a split in the party." Then, he says, "A few months after the split. . . ." Newton also claims he has "sympathy" for Cleaver, and then proceeds to personally attack Cleaver's

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sexual identity. What this reveals is Newton's fundamental irrationality. It's somehow more than apt that Newton's next book is titled *Revolutionary Suicide*; he is truly leading his people toward just that.

Ron Herdman
Branchville, New Jersey

Newton's charge that Cleaver is a repressed homosexual is interesting because it supports the notion of a connection between sexual confusion and violence. It would appear that Newton would be the last to disagree with the fact that violence is an overwhelmingly male prerogative. Moreover, Newton might also say insecurity in sexual identity usually preludes acts of violence. The only problem with that is, if Newton concurs with both contentions, he must also agree that revolutionary politics is a sexual state. If *that's* true, then Newton's consistent history of appealing to violence must be related to his own sexual disfigurement, and my guess is that much of what he says about Cleaver can be applied to himself. Newton was an extraordinarily beautiful child. He was teased in school because he was so pretty. No wonder he used his fists and later the symbolic display of guns. He was desperately declaring his manhood. Am I implying that Newton is or was a practicing homosexual? No, and even if he were, it wouldn't matter. What is important, however, is that Newton appears to view homosexuality as a negative condition. Most progressive people wouldn't agree.

Dotson Rader
New York, New York

It is difficult for the average black to understand how a dumb-ass like Newton can have a following. While he bullshits and enjoys himself in his $650-a-month apartment, those he claims he's trying to help still go hungry.

David Jackson
Dallas, Texas

As a nation, we are little more than masochists who beg to be the pawns of Big Government and big business. As an intelligent and compassionate man, Newton has no choice but to be in direct opposition to the society in which he lives. It's too bad America can't use the likes of Newton: we're a lesser country because we can't.

Jim Whittaker
Chicago, Illinois

Thank you for your interview with Newton. I have no doubt that Cleaver considers Newton his enemy, and I believe Cleaver's feelings are justified. Cleaver's efforts on Huey's behalf were acts of great personal sacrifice. And for thanks, Newton has called him "pig," "defector" and "traitor." On the other hand, I have no way of confirming or denying Newton's "knowledge" of Cleaver's homosexuality. As Eldridge's sister, I have known him only since August 31, 1935. I bathed him, diapered him, gave him his first haircut and watched him grow up. In contrast, Newton may be in a much better position than I to comment on my brother's sexual predilections. After all, Huey is much prettier than James Baldwin. In any case, knowing Eldridge, I can assure you that if he were really "out to get" Huey, he would have got him by now.

Wilhelmina Cleaver
Los Angeles, California

THE PROSETHETIC CONNECTION

In a recent issue of *The New York Times*, I spied a news item that began: "Two Colombians hobbled into Federal court in Brooklyn on crutches yesterday, each with a leg missing and each charged with smuggling cocaine and marijuana stored in the hollowed-out parts of their confiscated artificial limbs." Didn't you anticipate this, in an installment of *Little Annie Fanny?*

Robert Garcia
Brooklyn, New York

As the picture shows, we did, in our September 1972 issue—right down to the hollowed-out limbs and the scene

of the bust (Kennedy Airport). Let's hope the unfortunate smugglers didn't get the idea from our innocent Annie.

COMMODORE COMMENTS

As a lover of ships and an amateur naval historian, I very much enjoyed Bruce McCall's satirical *Commodore Sweetwater's Waterlogged Logbook of Foolhardy and Forgotten Sea Battlers* (PLAYBOY, May). You might be interested to know that in at least one case, reality was stranger than McCall's fiction. In the 1870s, the Russian navy commissioned the building of two battleships. The Popovkas, as they were dubbed, were almost perfectly circular. Each was propelled at a top cruising speed of eight knots by six propellers. They didn't see much service.

Douglas H. McCone
Wayne, Pennsylvania

Commodore Sweetwater's Logbook is not entertaining by any stretch of imagination and contains a tasteless bit of bigotry, headlined "POLAND'S SUB GOES 'GLUB.'" A Mongoloid making faces and scratching his behind is not a humorist, and neither is McCall. Polish jokes have one thing in common: They make jackasses out of those who tell them. I believe your readers—Polish and otherwise—are entitled to an apology.

Roman Galinski
East Berlin, Connecticut

In McCall's "humor" piece, he refers to the Japanese people as Japs. As a Japanese-American, I find this a derogatory and disgusting word. Apparently, McCall's humor is based on slighting minorities. I am a citizen of the United States. My father is a veteran of the U. S. Army. While he served his country, his parents were incarcerated in a U. S. internment camp. I am certain I speak for all Japanese—and the other minorities slighted—in expressing my revulsion at McCall and PLAYBOY for the racial slurs contained in McCall's *Logbook*.

Arthur Eugene Hasegawa
Monterey Park, California

We are all, every one of us, representatives of one sort of minority or another; and if we can't look at ourselves humorously, we are in a sorry state, indeed. For the record, besides poking fun at Poland and Japan, McCall's Commodore Sweetwater aimed salvos at Ecuador, Colombia, Cuba, Russia, Germany, Great Britain, Albania, Yugoslavia, Romania, Bulgaria, Greece, Italy, Egypt—and the United States.

LADY IN DISTRESS

I was glad to see you put in a good word for the steamer Delta Queen in your *Potpourri* section (PLAYBOY, May). I spent a week last fall cruising the Mississippi from St. Louis to New Orleans aboard this now-unique vessel, and it was undoubtedly one of the most delightful weeks I've ever enjoyed. Perhaps you aren't aware, however, that were it not for thousands of Americans who wrote to their Senators and Congressmen, the Queen would have ceased operation back in 1966, when the Safety at Sea Law was passed. It took special action by Congress to keep her running this long, and only an encore of public concern will continue to keep her afloat. Thanks for your efforts toward that end.

Boyce Graham
High Point, North Carolina

***WASTE* MATERIAL**

Gerald Astor's May report on murder in our large cities, *What a Waste*, is fantastic. It's a rare treat to see the cop's side of the story, and rarer yet to see a writer giving the cops credit for trying. The taking of human life is a horrible waste, no matter how exciting a TV murder mystery is, no matter how thrilling the newspaper account of a killing. There is no aspect of

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law enforcement in which such waste is not an everyday affair. Even the traffic detail has to deal with death. Remember, over 50,000 people die on our highways every year.

Gerald S. Arenberg, Executive Director
American Federation of Police
North Miami, Florida

Lest someone get the wrong impression from Astor's quoting Boston detective Jerry McCallum about battered children ("It's so unbelievable. They're almost all colored"), may I say that we have a great many cases of battered babies in Ontario, and I have yet to hear or read of a case that involved black parents. I'm sure both Astor and McCallum agree that there is no connection between pigmentation and brutality.

Paul A. Gardner
Ottawa, Ontario

A PARABLE

It used to be that magazines published a lot of different short stories and articles written by many different writers. Then one day someone said, "Let there not be so many magazines." And there were not. And then that same person—whoever he was—said, "And let the few magazines that are left publish short stories by only a few people; and let them publish only articles written by the same people, about the same things." And it was so. Thus, in the month of February, we had a short story by Bernard Malamud in *Harper's* and in March a short story by Bernard Malamud in *The Atlantic*. And in the month of May, we had an interview with Huey Newton in PLAYBOY and an interview with Huey Newton in *Esquire*. And one day someone said to that person on high, "Gee, don't you long for the good old days?" But no one answered. Because, although it was only noon of the day the magazines came out, the whole world had fallen asleep.

June Gader
Los Angeles, California

HUMAN EQUATION

Lost at C (PLAYBOY, May), Jean Shepherd's hilarious memoir of high school algebra, is the best piece of humor I have read in some time. I am happy that Shepherd excelled in English rather than in math. Otherwise, he might have become a scientist, rather than the brilliant writer he is.

Robert L. Kent
Portland, Maine

About the equation that stumped Shepherd: After substituting the appropriate values for X and Y, it can be seen that the equation is a fourth-degree polynomial, requiring a quadratic equation for solution. This involves either a digital computer or a very long pencil and a bottomless pot of coffee. As Shepherd so happily deduced, three is a root; actually, it's one of four possible values for C. That must have been some algebra class.

Jim Meador
Houston, Texas

Shepherd wrote about a character after my own heart—me. I, too, hid behind my own Rukowski in math class. But it's too late for my high school principal to do anything about it. I just graduated.

Gerald Patronite
Shaker Heights, Ohio

IDENTITY CRISIS

Who *is* that delightful blonde in the blue hotpants on the bicycle in your May "What Sort of Man Reads PLAYBOY?" ad. She must be the most beautiful thing ever to appear in your pages. Make her a Playmate right away.

John E. Crowley
New London, Connecticut

We're way ahead of you, John. The girl is Karen Christy, our December 1971 Playmate and cover girl for last

month's issue. She also appeared in our July 1972 pictorial "An Overview of Ladies' Underwear," and here's yet another view of her.

OLD KING COAL

Laurence Leamer's inspired portrait of coal king Major W. P. Tams, Jr., in *Twilight for a Baron* (PLAYBOY, May) is among the finest pieces of writing I've ever read. Leamer obviously did his homework and wrote not only with authority about the realities of coal mining but with sensitivity about a remarkable man who built an empire. Thanks for a beautifully moving report.

Dirk Algernon
Carbondale, Illinois

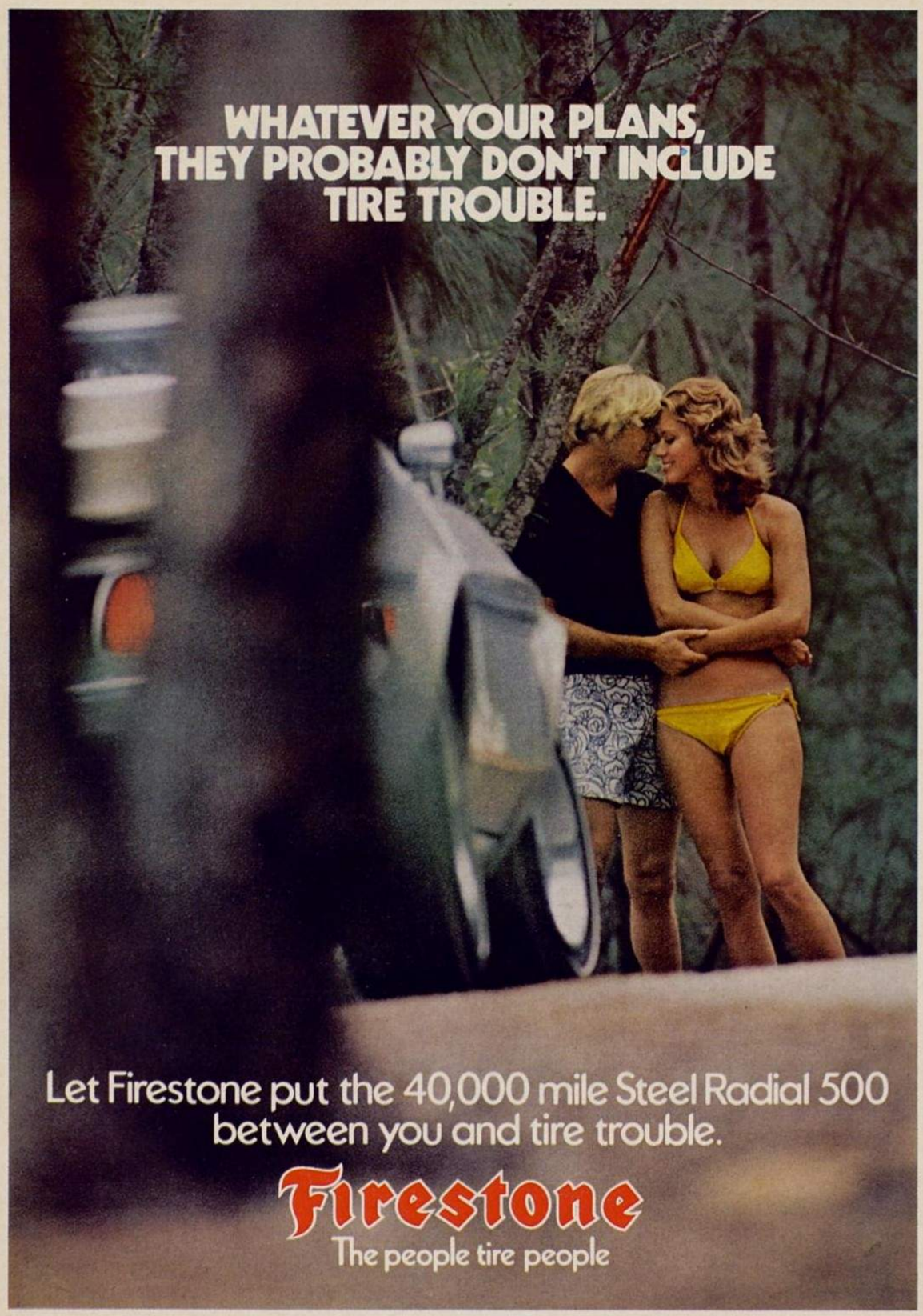
As I read Laurence Leamer's profile of me, I was reminded of a Robbie Burns couplet:

Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as ithers see us!

Leamer's article gave me a rare opportunity to see myself through another's eyes, and what I saw certainly startled me. I had never thought of myself as a baron. The coal barons (if there are any) would be producers of 5,000,000 tons of coal per annum; coal kings produce 15,000,000 or 20,000,000. My production of 1,000,000 tons would qualify me merely as a baronet, or knight banneret. I do, however, have to plead guilty to the "twilight" description. Perhaps if Leamer lives to my present age, he may agree that it is not a major crime to be old—merely a misfortune. Still, I wonder why he twice commented on my tie-and-jacket attire. I can only say I was reared in a time when it was customary to wear such articles when not working. During my active years, people wore overalls only when they had to do physical work in dirty places. Today, overall trousers, now called jeans, seem to be a kind of uniform that identifies young people who have never done —and will never do—any physical labor. Perhaps my feeling as to how to operate a mine—and particularly a mining town —can best be explained by a conversation I had at my office in 1912. A young woman who described herself as a social worker (a scarce breed in those days, but the woods are full of them now) said to me, "You should follow Emerson's advice and hitch your wagon to a star." I answered, "I am too busy hitching the company wagon to a team of mules and hauling away the town's garbage." As for the future, I believe this country is moving toward the consolidation of industry into giant companies that will soon fall under greater and greater Government regulation, until they will at last be taken over by the Government. The day of the individual is drawing to a close. And as for myself? To quote Adam Lindsay Gordon:

I've had my share of pastime,
and I've done my share of toil,
And life is short—
the longest life a span;
I care not now to tarry for
the corn or for the oil,
Or the wine that maketh glad
the heart of man.
For good undone and gifts misspent
and resolutions vain,
'Tis somewhat late to trouble.
This I know—
I should live the same life over,
if I had to live again;
And the chances are I go
where most men go.

W. P. Tams, Jr.
Tams, West Virginia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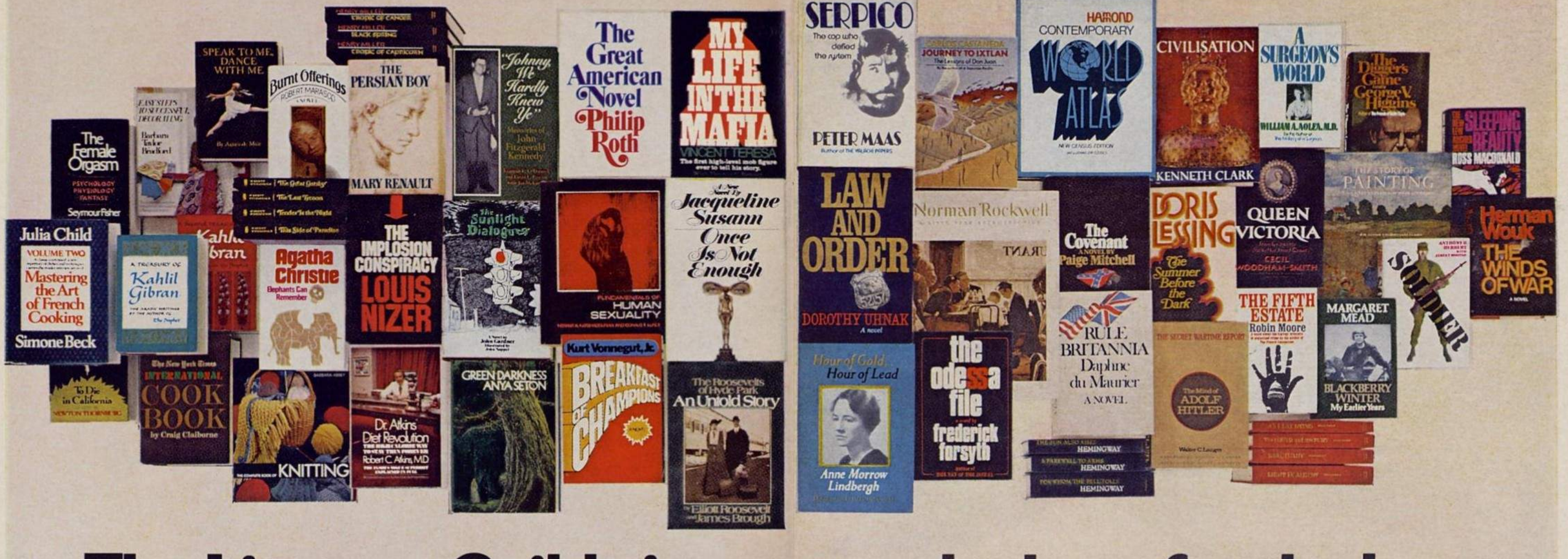

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

Foul is fare: As has been said before, a cab ride can be one of life's little pleasures. A few fares ago, a friend of ours was privileged to overhear the following conversation over the two-way radio while on his way to a destination he can't remember.

Dispatcher: "Any you drivers speak Spanish?"

Response: "Garble, scratch, squawk."

Dispatcher: "You speak Spanish, twenty-two? Good. Look, eighteen's in trouble."

Response: "Cough, sprackle."

Dispatcher: "He's got a bunch a people speakin' Spanish in his cab and he don't know what they're sayin'. Right, twenty-two, eighteen's sittin' there and he don't know where to take 'em. Wait a minute, they wrote somethin' down on a piece of paper. What'd they write down, eighteen?"

Response: "Muffle, bleeek."

Dispatcher: "H-O-L-A? . . . Yeah, H-O-L-A. . . . What, twenty-two? I'll be damned. . . . Uh, listen, eighteen, they're sayin' hello to ya. What? . . . Hell, I dunno, eighteen, say hello back. . . ."

•

Larry Gardner, former trainer for the Dallas Cowboys, announced his acceptance of the top trainer position with the Miami Dolphins. Explaining his move to a reporter for *The Dallas Times Herald*, Gardner waxed philosophical: "The chance to get a head job doesn't come along very often," he said, "so you have to grab it when you can."

•

The drama group at New York's John Jay College of Criminal Justice—better known as the police academy—staged a performance of George Bernard Shaw's well-known play about 'Enry 'Iggins and the rain in Spain. The first 1000 tickets to the performance, which were hastily recalled, listed the play's title as *Pigmalion*.

•

Radio station WFLI in Chattanooga is holding a contest called The Elvis Escape. According to a boldface display ad in *The Chattanooga Times*, "some lucky couple will spend the most amazing week ever, three days in Las Vegas . . . climaxing with Elvis onstage at the Sahara Hotel."

•

Community reaction to the mayor's proposal to ban the showing of X-rated films in the town of Lewiston, New York, must have been mixed, since Lewiston doesn't have a movie theater.

•

Apparently it's never too late to turn over a new leaf: A headline in the Halifax, Nova Scotia, *Chronicle-Herald* declared: "POPE RENOUNCES CRIME, ABORTION, ARMS RACE."

•

And never too late to learn: In the Corona, California, *Daily Enterprise*, an article about a local adult-education program was headlined: "SCHOOLS OFFER 69 COURSES FOR ADULTS."

•

This month's most intriguing television listing comes from *The Denver Post*: "Seven P.M.—President Nixon Speech, 'Can You Hear Me Out There?' An auto-theft ring uses a radio disc jockey's commercials to disseminate information."

•

For the man who has everything and then some, an advertisement in *The Tampa Tribune* offered tennis shorts with "oversized front pockets for extra balls."

•

Vacationers passing through Ono, Pennsylvania, might want to stay at the O Yes Hotel.

•

We think the following news report, from a recent issue of *Editor & Publisher*, deserves broader circulation:

"Slim, attractive Gloria Steinem, editor of *Ms.* magazine, addressed the American Newspaper Publishers Association last week and criticized newspapers for, among other things, using descriptive adjectives in their stories about women —while never using the same technique for men. She wore a bright, flowered shirt over a navy turtleneck sweater, with pants of matching color and gray wedgies. Her tinted glasses had lavender frames and her fair hair, parted in the middle, fell freely to her shoulders.

"Handsome, portly Alex De Bakcsy, of *The San Diego Union* and *Evening Tribune*, who introduced her, wore his hair in a classic pompadour. His gray, double-knit suit was set off by a black-and-red tie over a white buttondown shirt. His shoes were conservative black."

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An eager-to-please secretary at a New England vasectomy clinic added a poignant postscript to a form letter reminding patients of their required three-month checkup: "If you can't come, please call me!"

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What's in a name? *Business Week* reports that two former American Airlines executives have been charged with participating in a bribery-kickback scheme involving the printing of the airline's in-flight magazine. The title of the magazine is *The American Way*.

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We hereby alert the editors of the *Guinness Book of World Records* that a Mobile, Alabama, man was recently sentenced to six months' hard labor for making an obscene telephone call that lasted 55 minutes.

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A new athletic event was added to track-and-field competition when the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, in a recapitulation of a high school meet, listed five top performers in the "dong jump."

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An office party we're happy we missed was hostessed by Mrs. Alice Gilbert in St. Paul's Cray, England. She served 50 of her regular customers drinks, sandwiches and cakes—in the lavatory, where she has worked for 15 years.

•

In Atlanta, a man showed up at the arraignment of several women charged with prostitution. He not only testified

that he had gone to their apartment to have sex but added he had subsequently filed a complaint with the Federal Wage and Price Control Board, protesting a ten-dollar increase in their fee.

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In Austin, Texas, television cameraman George Brown received a letter from General Motors recalling his 1972 Vega because of a defect that "might cause the rear axle to disengage." Brown got into his car and headed for his local Vega dealer. Four blocks from the garage, his rear axle fell off.

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The curtain caught fire at Chicago's Uptown Theater recently while 400 movie fans were watching a flick called *Savage*, depicting the adventures of a black revolutionary in Latin America. The patrons not only refused to leave the theater but booed and hooted at arriving firemen with shouts of "Down in front!" The fire was finally extinguished and the show went on.

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Caveat emptor: Fairfax County, Virginia, police uncovered a particularly distasteful example of consumer fraud when they raided a local residence and found 20 pounds of marijuana, a shovelful of horse manure and a toaster oven.

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We report the following information without comment, because we're not certain of its significance. According to *The New York Times*, the blue laws of New York State permit the sale of PLAYBOY on Sunday. Sales of the Bible are forbidden.

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The city of Ocean Shores, Washington, held an "undiscovery day" to celebrate the moment, 181 years ago, when Captain George Vancouver sailed past Ocean Shores without discovering it. Residents commemorated the event by going to the beach at midnight and shouting, "Hey, George!"

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Called on to hand-decorate a fancy cake with the inscription FREE AT LAST, an Illinois baker really went all out, on the assumption that his work was for a returning Vietnam prisoner. When he delivered the opus, he discovered that it was for a young lady who was celebrating her divorce.

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Oxnard, California, has beaten a paternity rap. A 29-year-old man sued the city for $23,000, claiming that (A) a policeman, trying to stop a fleeing suspect, threw his billy club; (B) the club missed its target and struck the plaintiff's car door, banging it against his knee; (C) the resulting lameness caused his leg to slip off the bed just as he reached orgasm during intercourse with his wife; (D) this prevented him from withdrawing before ejaculation; (E) his wife became pregnant. Therefore, he argued in a weeklong trial, the city should pay him for child support, medical expenses, loss of earnings, and so forth. A jury, after deliberating for three hours and 20 minutes, decided otherwise.

ACTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS

The relatively few *cognoscenti* who support night clubs in Los Angeles find it hard to comprehend how or why ***The Comedy Store*** has survived for over a year. Its address is shared by a Sunset Strip white elephant that failed in previous incarnations as a lure for homosexuals and female impersonators. Its cramped, dank quarters are furnished with what appear to be Goodwill markdowns. Fortunately, no food is served; just bar booze, local beer and a couple of cheap California wines. Only a handful of tables and booths are occupied before midnight. S.R.O. audiences are rare.

Yet The Comedy Store hangs in there, surviving as a monument to an endangered species—the stand-up comedian, an insecure breed dependent on applause and affection from both its peers and the public. Witness Sammy Shore, The Comedy Store's owner/Boniface and sometime opening-act comic supporting Elvis Presley in Las Vegas. Like Olivier in *The Entertainer*, he *schvitzes* under the harsh spotlights for as long as 45 minutes—milking, cajoling, wangling and pleading for every laugh he can get. When he's hot—deftly impersonating a Bible Belt evangelist ranting on sin and salvation—he's hot. Other times, he's likely to sink to blasting a trumpet outside the powder room, a disturbing experience for the women seated inside. But it gets a laugh. So does the resident troupe of improvisational players, who offer a series of clever sketches and black-outs before resorting to the now-familiar device of soliciting suggestions from the audience for offbeat characters and situations to parody. They're not Nichols and May or The Second City, but it works.

The Comedy Store staple is the unpaid neophyte comedian—as many as a dozen a night—some of whom are appearing in public for the first time, many of them worthy of the merciful Major Bowes gong that never comes. Agents and casting directors, augmented by their *de rigueur* lacquered bimbos, listen carefully from the shadows—watching for raw talent that might be polished and then booked on the Carson, Griffin or Douglas shows. Clustered at the bar near the back of the airless room is a gaggle of moderately successful comedians who are present for practical reasons of their own—stealing new material from their brethren.

The unique love-me-hate-me-as-long-as-you-laugh-at-me relationship that binds all comics is, however, most clearly demonstrated by the propensity of celebrated names—some more inebriated than others—to occupy The Comedy Store's minuscule stage late at night and share their latest anecdotes and one-liners. Heavyweights like Redd Foxx extemporizing the sort of risqué party-record monologs he perfected two decades earlier in the raunchiest black night clubs, before becoming nationally known on TV's *Sanford and Son*. Foxx took not a cent in salary from The Comedy Store. Neither did Flip Wilson, who earns a National Budget figure on the tube. He showed up one night and did nearly an hour of free-association shtick for a couple dozen customers.

Sammy Shore insists that The Comedy Store will remain open forever, whether or not it makes money. Located at 8433 Sunset Boulevard in West Hollywood, it's open Tuesday through Saturday, 9:30 P.M. to 2 A.M. Telephone: 213-656-9263. No credit cards.

•

On the East Coast, a similar gimmick—with perhaps more emphasis on music—is offered by the now well-established Budd Friedman's ***Improvisation,*** a brick-walled den full of old movie posters, young show-business hopefuls and established café comedians at 358 West 44th Street in New York. Prices have gone up since we last visited this spot (PLAYBOY, September 1966), but they're still modest. Monday through Thursday are the nights to go, for then the $5 Friday, $4 Saturday minimum shrinks to $3.50, which covers generous drinks and food (except on Saturday), which is better than that usually served within shouting distance of a night-club routine.

Regulars have come to expect unscheduled appearances by such celebrities as Liza Minnelli, Milton Berle, Bill Cosby, David Steinberg and Woody Allen. The bulk of the entertainment, though, consists of newcomers trying out. On a typical evening, the entertainment begins around ten—maybe later if the crowd is thin—and a big night may produce as many as 15 acts. The cream of recent conclaves included black folk singer Val Pringle; Mike Preminger, fresh from a comedy stint at The Cellar Door in Washington, D.C.; comedians Tim Tomerson and Jimmy Walker; singer Betty Rhodes; and by no means least, a madcap quartet called Divided We Stand, three guys and a gal whose specialties include a silly symphony of jaw-popping sound effects.

To the able accompaniment of house pianist Raymond Johnson, the owner's wife (Silver Saundors onstage) sings a show tune or two when the mood strikes her, and the spotlight may even pick out a restless waitress such as Shelley Ackerman, a rabbi's daughter and devotee of the Judy Garland school of grand-slam

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BOOKS

With his elegantly ironic writing style and quirky perceptions, Murray Kempton has long been one of the few distinctive American journalists. For many years, as a columnist, he brought class to the *New York Post*. Currently, he writes for PLAYBOY and *The New York Review of Books*, among other publications; is a regular commentator on CBS Radio's *Spectrum*; and works as a fellow at Chicago's Adlai Stevenson Institute, where he is researching a book on the Fifties that, he assures us, "will give proper space to such forces of that time as James Dean and Charlie Parker." An earlier Kempton book, *Part of Our Times: Some Ruins and Monuments of the 1930s*, remains an invaluable interpretation of the social and political history of that decade.

Though shaped by the illusions and accomplishments of the Thirties, Kempton is neither a ruin nor a monument. Now 55, he has scarcely changed in appearance since he became a figure in New York journalism 30 years ago. Tall, thin, white-haired, he is given to wearing the kind of dark vested suit and carefully crisp haberdashery favored by patrician politicians of a bygone age. Yet along with the formal attire goes an ever-questioning youthfulness. Now and then, he tries to affect the jadedness of a veteran city-hall reporter—but it doesn't work.

Chronically self-depreciatory in conversation—"I've never written a good piece that hasn't had a first-class quotation from somebody else in it"—Kempton nonetheless allows himself to show oblique satisfaction with his new book, ***The Briar Patch*** (Dutton), subtitled "The People of the State of New York *vs.* Lumumba, Shakur, et al." It is a mordant examination of the eight-month trial of 13 Black Panthers accused of conspiracy to bomb department stores, police stations and other New York City buildings. Since the case was widely covered in the press, a book-length account at this late date would appear to be superfluous: What more is there to reveal? But Kempton, through close observation and barbed analysis, has actually brought off a tense courtroom drama—even though we already know the verdict. He has also succeeded in his more fundamental aim, which, as he told PLAYBOY, is "to give as truthful an account as I could of what can happen to people who sit around and have political discussions."

Originally, an editor had wanted Kempton to write a book about the American system of justice. Demurring from so vast a project, Kempton preferred to take one case as a specimen of the way in which the system works. "And I wanted a case without a corpse," he adds. "I don't write Dostoievsky." Out of such beginnings, after two and a half years, came *The Briar Patch*.

The complete acquittal of the defendants surprised Kempton only in the swiftness of the jury's deliberations. The jurors' refusal to believe the state's case, he told us, "shows a real change in the way juries are acting now. What happened at this trial and in the conspiracy trial of Phil Berrigan, et al., in Harrisburg would not have happened 20 years ago. It was Vietnam that intervened—all the lying about Vietnam by the Government. The result is that government, at all levels, has lost its authority."

That last statement being too portentous for Kempton's temperament, he quickly focused on specific individuals acting in the name of the Government. The chief official representative in *The Briar Patch* is Justice John Murtagh, who presided at the trial. Of that bleak man, Kempton says, "I wouldn't want to go to dinner at his house on a Sunday afternoon." About Murtagh as the putatively dispassionate arbiter of justice for the state, Kempton observes, "In the course of the case, Murtagh lost his moral authority because he was so biased against the defense. And so he lost the jury. . . . He was cursed with the need to be liked that seems born in the Irish along with the knack for its achievement; but he had retained the need while losing the ease of manner that is the whole knack. . . . It could be felt how he must suffer from having kept the desire and mislaid the instrument of its satisfaction."

The fascination of *The Briar Patch* comes from Kempton's probing exploration of the state's assault on the 13 Black Panthers. But his strongest sympathies are clearly with the defendants. He is compelling in his description of the sudden force and clarity with which one of them, Afeni Shakur, conducting her own cross-examination of a key infiltrator into the Panthers, destroys him and the state's case. At the end, when a juror asks her, "Where did you find out how to talk like that, child?" she answers, "Fear. Just plain fear."

The Briar Patch is an astute probe into the ambiguous social and historical processes that caused "this bunch of early Americans" (the black defendants) to be tried by "this bunch of immigrants" (the Irish judge and prosecutors). Of New York's Panther Party, Kempton, the historian of losers, notes: "Its character was painted by district attorneys; what records it has were compiled by policemen; even the strongest bond its protagonists would share was finally owing to its prosecutors, since we have small reason to believe that these prisoners had ever known one another as well as they would after they had been collected into the pens of the Department of Corrections." Quintessential Kempton.

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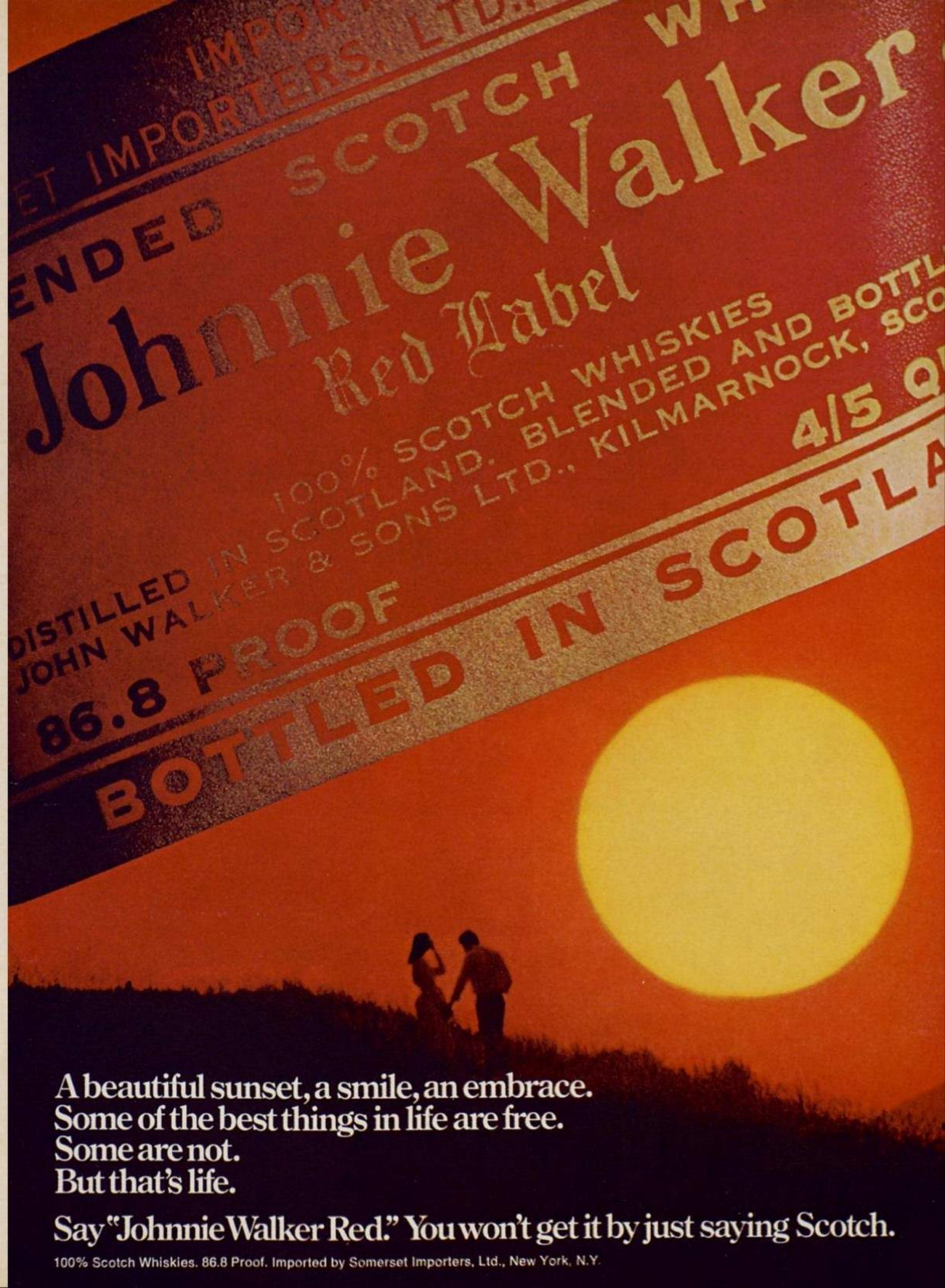
City Police (Farrar, Straus & Giroux) is a remarkable book that cop haters and cop lovers can read with equal profit. Author Jonathan Rubinstein's approach is free of cant or even argumentation. His report on how cops do their job is informed by the methods of a shrewd sociologist and the eye of an exceptionally observant newspaperman. The result is a fresh, workaday portrait, drawn from a unique vantage point. Rubinstein graduated from the Philadelphia Police Academy and, with the consent of Police Chief (now Mayor) Frank Rizzo, worked for about a year on regular tours of duty with patrolling officers. He carried a gun but wore mufti; some policemen knew his identity, others thought he was an undercover cop or a Federal agent. Like his fellow sociologist, Erving Goffman, Rubinstein focuses on the apparently routine, small, even momentary occurrence: how a policeman gets out of a car so that he automatically faces a suspect, how he stares at a passer-by, how he frisks, shoots, walks, handles a blackjack, talks to his dispatcher on the car radio. Since the writing is lucid and the information is rich with anecdote and observation, the end product is a work of artless fascination. Never have the mind and method of cops on the job been better portrayed. For a nonobjective portrait of a big-city police department at work, read ***Target Blue*** (Delacorte), ex–Deputy Commissioner Robert Daley's account of some of the livelier hours of his yearlong stint as the New York City Police Department's PR man.

•

Several lives were extinguished, along with several hundred careers, during the miserable 15-year history of black-listing, first in Hollywood, then in radio and TV land. Congressional Red-hunters showed the way to a nasty bunch of private political pirates who terrorized the entertainment business on both coasts and came away with considerable booty. Communist Party members and fellow travelers, commissars and their concubines were denied work with evenhanded injustice. No petition was too obscure, no organization too small, no connection too tenuous to get a name included on the inventories of writers, performers and directors that black-listers compiled and sold. Patriotism had its price, as demonstrated daily by the proprietors of *Red Channels, Aware*, American Business Consultants and lesser hustlers. ***A Journal of the Plague Years*** (Atheneum)—Stefan Kanfer's richly anecdotal narrative of the era—records it all briskly, cleverly and with compassion for the artists on the left. Slowly, the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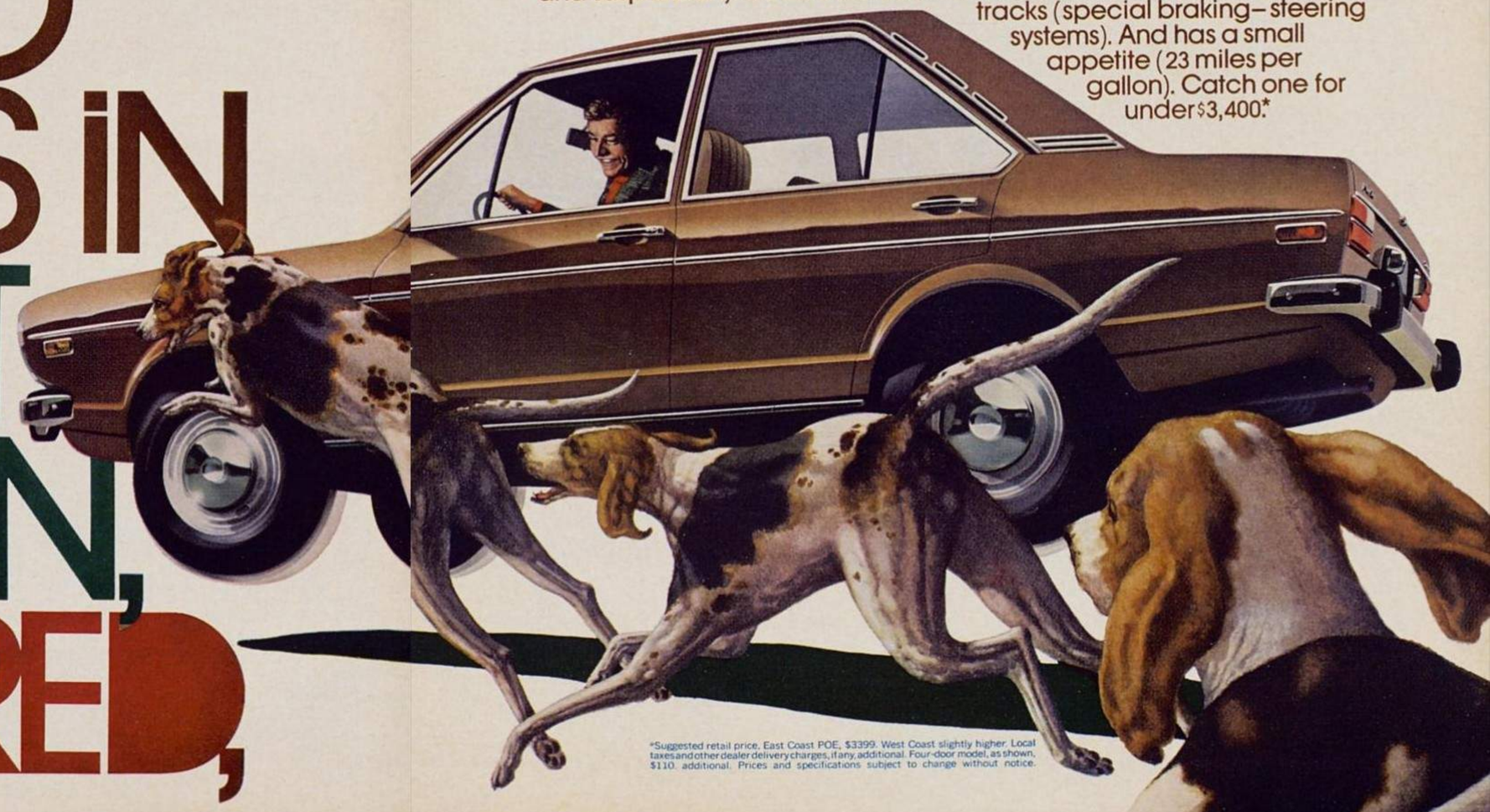

*Suggested retail price, East Coast POE, $3399. West Coast slightly higher. Local taxes and other dealer delivery charges, if any, additional. Four-door model, as shown, $110. additional. Prices and specifications subject to change without notice.

climate changed for the better, and by the time the redoubtable Louis Nizer won a $3,500,000 libel judgment on behalf of the black-listed John Henry Faulk in 1962, black-lister Vincent Hartnett couldn't have gotten a dogcatcher fired for carrying rabies. At one point in his pretrial testimony, Hartnett became so unnerved that he took the cigar he had started to smoke jauntily and stuck it in his ear. What had begun as tragedy, Kanfer points out, ended as farce.

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In 1948, four-year-old Marjoe Gortner was formally ordained a minister of the Pentecostal Church, whereupon he and his evangelist parents went off on a lucrative, decade-long preaching spree. Marjoe's well-publicized ordination was engineered either by the Lord or by the *Chicago Tribune*'s West Coast man, depending upon one's point of view. Steven Gaines, the chatty author of ***Marjoe*** (Harper & Row), leans toward the latter interpretation, though he concedes that little Marjoe was a natural stand-up preacher, "bilking, milking and entertaining millions of people across the country. . . . Marjoe brought the glamor and sparkle of show business right to their front doors." Alas, as Marjoe encountered puberty, the glamor and sparkle vanished. He acquired an awkward mien and a pair of ears that protruded outrageously beyond his crewcut head. People who had come to be saved merely gaped at his ears and went home, without bothering to drop money into the collection box. Collapse of Marjoe's career; collapse, too, of Gaines's amusing story. The rest of the book focuses on Marjoe's search for identity in a world gone sour. His parents get divorced; his mother travels prosperously from man to man. Eventually, Marjoe changes his name to Ross and begins life anew as a carnival barker. There are many jobs, many women and many psychological pieties straight out of *Screen Gems*: "Stephanie found Ross different from all the other men she had known." Gaines seems as bored as Ross. Near the end—God be praised—the pace quickens when Marjoe hits the comeback trail, riding the old circuit, bringing the good news to middle America, getting rich, having a celebrated documentary film made about him. We leave him driving into the sunset and singing a song his mother had taught him long ago: "My name is Marjoe Gortner / I'm only four years old / I'm coming to your town / To shoot the Devil down. . . ."

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Sigmund Freud would have read ***Women and Sex*** (Pantheon), by psychotherapist Leah Schaefer, with considerable interest. Despite its many inadequacies, here is a book in which there is no male tinkering with the testimony of individual women as they explain what it feels like to grow up female. For, as Schaefer points out, "Almost all . . . books about women and sex have been authored by men who write mainly about what women *should* feel, or what they *think* women feel, without any conception that women's experiences and responses are different from their own." In *Women and Sex*, Schaefer distills a series of face-to-face interviews with 30 women—white, married, middle class, 25 to 40 years old. They discuss early sexual memories, including the onset of menstruation; they describe how they feel about masturbation, their first act of intercourse and subsequent experiences with orgasm. Unfortunately, Schaefer makes more of her findings than is intellectually defensible; a total of only 30 women, all of whom have been in psychotherapy at one time or another, provides a dubious basis for generalizing about female sexuality. Yet the book has real value for its insights into, for example, the fog of sexual guilt in which many little girls grow up. As one woman says, "It seems to me that when you discover something . . . which is being kept a secret, you immediately think it has something to do with sex—even if it does not." From a man's viewpoint, perhaps the most important message of *Women and Sex* comes across in the section on orgasm. Since what pleases one woman may leave another cold, the only way a man can learn to satisfy a woman is to know her for the individual she is; her sexual needs cannot be met by a programed response. The answer to Freud's famous cry, "My God, what does woman want?" would seem to be: It depends on the woman—choose one and ask her.

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The first few sentences of Michael Korda's book ***Male Chauvinism!*** (Random House), in which he attempts to show how men contrive to keep women in subordinate positions, illustrate one of the reasons he fails: He is an unreliable observer. "Nine o'clock in the morning on a cold winter's day in the city. . . . Stand in front of the Seagram Building's fountains, and everywhere you look women are striding briskly to work, barelegged in zero weather, weaving in and out of traffic on bicycles. . . ." Bullshit. In zero weather, women don't go barelegged nor ride bicycles. A trivial point, except that 238 pages later, the reader is likely to conclude that *Male Chauvinism!* is no more accurate a description of contemporary society than the original description was of New York in midwinter. One of Korda's shining examples of women who have defeated male chauvinism, for instance, is none other than *Cosmopolitan*'s Helen Gurley Brown. Her advice to young girls has always been manipulate, manipulate, manipulate and you'll get your man—especially if you know when, where and how to lay yourself on the line. It's the kind of advice any male chauvinist would happily applaud. Korda is five years behind the times, rehashing such tired issues as "The Stigma of Success" (a woman who succeeds is thought of as a man), "The Domestic Chauvinist" (husbands dominate their wives because they're secretly afraid of them), "The Psychology of Serfdom" (little girls are taught to feel inferior). In a book without a single original idea to contribute, Korda uses footnotes as a cosmetic of scholarship; his references turn out to be little more than clippings from *The New York Times*, along with a scattering of articles from such magazines as *Glamour* (Korda writes for it regularly), *New York* and *Ladies' Home Journal*. Still, the idea of a man documenting the case against men remains a good one—and fortunately, someone has done it very well: Gene Marine, in *A Male Guide to Women's Liberation*, a book previously reviewed here.

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Also noteworthy: ***Rembrandt's Hat*** (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), Bernard Malamud's new collection of short stories—eight of them, including *The Silver Crown*, which first appeared in these pages (December 1972). Malamud, who won a National Book Award for his first short-story collection, *The Magic Barrel*, remains a master of the form.

DINING-DRINKING

Houston may have been the first word spoken on the moon, but it's never been the last word in dining out. The best cooking in Space City is still done at home, forcing those who don't feel like doing it themselves to vie for tables at the handful of restaurants that serve really exceptional cuisine. Among the best of them is ***Tony's*** (1801 South Post Oak Road). The mere mention of this place can send Texans reaching for guns to debate whether the Veal Bolognaise, with its tomatoes and mushrooms, is superior to the Veal Laserre, with its lemon, white wine and artichoke hearts. If you're in doubt, ask the owner—Tony Vallone—who, at 28, is a tradition in a town where they demolish buildings almost as soon as the paint's dry. Tony stands guard over his domain, ladling out gourmandial suggestions with his lobster bisque. "I have more dishes off the menu than on it," he explains, "so if you don't see what you like, just ask." You might be told that the Tomatoes Emincé (sliced tomatoes covered with an ample helping of cold crab meat) was excellent that evening—*and* the fresh asparagus. Then there is Tony's delicious Rack of Lamb with Braised Endive and Pommes Soufflé for two, or perhaps his Whole Roast Duckling Bigarade (with orange sauce), also for two. Should your date not share your taste for any of these, simply tell your waiter and he'll see you get a portion for one. The menu is only a general guideline, not a

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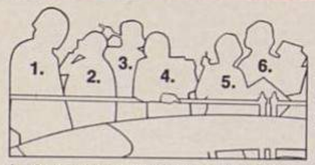

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marching order. (While deciding on your entrees, you might also order your Grand Marnier Soufflés, as they take 40 minutes and Tony is not one to rush things.) "Everything I serve I'm proud of," he says modestly. "My veal is flown in from Minnesota and my butcher picks the best. Otherwise, I do my own buying every morning. The only thing frozen in my kitchen is the ice cream." You may wish to begin your evening at Tony's with drinks in the intimate cocktail lounge just off the entrance before moving to your table in the elegant dining room with its claret-colored walls and carpets. Or, should you wish to host a small private party, you can even reserve Tony's wine cellar and dine among 40,000 bottles of very good years. Make that 39,996 bottles. An oilman from River Oaks just bought four jeroboams of Lafite 1961 from Tony for $2200. Honest. Tony's is open from 11:30 A.M. to 3 P.M. and from 6 P.M. to midnight every day but Sunday. Reservations are usually in order (713-622-6778), since the word is out that a meal at Tony's ranks somewhere between an Oilers touchdown and a NASA splashdown. American Express, BankAmericard and Master Charge are accepted.

MOVIES

Fact and fiction were woven together with formidable storytelling skill in Frederick Forsyth's best seller ***The Day of the Jackal,*** which described the attempt of a professional killer to assassinate Charles de Gaulle in 1963. The movie that director Fred Zinnemann has drawn from the book is professional, cool, intelligent, fastidious in its attention to detail and mounted with impeccable taste. Yet Zinnemann—whose impressive credits include *The Nun's Story* and *A Man for All Seasons*—is a precision worker, not a performer of high-tension tricks that leave a viewer too bedazzled to start asking logical questions. Onscreen, *Jackal* emerges as a close contest between two competing supertechnologies—the technology of crime as practiced by the title character (Jackal is a code name for the hit man hired by French-army dissidents who can't forgive De Gaulle's liberation of Algeria) and the technology of detection as practiced by a task force of international experts under the dogged Inspector Thomas (Tony Britton). Who will win the game? His cover blown, his fake passport discovered, the Jackal escapes by a hair on several occasions, adopts cunning disguises and murders at least four people who block his way to a public date with *Le Grand Charles* on a gala Liberation Day in Paris. Watching Edward Fox, as the Jackal, is like watching a coiled snake. Whether he is quietly strangling a lady he lures into bed or doing away with a homosexual he picks up in a Turkish bath, there is no human side to his malevolence. In a world made to look absolutely real, far from those realms of total fantasy where James Bond proves that anything can happen, one has time to wonder: How does he manage his sleight of hand with passports? How does he get paint for his car? How does he know that a particular room in a particular rooming house will be empty and unguarded at the very moment he needs it for fixing his telescopic sight upon De Gaulle? This is *The Day of the Jackal,* all right—but with not nearly enough of that old seat-grabbing suspense.

•

Michael Crichton (of *The Andromeda Strain* and *The Terminal Man*), brooding over the invasion of privacy in American society, has shaped his thoughts into an original screenplay. The result is ***Extreme Close-Up,*** a voyeuristic thriller with mildly erotic overtones. A TV newscaster (James McMullan), assigned to report on snooping and bugging devices, becomes so mesmerized by the technology of the game that he takes the equipment home and soon becomes a peep freak—aiming long-lens cameras and directional microphones at his neighbors, his wife, a sexy actress, a hitchhiking couple and a leading citizen whose mansion is a popular place for orgies. By the time the newscaster's fixation has been satisfied, or at least has filled him with self-disgust, an unknown third party enters the picture—watching at a safe distance while the hero and his wife make love. TV director Jeannot Szwarc, making his feature-film debut, does creditable work on an offbeat subject, yet never manages to smooth out all the bugs in Crichton's scenario—which is so intent on illustrating an idea that it doesn't settle down to develop credible characters in situations likely to hold an audience's attention for any stretch of time. Finally, the whole movie becomes as furtive and fragmentary as a window peeker's night on the town.

•

Making a Western that's distinctly offbeat has become a new kind of movie cliché, but ***Kid Blue*** is different in ways that turn out to be pretty satisfying. From a screenplay by Edwin Shrake (who wrote *J. W. Coop*), director James Frawley draws a fresh, ironic and confidently sketched portrait of a loner whose misadventures take a turn for the worse when he gives up train robbing and tries to earn an honest living in a Godforsaken turn-of-the-century town called Dime Box, Texas. Very good, indeed, as Kid Blue (born with the solid Christian name Bickford Waner, and determined to redeem it), Dennis Hopper has the flowing hair and knowing face of a born rebel. If his style of rebellion seems contemporary at times, lay that in part to the film's attempts to point up the growing intolerance and conformity of life in a pioneer American town. The morality and economy of Dime Box are dominated by the Great American Ceramic Novelty Company, makers of ashtrays, and Kid Blue feels out of place with practically everyone in town except a few sad, forgotten Comanches who sit around in a stable getting stoned. Among the others: Warren Oates, superb as a bookish, ambivalent factory hand who cherishes classic Greek ideals of friendship between men; Lee Purcell, also fine as his openly inviting wife; Janice Rule, as a sporting lady who knew Kid Blue way back when; Peter Boyle, as a crazy hopped-up preacher trying to build a flying machine; and durable Ben Johnson, as a hard-nosed sheriff whose closest friends call him Mean John. The lawman hates Kid Blue, as do most of the respectable folk in Dime Box—and they finally drive him back to a life of crime. The movie shows how without neglecting its obligations as entertainment.

•

Night Watch, a routine thriller that met with moderate success on Broadway, works out only slightly better as a movie starring Elizabeth Taylor. It's the *Rear Window* bit about a very rich, high-strung lady who sees, or imagines she sees, terrible things in a deserted mansion across the garden from her London town house. Her husband and her best friend (Laurence Harvey and Billie Whitelaw) suggest, of course, that she consult a doctor, maybe go away for a little rest. The way things turn out is hardly a big surprise—but director Brian G. Hutton, who learned the ground rules for a Taylor-made movie with *X, Y Zee,* allows Liz plenty of time to look gorgeous, exercise her bitchy authority and try on a truckload of extravagantly vulgar vines designed by Valentino. Strictly for stargazers.

•

In April 1945, while Russian tanks are rumbling toward Berlin, all hell breaks loose down in the bunker where Adolf Hitler, Eva Braun and a score of high-ranking Nazis await the collapse of the Third Reich. To make imminent disaster bearable, *der Führer* distributes autographed framed portraits of himself to his closest associates—Josef and Magda Goebbels, Martin Bormann, General Krebs—and his mistress, Eva, entertains them with sprightly renditions of *When You're Smiling* and *Toot, Toot, Tootsie, Goodbye.* All these things supposedly happened, since ***Hitler: The Last Ten Days*** bears a seal of authenticity from historian Hugh Trevor-Roper, who ought to know. True or not, Italian writer-director Ennio de Concini has made life-and-death matters look almost laughable in this long, leaden drama that often sags into parody. Playing it straight as Hitler, Alec Guinness rants and raves at colleagues who could step right into a

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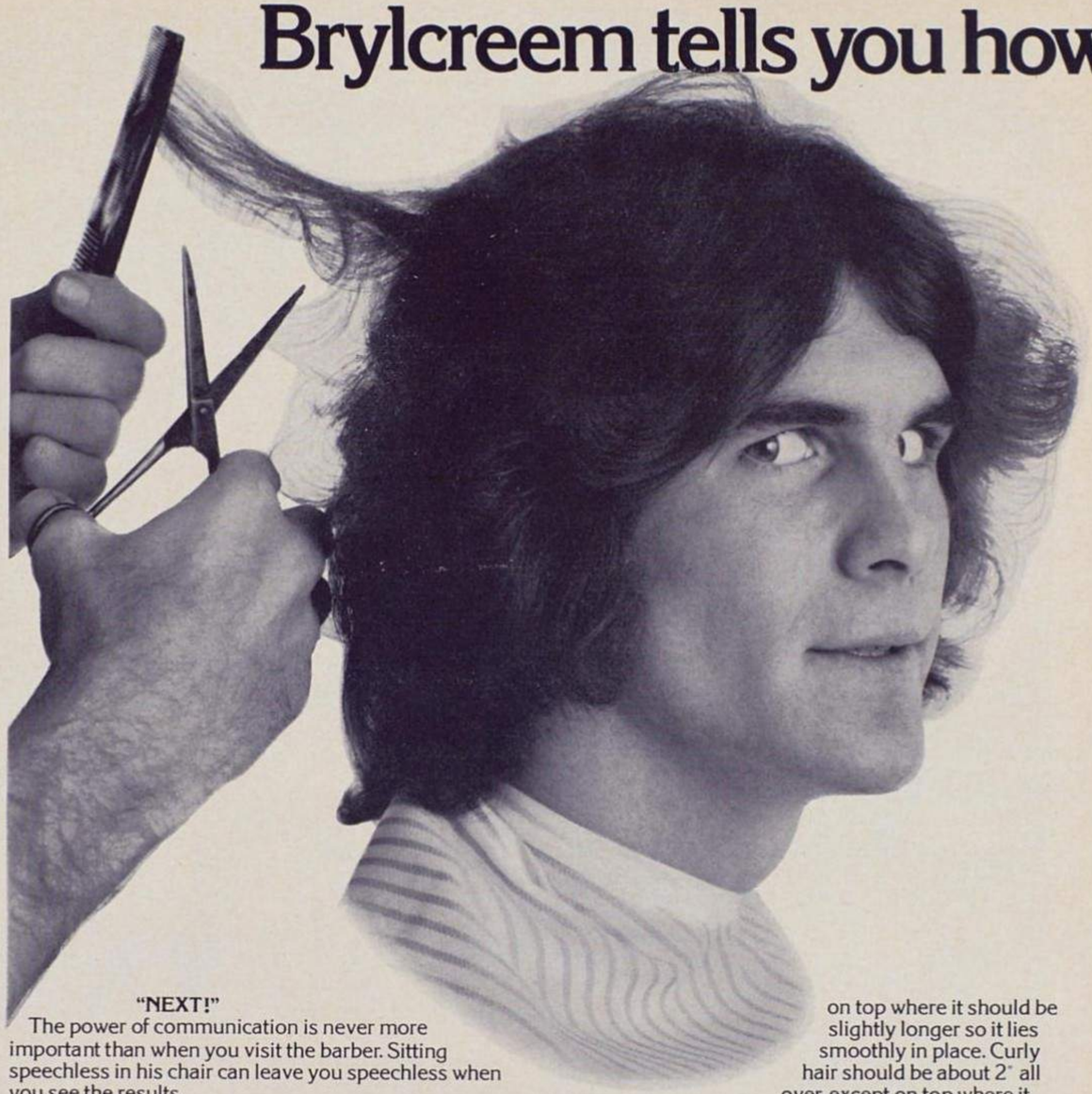

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Ask him to cut your hair the same length all over your head. Straight hair should be about 1-1/2" long, except on top where it should be slightly longer so it lies smoothly in place. Curly hair should be about 2" all over, except on top where it should be slightly shorter so it forms a little bulk. He should keep your ear tops covered by about 1" of hair. The same for your shirt collar. And your sideburns should stop about 1/2" above the bottom of your ear.

When he's finished cutting and shampooing, ask for a conditioning massage with a little Brylcreem Hairdressing. Its natural ingredients penetrate each hair shaft, conditioning your hair. And a healthy looking head of hair is the only way to begin a new hair style.

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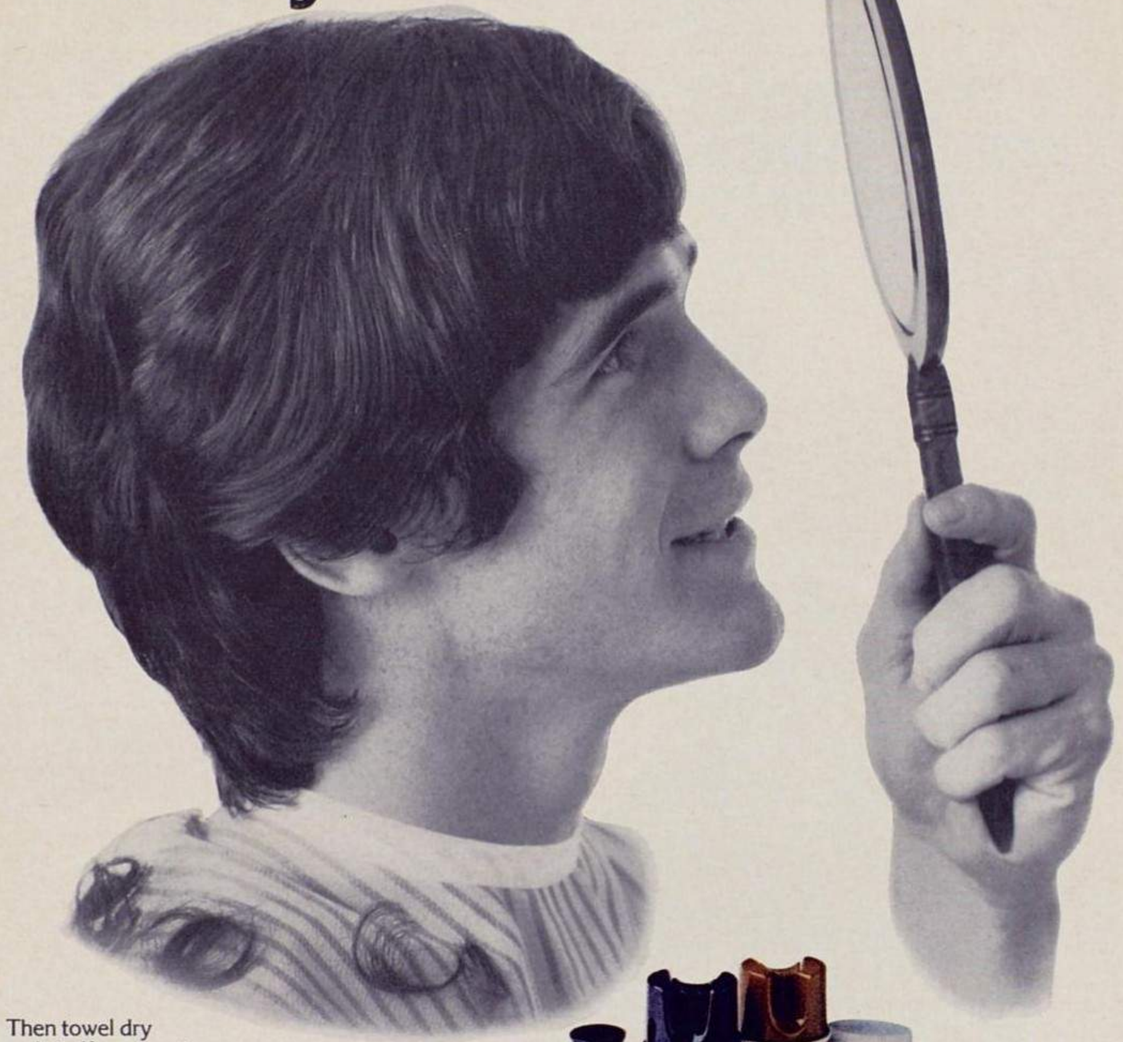

Then towel dry your hair. If you must use a blow-dryer or hot-comb to straighten out waves or get your hair going in the right direction, condition often with Brylcreem Hairdressing. It helps restore the moisture that hot-air drying strips away from your hair and scalp. Conditioning with Brylcreem is extra important if you have curly hair—it's more porous and dries out even faster.

Last, use a brush to style fine or thinning hair. It'll give you a fuller, thicker look. Use a comb for coarse, thick hair. It will make it appear less bulky.

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IT'S ABOUT TIME FOR A STRONG NEW MOUTHWASH.

political cabaret spoof without changing their performances a jot. An appealing, unfamiliar actress named Doris Kunstmann achieves a moment or two of poignancy as Eva (though she is much too pretty for the part) and Simon Ward (of *Young Winston*) just manages not to be ludicrous as a young officer assailed by doubt. The rest are paper dolls in a Gestapo-style Grand Guignol, with *Frau* Goebbels declaring herself the happiest woman in Germany when Hitler hands her the six cyanide pellets he's kept tucked away especially for her children.

•

Two high school dropouts go to Paris, where a friend is supposed to help them find rich husbands. Unfortunately, Paris makes them nervous and the only men they meet are a handsome, petulant hustler (Max Delys), who lives with his faggoty American friend, Michael (Michael Sklar), heir to a deodorant fortune. Anyway, the girls (Donna Jordan and Jane Forth) aren't all that crazy for sex. "I get more excited about make-up," says Donna. ***L'Amour,*** the first Andy Warhol film to be made abroad (Warhol codirecting with Paul Morrissey, who generated *Heat*), is almost indistinguishable from his American productions—cheaply made, low-camp, essentially antisex and often hilarious if you happen to have a weakness for the sensibility of this particular subculture. The film's kinky appeal is best summed up in a mocking line Bea Lillie used to sing about the vaunted charms of Paris: "*L'amour, l'amour . . . l'amour the merrier.*" Standing a bit above the crowd of painted dolls and flashy pansies—Warhol seems to harvest a new crop of freaks each season, and throw them away when he's through—is a genuine American in Paris, petite actress-model Patti D'Arbanville (who inspired *My Lady D'Arbanville*, Cat Stevens' hit ballad of a few seasons ago). "In Paris," says Patti with a seasoned expatriate's certainty, "they aren't even *born* virgins."

•

Current interest in the women's lib movement probably explains the successful stage revival of Henrik Ibsen's ***A Doll's House,*** produced in New York and London by Hillard Elkins, with his wife, Claire Bloom, as Nora—the original toy wife, who leaves her boorish husband, Torvald, in a last desperate struggle for independence. On film, Miss Bloom's Nora is impeccable in picking up every half tone of modern resonance, and her distinguished supporting cast includes Anthony Hopkins (as Torvald), along with Sir Ralph Richardson, Dame Edith Evans, Anna Massey and Denholm Elliott. Handsomely made in London, *Doll's House* is commendable on all counts but one, the major drawback being that only fanatic reverence for the classics (or for a cause) can take the curse off Nora and Torvald as two of the most maddening dullards in dramatic literature: a silly twit *vs.* a stuffed shirt, and both so irksome that you end up feeling they deserve each other.

•

A college campus is the setting for "a controlled group experiment in premarital relations," according to James Whitmore, as the liberated educator whose wife (Tippi Hedren) helps him conduct ***The Harrad Experiment.*** Unfortunately, director Ted Post's flat movie version of the best seller by Robert H. Rimmer fritters away too much time on dialog that sounds less like serious student discussion than like a novelist's exposition. "*Real* people make love with their minds and their understanding, not just with their bodies," scolds Tippi when a boyish freshman swinger (Don Johnson) tries to add her to his mounting score. Laurie Walters, Victoria Thompson and B. Kirby, Jr., embody various other student hang-ups, and join in the film's endless self-analysis and occasional group nudity. The movie is inclined to pretty heavy breathing over a subject that might provoke snide laughter even from raw recruits in the real sexual revolution on campus, who are probably making out a lot better than the timorous pioneers depicted here.

•

Most of the people who collaborated on *If . . .* got together again for ***O Lucky Man!,*** an epic social satire based on an idea (according to the film's credits) by Malcolm McDowell, who was a coffee salesman before achieving movie stardom as the hero of *If . . .* and *A Clockwork Orange*. Pretty much the same thing happens to the success-starved protagonist of *Lucky Man*, though director Lindsay Anderson, scenarist David Sherwin and cinematographer Miroslav Ondricek have boldly embellished truth with fiction, fable, scraps of sci-fi fantasy and some absolutely stunning camerawork. *Lucky Man*'s vivid musical score, a substantial creation in itself, is performed by singer-composer Alan Price, who appears in one episode of the coffee salesman's odyssey as leader of an itinerant pop-music group. The rest of the time, Price and his combo merely drop in at director Anderson's whim to provide wry continuity for the incredible misadventures of young Mick (McDowell), who leaves behind the simple whores and orgies of traveling salesmanship to make it, so to speak, in the wide world. Captured and tortured at an atomic-research center, he barely escapes with his life and encounters even worse perils in a medical clinic where he nearly becomes a human guinea pig. Taking refuge in the rock combo's minibus, he meets a wayward rich girl (beautifully sketched by Helen Mirren), whose father (Ralph Richardson, again) has amassed a huge fortune by the foulest means. Mick

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gets his first taste of material success as the evil tycoon's assistant, then serves five years in jail after playing scapegoat in a diabolical scheme to destroy the people of an emergent African nation. Attempting to forsake big business for brotherly love, he discovers that the poor are no less cruel or corrupt than the rich—merely less effective—and ultimately finds a personal solution by auditioning for the lead role in a movie like *If . . .* Get it? Played to the hilt by a superb English cast, many in triple roles, *Lucky Man* is far more amiable and engaging from moment to moment than it sounds in summary. The ideas jammed into this three-hour movie —none of them strictly new—pile up on one another until the viewer begins to feel that four or five perfectly feasible endings have been passed over in the effort to wring a Fellini-sized magnum opus from material suitable for an ironic little spoof. In the final balance, less might have been more—though Anderson taps a vein of contemporary consciousness that makes even his wildest excesses seem well worth the try.

PRESS

The first week of May, two assemblies of the fourth estate convened celebratorily in Washington. One was the American Society of Newspaper Editors (average age: 55); the other, more lively and contentious, was the second annual A. J. Liebling counterconvention of far younger reporters from both the straight and the alternative (nee underground) press. The latter event, with its accompanying contingents of press groupies and journalism students, was held under the auspices of [*More*], a journalism review.

While diverse self-criticism was on the agenda of both gatherings, the prevailing mood was self-congratulatory, particularly among the "elite Eastern establishment press," as Spiro Agnew has characterized it. The press as a whole, so long on the defensive in these Nixon years, felt redeemed by Watergate. "*We*," said Brit Hume, former Jack Anderson staffer and now Washington editor of [*More*], "exposed those law-and-order people in the White House as the lawbreakers and liars they are."

"What a moment!" columnist Mary McGrory exulted in a conversation with Ralph Nader just before a [*More*] panel began. "I know it's bad form to gloat this week, but I can't help it." Feeding the euphoria had been a beleaguered tribute to the "vigorous free press" by its most bitter long-term enemy, Richard Nixon, as well as an apology by Nixon Press Secretary Ron Ziegler to *The Washington Post*'s Pulitzer Prize–winning Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein, the primary diggers into the Watergate lode of astonishing and appalling front-page stories.

Nonetheless, there were cautionary voices among the journalists. At the Newspaper Editors' convention, persistent press critic Ben Bagdikian noted sharply that the press had little reason to congratulate itself concerning Watergate, because after the June 17, 1972, break-in at Democratic Party headquarters, no more than 14 reporters of the 2200 regularly employed in Washington had been put on the story for all the rest of last year and well into 1973. And Woodward himself attempted to divert some of his colleagues from their personal glee at the acute discomfiture of the President to their professional responsibility to be better journalists. "People are saying this is the finest hour for investigative journalism," he said, "but there's much more the press should have done, and so much more to do."

At the [*More*] convention, a number of reporters and lawyers also chilled the otherwise high spirits. They warned that while White House harassment of journalists will subside for a time, reporters continue to be subpoenaed and sometimes jailed by local judges, district attorneys and legislative committees that have found the Supreme Court's *Caldwell* decision—ruling that a journalist has no constitutional right to protect the confidentiality of his sources—more and more to their liking. And since the Supreme Court isn't likely to look at the problem again for a very long time, conditions outside Washington could well get worse.

Nor is the Federal heat going to be off the press for long, several journalists emphasized. "Whatever Administration is in power, Democratic or Republican," said John MacKenzie, *The Washington Post*'s Supreme Court reporter, "it's going to give the press trouble once the present cease-fire is over." Agreeing was Les Whitten, who works for Jack Anderson and had been arrested by the FBI earlier this year while returning public documents to the Bureau of Indian Affairs. "This is *not* the time for us to relax," Whitten told the reporters.

"All of you," he advised, "ought to keep your lawyer's name in your pocket. And be careful about what's in your address book." Whitten held up his own address book, from which sections of nearly every page had been cut out. "Those spaces are where my confidential sources used to be listed. The first thing they do when they arrest you is to go for that book. So make sure there's nothing in it you don't want them to find. It may sound overly emotional," Whitten added, "but for some reporters, the Watergate exposures notwithstanding, the beginning of a police state is already here."

Other journalists at the Washington conclaves were concerned with less ominous matters. At a [*More*] panel on "How Women Cover Washington," Sally Quinn of *The Washington Post* was hissed and booed by some women reporters in the audience when she said, "If a Senator is putting his hand on my fanny and talking about how he's thinking about impeaching Nixon, I'm not sure I'm going to remove his hand. I'm a reporter first and a feminist second. Much of the time I deplore the situation, but I'll take advantage of it until things change." A male reporter for a countercultural publication stood up for Ms. Quinn. "She has a First Amendment right to make that decision," he said. "Hell, it's *her* fanny."

RECORDINGS

It will be recalled that certain rabbis put down TV's *Bridget Loves Bernie* for being "definitely offensive to the Jewish people," as Lenny Bruce phrased it in a similar context. What would these cats have to say about Kinky Friedman and the Texas Jewboys? Well, Lenny would have liked 'em, and ***Sold American*** (Vanguard) is a gas: country music from a sometimes Jewish point of view. Particularly great are two comic numbers, *Get Your Biscuits in the Oven and Your Buns in the Bed* and *The Ballad of Charles Whitman*. The former pits the country chauvinist against them uppity women who visit the shrink, pass out pamphlets and burn bras. *Whitman* celebrates the notorious Texas tower sniper and has apparently aroused some furor in the state:

There was a rumor about a tumor
Nestled at the base of his brain.
He was sittin' up there with his
.36 magnum,
Laughin' while he's a-baggin' 'em;
Who are we to say the boy's insane?

Kinky told *Rolling Stone* that his next album might be called *Shit Still Floats.* Ride 'em, Jewboys.

•

Paul Bley is one of the most adventurous keyboard artists around—at once overflowing with emotion and intellectuality. What with a synthesizer, a pair of electric pianos and—you remember?—a trusty old Baldwin, Bley is a one-man band, but he has help on ***Paul Bley & Scorpio*** (Milestone); drummer Barry Altschul and bassist David Holland augment his efforts admirably. The tunes, eclectic and exotic, are by Bley and a couple of the best jazz composers going, his ex-wife Carla and Annette Peacock. There's always a mind-blowing surprise waiting beyond the bend of the next chorus in a Bley Happening, so stay tuned in to this trio; it really has something to say.

•

Having long explored the mysteries of Noise, Led Zeppelin now plunges into the mysteries of Childhood . . . or something

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like that. ***Houses of the Holy*** (Atlantic) is a botched concept album, showing the Zep at its energetic best in tunes about hot teen love (*The Crunge*) or creepy dream builders (*No Quarter*). At its worst, the group shows it just doesn't know how to write music, as in the confusing mess called *The Rain Song*, with a cute bluesy phrase stuck into the first line. Still, Robert Plant's electrified falsetto vocals are zingy and Jimmy Page's guitarwork, as always, is superb. The simple riff tunes, such as *Over the Hills and Far Away*, work best, and we wonder if the Zeppelin, in its old age, hasn't become an inflated parody of its formerly heavy innocence.

•

Back in the Forties, there was a surfeit of superlative tenor men—Coleman Hawkins, Lester Young, Ben Webster, Chu Berry—and right up with them was Don Byas, who settled in Europe after World War Two and never returned to the States. It is our loss, as ***Le Grand Don Byas*** (MJR) will attest. Recorded in the early Fifties in France but not released in the U. S. till now, the LP provides a gilded showcase for Byas' gleaming tone and glittering inventiveness. Except for a marvelous original—*Blues for Don Carlos*—they're all standards. Which is the perfect groove for Byas, who has always had a respect for a melody but has never let that stand in the way of his soaring imagination. The album is available for $5.50 from Master Jazz Recordings, Box 579, Lenox Hill Station, New York, New York 10021.

•

Johnny Winter has been away two years getting his health and head together, and he comes back strong on ***Still Alive and Well*** (Columbia). It's gutty, explosive rock 'n' roll, with Johnny in a variety of vocal styles and playing everything from National steel and mandolin (in the blues-based *Too Much Seconal*, with Jeremy Steig's flute) to masterful slide (*Rock & Roll*) and slithering electric (the title tune). He does up two Jagger-Richard tunes—one of them, *Silver Train*, purportedly written for Johnny—almost better than the Stones themselves. "The best I've done," says the Albino Wizard about this effort, and we've got to agree.

•

Glyn Johns produced the first Eagles disc in London and obliges again with an even more successful effort, ***Desperado*** (Asylum). This loose-jointed saga of the Dalton brothers' demise offers considerable variety in the country-and-western mode: There's a fine hard-rock number, *Out of Control*, nice close-harmony singing in *Saturday Night* and an effective change of mood in descending chords with *Bitter Creek*. Although we hear echoes of The Band and Neil Young throughout, the group ultimately has a unique sound and presence owing to the fine vocals and Bernie Leadon's guitar, mandolin and banjo leads. The songwriting helps, too—most of these are gems—and the Dalton boys were never better served.

•

Rod Stewart's back with a new version of his old group, Faces, but ***Ooh La La*** (Warner Bros.) contains little to warrant a celebration. The material is weak and the band is really ragged most of the time. Only occasionally, as in *Silicone Grown*—about a young lady who wants to "keep a breast of time"—or in *Borstal Boys*—a tale of street punks in the slam—do we get the old Stewart fire as he croaks out his typically *non sequitur* lyrics. Regroup, Rod, and remember what Dizzy Gillespie once said about his own crew: "Dis band should disband."

•

Imagine the improbable duo of Fred Neil singing and John Fahey playing the guitar and you'll have some small idea of Leo Kottke. But, in fact, Kottke is better than both, together or separately. His recent live album, ***My Feet Are Smiling*** (Capitol), has some of the tunes, musical humor and brilliance that were part of last year's *Greenhouse*, as well as new lyric masterpieces, such as *Standing in My Shoes*, and comments about his chiropodist. What this foot fetishism means is anyone's guess, but it is clear that Kottke has taken folk guitar into a new and exciting realm, unpredictable and rich. The zippy country tunes, such as *Bean Time*, with its rolling cascades of notes, blend perfectly with the more contemplative, sometimes bemused stance that Kottke likes to assume in such tunes as *Louise*. This is 12-string and slide-guitar playing of supercompetence.

•

Horace Silver / In Pursuit of the 27th Man (Blue Note) is a joyous experience. Silver's piano remains one of the bastions of unreconstructed funk. It is usually exuberant, brimming with echoes of barrelhouse, boogie, bop and soul-brother sounds. Horace's group includes trumpeter Randy Brecker, bassist Bob Cranshaw and drummer Mickey Roker, with either tenor man Mike Brecker or vibist David Freidman sharing the duties. Silver composed most of the tunes and the atmosphere is very, very up.

•

The Leonard Bernstein–Metropolitan Opera ***Carmen*** (Deutsche Grammophon) is a three-LP recording of the Met production that premiered last September to great critical acclaim. This was originally the brain child of Goeran Gentele, the Swedish impresario who was to make his debut as Met general manager and director. With Gentele's tragic death last year, Bernstein and his associates were left to create a "revolutionary" *Carmen*—stark, dominated by fate, reverting to the violence of the Prosper Mérimée story that had originally drawn Bizet. Gone are the grand-opera recitatives, the hokey *machismo* and romantic tinsel that made most people laugh at the idea of *Carmen* as a serious work. Now nobody giggles during Marilyn Horne's *Habanera*: It is not only perfectly realized singing in its own right but an important dramatic statement of character, motivation and plot. Miss Horne and James McCracken sing the leads gloriously; the supporting cast and choruses perform admirably; the Metropolitan Orchestra, under Bernstein's direction, is as precise and vigorous as Deutsche Grammophon's sound is spectacular. Clearly, Gentele would have approved.

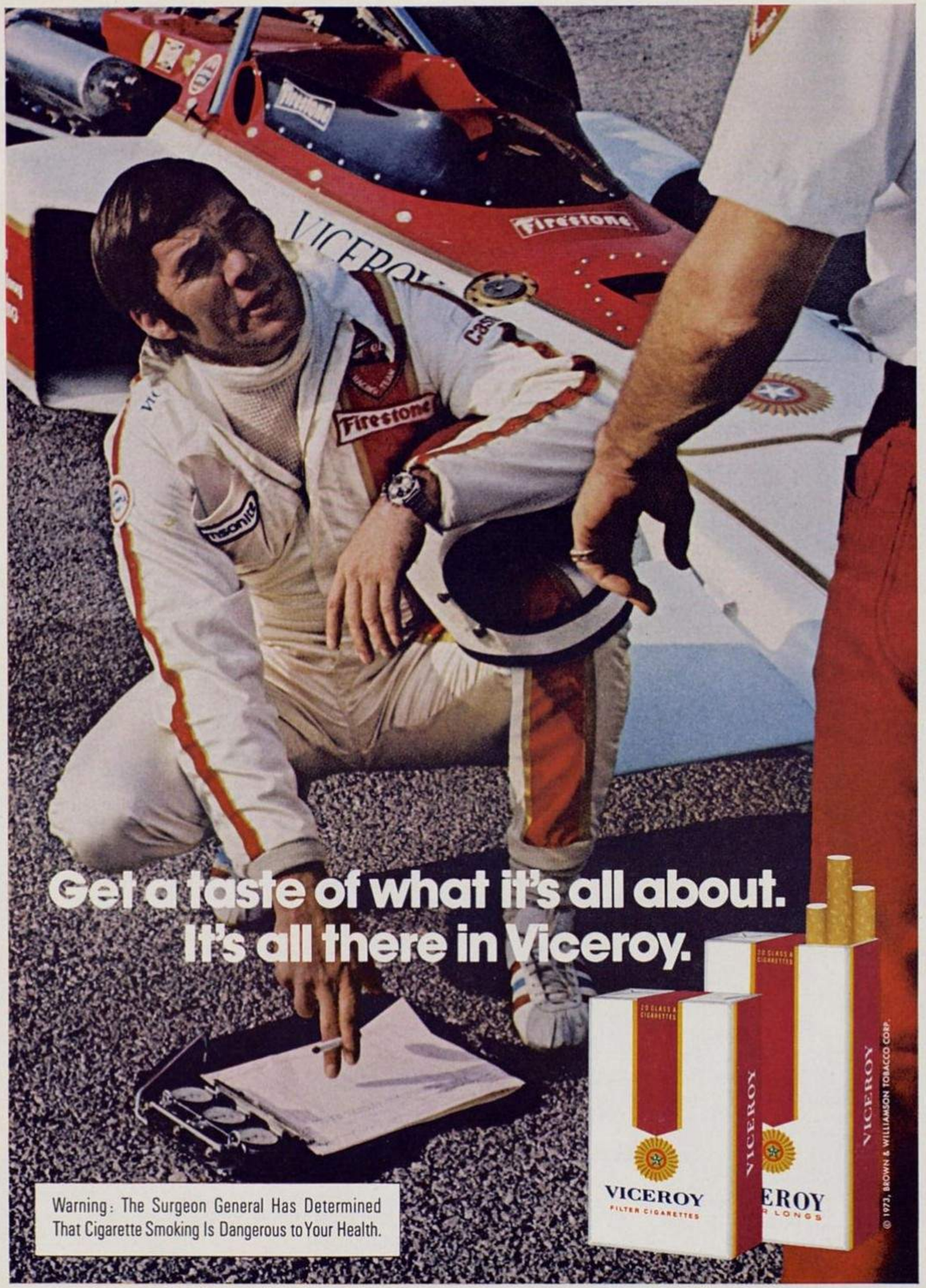
•

If you're in the mood for a mindless romp, we recommend ***Ken Munson / Super Flute*** (Paramount). You'll have to look very hard for a creative notion in the Robert Banks charts, but the heavy beat is infectious, the tunes are generally a better grade of commercial pop-rock and Munson is a highly competent musician who can grab you with his rhythmic if somewhat basic approach to matters musical. You'll dig it while you're listening to it and forget what it was all about five minutes later. On the other hand, ***Open Sky*** (PM) deserves some very close attention. Open Sky is a trio made up of reed man David Liebman (who's been shaking things up with Miles Davis), bassist Frank Tusa and drummer Bob Moses. Liebman, in particular, will ring your cerebellum with a variety of trippy things, whether he's on flute, clarinet, soprano sax or tenor. We won't frighten you by labeling the album avant-garde, but you can be sure you won't walk away from your rig whistling the tunes. *Open Sky* is available for five dollars from P. M. Records, 20 Martha Street, Woodcliff Lake, New Jersey 07675.

THEATER

"This is my last commercial fling," announced director Peter Hall when he began rehearsals for the $900,000 space-age musical *Via Galactica*. He immediately regretted his choice of words. "What is flung," he realized, "comes down with a crash." Two months later, Hall's words proved prophetic. *Galactica* opened at the plush new Uris Theater—the largest on Broadway—received disastrous notices, was shunned by the paying public and closed five days later.

Galactica was the second $900,000 fiasco of the 1972–1973 season. The first, *Dude*, had bombed a month before. What the two shows had in common, besides a paucity of creativity, was ancestry. Both were concocted by heirs of *Hair* and were obvious attempts to cash in on that bonanza. But where *Hair* started small and slowly grew to international success,



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Galactica and *Dude* were instant white elephants.

Galactica was supposed to take the audience on a jaunt through time and space. The stage was turned into a trampoline to simulate weightlessness. The effect, however, was to limit the dancing to jumping. Some 375,000 tiny plastic balls were strung from the flies to reflect light and to give the impression of galactic wonders, but the multiextensional machinery that was supposed to send astronauts flying over the audience never worked. *Galactica* turned out to be a lot less innovative than Disneyland.

For *Dude*, an entire theater, the Broadway, was reconstructed, with the stage built over the orchestra and the audience placed in the balcony. To simulate "the highway life," the supposed theme of the show, two tons of dirt were dumped onto the stage. When it was discovered that one could not dance on dirt (and that it made everyone dirty), the soil was carted out and ditched, at great expense. Actors and directors were hired and fired with such rapidity that the theater marquee had to be changed as often as a basketball scoreboard.

Galactica and *Dude* weren't the season's only disasters. Four other major Broadway musicals—*Ambassador*, *Shelter*, *Lysistrata* and *Tricks*—folded prematurely, putting the total musical loss at more than $3,000,000. There were also ten sizable nonmusical flops—with a loss of $2,000,000. If one also includes the minor disasters, Broadway's debit in the season rises to almost $6,000,000. Those millions paid for a lot of expensive scenery, which had to be carted off to the New Jersey marshes to be burned. They also provided salaries, which in some cases have ascended to astronomical figures; the most outer-space thing in *Galactica* may have been the stagehands' wages.

There is no assurance of success on Broadway—even with big names. Tennessee Williams laid a big one on Broadway last season: His two-character play *Out Cry* cost $150,000 and lasted for 13 performances. So did Arthur Miller, even with the Bible as book (*The Creation of the World and Other Business*). And so did Melina Mercouri, Maureen Stapleton in a Paul Zindel comedy, three plays about Mrs. Lincoln and a London hit titled *No Sex Please, We're British*.

Still, Broadway goes on. What attracts money to this debilitated industry is not only infatuation with theater but also the dream—however slight—of hitting it big. In recent years, *Hair*, *Man of La Mancha*, *Fiddler on the Roof* and Neil Simon have all made millions. Even this past season, there were big payoffs. Within five months of opening, *Pippin* made back its entire $500,000 investment, and *A Little Night Music* became another profitable entry in producer-director Harold Prince's arsenal of hits. The surprise was *Irene*. With only Debbie Reynolds and nostalgia, and with generally favorable reviews, this old wheeze is filling the big new Minskoff Theater.

So Broadway isn't the graveyard its detractors think it is—but it has become an arena of opposites: enormous moneymakers and instant flops. The middle ground—artistic successes, small profit makers—keeps shrinking. And along with it go the chances for adventure.

•

It's impossible to imagine a finer Cyrano de Bergerac than Christopher Plummer—but why bother to set ***Cyrano*** to music? With its rampant sentimentality, the Edmond Rostand original is already half a musical. No ordinary tune could enhance Cyrano's confession of love to Roxane on a balcony or his stubbornly proud death scene. The lyrics by Anthony Burgess (who also wrote the adaptation) and the music by Michael J. Lewis add little—so little, in fact, that it's easy to concentrate on Plummer's superlative performance. With exquisite finesse, he plays the character for much more than he has ever been worth—capturing his biting humor, his swashbuckling conceit and his unyielding code of honor. Passionately, he battles with tongue and sword (his duel is a paragon of—his favorite word—panache). Ably assisted by a lovely Roxane (here dubbed Roxana), Leigh Beery, and a lavish period production by Michael Kidd, Plummer wafts this old war horse of a play into the romantic stratosphere. At the Palace, 1564 Broadway.

•

What makes Morton Da Costa's 1973 revival of Clare Boothe Luce's ***The Women*** rate more than a shrug of nostalgia is the caliber of the cast and the light this inferior play sheds on the prehistoric stage of women's lib. The actresses in this manless farce—for the most part, at least a decade older than the characters they play—are expert at clawing one another with utmost femininity. As the chief backstabber, whose offhand gossip can sluice a marriage down the drain, Alexis Smith is a disarming vixen—and, as ever, a stately beauty. She is alternately abetted and confounded by a high-class company, which includes Kim Hunter as a symbol of high fidelity, Rhonda Fleming (almost as lovely as when she starred opposite Bing Crosby), Dorothy Loudon as a flip baby-bearing machine, Marian Hailey as a crying bride with intact ideals and Mary Louise Wilson as a smart, globe-trotting single. From boudoir to beauty salon, from powder room to women's gym (where pounds are excised and rumors transplanted), these she-cats—while deferring to the male as broadwinner and sexist pig—really run the show and direct the game of matrimony. At the Forty-Sixth Street, 226 West 46th Street.

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

For a year, I've been dating a 20-year-old divorcee. We've been open about our past experiences and about what turns us on sexually. Our sex lives have been about the same, though she has had fewer partners but longer affairs than I. I've never doubted my ability in bed, but our frankness has given me cause to worry. Recently, my girlfriend admitted that she could attain a greater orgasm through masturbation, using a stream of water from the bathtub faucet, than she has had with any man she has known. I contend that I should be able to bring her to the same heights. Am I right? Can a man bring a woman to as strong an orgasm as she can receive by artificial means? So far, she has not complained and swears that our lovemaking has been fulfilling. I know that I should be happy with her contentment, but I have no desire to lose her due to a lack of ability on my part. What should I do?—L. M., Detroit, Michigan.

Masters and Johnson found that women frequently achieve more intense orgasms through masturbation than they do through intercourse; the researchers also reported that some women said that these orgasms were subjectively less satisfying. It's hard to beat single-mindedness in matters of efficiency. A self-made woman can apply exactly the type of caress that excites her most; in intercourse, she has less immediate control—there's the rub. But the greatest pleasure in sex comes from having only half the fun. Don't try to compete with plumbing; performance fear is a primary cause of impotence. Ask your girlfriend if you can watch her next affair with the faucet. You'll find that it's not a difficult act to follow and you may learn something about your partner's pattern of response.

How do I get an original song published? I've contacted most of the music companies in Manhattan and I'm still batting zero. I believe in paying dues, but this is ridiculous.—D. J. R., New Hartford, Connecticut.

The doors aren't open on Tin-Pan Alley and the man who said you've got to pay your dues already belonged to the union. As you've discovered, it is virtually impossible for an unknown songwriter to get his work published. Reputable music companies usually won't listen to unsolicited material for fear of plagiarism suits; and the publisher who accepts your work for a fee could be a rip-off artist. Publishing a song does not produce profits; exposure does. Register your song with the Copyright Office (it costs six dollars), persuade someone to perform your work, then publish it yourself. For information on publishing and copyright protection, write to the Copyright Office, Library of Congress, Washington, D.C. 20559.

After school, I work at a parking lot. Every now and then, I take one of the cars out for a little spin—usually a sports car with four or five on the floor. When I return from these jaunts, I have a full erection. Why? This tends to be embarrassing.—E. Y., Wyncote, Pennsylvania.

It might be called the Grand Prix syndrome. Your experience is a fairly common male response to tension, excitement, stress and such. Or you may be shifting the wrong stick. The owners of the cars you joy-ride would really give you a hard time if they caught you flagrante delicto *(which is not an Italian sports car). There are better ways to get your kicks—find one.*

Playboy has had a beneficial effect on the style, quality and now the content of my photography. A female friend who admires my work has volunteered to pose in the nude for my cameras, neither of which is a Polaroid. My problem is technical, not artistic. I can develop black and white, but I do not have the equipment to process 35mm color prints or Super 8 movie film. Kodak seems to have a monopoly on all things visual, and I've heard that it confiscates photos of nudes. Is this true and, if so, is there anything I can do about it?—J. H., Salt Point, New York.

In 1949, Kodak announced that it would not return photographs that violated Federal or state obscenity laws, because it could be held legally liable for doing so. In those days, the criteria for obscenity were simple—if a photograph showed pubic hair, it would not be returned. The 1949 policy still is intact; the criteria have changed to comply with recent court decisions, but Kodak will not tell what the changes are. The company keeps an exposure that it finds to be outside the pale and asks the owner's permission to destroy it. If the owner refuses permission or doesn't reply, Kodak holds the exposure for two years and then destroys it. Sometimes, if the customer can explain circumstances that Kodak considers to be extenuating, it will complete the order. Our advice: When in doubt, use a private lab.

My husband and I have a sexual problem that is sabotaging an otherwise loving marriage. We both work, and what with my job, preparing dinner, doing some housework and tending to our pets, I am so exhausted that I sometimes just like

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to go to sleep when we finally get to bed. I enjoy sex immensely, find my husband attractive and sexy—and tell him so—but find it difficult to hop into the sack and feel any great enthusiasm for lovemaking. When I show my reluctance, however, my husband gets irritable and unfriendly. What do you recommend?—Mrs. R. A., Altoona, Pennsylvania.

If the problem is simply one of fatigue, as you state, then try varying the time of your lovemaking—before dinner or in the morning or all day Sunday, for example. Or, since both of you are working, eat out more often. Or let the housework go occasionally or ask your husband to share it with you. It's possible, though, that the problem is deeper than you realize. If a change in your daily routine doesn't enhance your sexual turn-on, then you should consider the possibility that there is something amiss in the marriage. Hopefully, the easy solution will work—but if it doesn't, be prepared for some soul-searching and penetratingly honest conversation with your husband.

Is vodka really made from potatoes?—W. D., East Orange, New Jersey.

Some Russian and Polish vodkas are produced from spuds, but most brands are made from a grain—any grain, but usually corn or wheat—and then filtered through charcoal.

The U. S. Supreme Court has invalidated restrictive abortion laws, but it is almost impossible to get information about abortion centers. Medical ethics do not allow doctors or clinics to advertise and the Yellow Pages have yet to list abortion services. I've heard of referral agencies that charge up to $200 just to give you the name of a clinic that performs abortions. Can you recommend a less expensive agency and also tell me how much my girlfriend and I can expect to pay for the operation?—J. B., New York, New York.

Several nationwide counseling services provide free information on where to go for legal abortions. The Clergy Consultation Service has a telephone network that provides advice in problem pregnancies and, when it is appropriate, help with abortion. The central number in New York City is 212-477-0034. Planned Parenthood Federation offices throughout the country offer the same service. The number of its Family Planning Information Service in New York is 212-677-3040. These agencies report that an abortion costs from $125 to $145 in the first 12 weeks of pregnancy and from $350 to $400 in the second three-month period. Price includes pregnancy tests and follow-up care.

I am a 19-year-old, easygoing, polite college sophomore. I smile a lot. I'm not fat. I don't swear in front of girls and I like to comfort them when they are feeling bad. I enjoy bodily contact—holding hands, slow dancing, making out to a point. I don't force anything on a girl that she doesn't want, especially sex. That's my hang-up. I want to have intercourse. Bad, but not bad enough to go to a whorehouse. Because I'm a nice, polite guy, I attract or end up with the nice, polite girls who don't know the first thing about sex and/or have no intention of getting it on. The girls who want a little sexual fun out of life think that because I am a nice, polite guy I don't want to ball, which I *do*, or that I don't know the first thing about sex, which is true. I feel lost and left out. How can I make it with a girl?—N. B., Ormond Beach, Florida.

There are as many theories on how to make it with women as there are women in the world. One often advanced claim is that for every mild-mannered Clark Kent with superdesires smoldering under his nice-guy exterior, there is a Diana Prince whose prim and proper exterior conceals a wow of a Wonder Woman. According to this theory, you simply invite your girl to a quiet, private place—it can be as small as a telephone booth—throw off your disguises and you'll find yourselves streaking across the sky together. Shazam! This theory assumes that your mild-mannered exterior is a disguise. You may find yourself under arrest for indecent exposure when you discover that your Superman costume is still at the tailor's. As an alternative, you might consider the Static Quest, a tactic based on the classic advice on what to do when you feel lost: "Stay in one place. Get to know yourself. If someone is looking for you (or it), her path of search will cross your point of rest. If you both go wandering around, there is no guarantee that your paths will ever cross." The Static Quest also builds character and contributes to an implacable calm that is itself attractive to girls. However, we have found that sex seldom occurs because of anything you do; it occurs in spite of what you do. Therefore, don't worry about your inexperience. Sex is one human endeavor in which both those who can and those who can't teach and learn from each other.

Last month I drove my Mercedes-Benz 220 D (the diesel-powered model) across country. A long-haired hitchhiker whom I picked up near Baton Rouge pointed out that the exhaust on my car emitted more smoke than those of gasoline-powered cars, and he claimed that I was contributing more than my share to pollution. I let the ingrate out in New Orleans, but my conscience bothers me. Was he right?—K. K., Salinas, California.

Diesel engines ordinarily emit more smoke than gasoline engines; the amount depends on quality of fuel, engine tuning and the altitude at which you drive. You might check with a mechanic to see if

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The person who lives in the apartment below mine has complained about my stereo. The problem is not volume but bass vibrations from my floor-model speakers. Is there any way that I can prevent the bass tones from penetrating the floor and still maintain good stereo sound?—D. B., Los Angeles, California.

Thick carpets make good neighbors. The walls and floors of an apartment will block the treble tones of a sound system at a fairly loud volume, but the bass tones still get through, especially if the speakers are placed directly on the floor or flush against a wall. If you don't have a carpet, put a thick slab of foam material between the speakers and the floor. Or mount your speakers off the floor—on shelves or wall brackets with foam padding between the speaker cabinets and the wall.

For many years my marriage was dull and uninteresting. Then my wife and I began going separately to the same night club, where we would meet and dance with different people. (We always left together.) To my surprise, I found that I was stimulated by seeing her with someone else. This led to a little game we play whereby we call each other different names in bed. This teasing is delightful and often results in more passionate love-play. I wonder, though, is it all right to engage in this kind of fantasy?—W. G., Baltimore, Maryland.

Sure. Fantasy is a natural human activity; it is one of the few forms of sexual pleasure not prohibited by law. If aliases improve your late-night liaisons, by all means continue to use them. Your legal name is simply the name by which you come to be known; there are no laws governing the names by which you are known to come.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.

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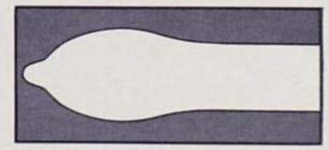

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DATSUN SAVES

THE PLAYBOY FORUM

an interchange of ideas between reader and editor on subjects raised by "the playboy philosophy"

SWINGING SUBURBS

According to letters in the May *Playboy Forum*, there's a lady in Wantagh, New York, who enjoys taking on two men at a time and sometimes has more than 20 orgasms a night, and there's a topless go-go dancer in Patchogue, New York, who "can't get decently laid." Where the hell is Patchogue, and how do I get from there to Wantagh? Please rush directions.

D. C. Peters
Alexandria, Virginia

You're too late. The lady in Wantagh lent one of her men to the lady in Patchogue, and the sexual ecology of Long Island has been rebalanced.

PROBLEMATIC PENISES

Three persons whose letters appeared in the May *Playboy Forum* have trouble with sexual intercourse. A go-go dancer writes that she "can't get decently laid." But why does she work seven nights a week? Why doesn't she find a nice guy and take a day off for pressure-free sex? Both men and women turn on best when they're relaxed.

The man in New Orleans who goes to bed with girls he doesn't like and then can't ball them reminds me of that long line of infamous women who put off aroused males with "Not tonight."

The experience of the man in Chicago, being kicked out of bed because he couldn't perform on demand, will doubtless be repeated thousands of times until people learn to handle their sexual freedom gracefully and graciously.

I would ask all people with these kinds of problems, why the pressure to measure up? Is a man to be rated by the speed with which he reaches full erection? I'd say the over-all sensuous pleasure experienced by people in their sexual relationships is more important. Why does everyone have to be a great performer in bed? All of us are human, and that is a good deal more important than our ability as sexual athletes. Compassion, patience and reassurance will, in most cases, make for better relations.

Vassily Haakon
Los Angeles, California

It's fascinating to see how men react when they have common male-female situations reversed on them. A case in point is the man who suffered three months' impotence after a "castrating feminist bitch" refused to stimulate him patiently and told him to get it up or get out. Apparently he felt that his tumescence—or lack thereof—was her problem, not his, and he expected her to work at arousing him and wait around until he felt ready to enter. (I can't help wondering if the long-awaited erection would have been more than a five-minute wonder.)

Let's consider the situation with the roles reversed: He's horny, she's interested but somewhat less than horny. Will *he* take the time to bring *her* to full readiness? Chances are he'll do a cursory job at best and will climax before his partner. If she's not ready, that, too, is her problem. If she were to demand the same kind of patient attention the letter writer wants from his partners, she would undoubtedly *still* be deemed a castrating bitch.

Having had more than my share of frustration caused by men who didn't want to waste time on foreplay, I find this man's dilemma less than earth-shaking. My response to him is: Catch me sometime when you have a complaint worth listening to. And in the meantime, remember how you felt that night, the next time your trusty cock goes limp after three or four quick thrusts and a spasm of unilateral enjoyment.

(Name withheld by request)
Appleton, Wisconsin

Probably most men will be tempted to sympathize with your reader from Chicago who was kicked out of bed by a woman because he didn't get an instant erection. But we've heard only his side of it. Perhaps the woman was not as shrill and abusive as he claims; perhaps she only sounded that way to his wounded male ego; perhaps it wasn't alcohol that made him flaccid but an unacknowledged lack of real desire for his intended partner. As a woman who has been to bed with many men, I know that men's egos can push them into having sex with women they don't really want to screw. I've learned from experience that when one party to a sexual relationship is not turned on, the other one isn't really turned on either, no matter how much he or she may proclaim a desire to fuck.

I once spent a day in the company of a very attractive, intelligent man, a film maker. Although he was married, he kept telling me how much he wanted to go to bed with me. I didn't really want to make it with him for a reason that I can't quite

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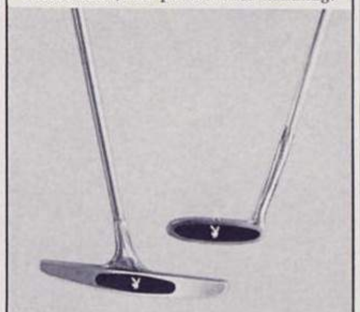

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articulate—the chemistry was wrong or something. I warned him that if we went to bed it wouldn't work out. But finally, late in the evening, I relented. We took off our clothes and got into bed. Nothing, absolutely nothing, happened. He didn't even have the beginning of an erection. I couldn't resist remarking that I'd told him so. We dressed rather sheepishly and went down to the bar for a farewell drink. There he confessed that he felt guilty about balling other women while away from his wife, but his male ego had driven him to make a play for me. We parted with a better understanding of each other, and I became convinced that there's no more sensitive indicator of a man's real emotions than his penis. It's too bad men aren't always willing to accept what they really feel.

(Name withheld by request)
Houston, Texas

MAN-HATING WOMEN

After reading the letters under the title "Problematic Penises" in the May *Playboy Forum*, I'd like to suggest that man-hating women aren't simply products of women's lib propaganda. They've always been as common as woman-hating men. If I feel a woman is immature, selfish, ill-mannered and hostile, I ignore her, however enticing her behavior or attractive her equipment. I don't think a woman is doing me any greater favor than I'm doing her, so why should I be a scapegoat for her neurotic grievances?

David C. Morrow
Dallas, Texas

THE HAPPY ONE-NIGHT STAND

The one-night stand often seems to provide as much disappointment as pleasure for men and women alike. Of course, that's not terribly surprising. Usually a meeting in a bar or night club is followed by a lot of drinking before heading home for bed, and two tired, intoxicated strangers don't exactly make ideal bed partners.

Having had my share of unsatisfactory sex under these conditions, I decided a few months ago to do something about it. I equipped my apartment with an extra bathrobe and slippers and items such as toothbrushes, hair spray and cologne. Now when I meet a woman in one of the bars I frequent, I explain while taking her home that it's late, we've been drinking and, while I might not perform as well as we'd like tonight, in the morning, I'll make everything right. One immediate effect is that pressure is relieved, and on several occasions the resulting relaxation has made a good time out of what might otherwise have been a so-so evening. But regardless of what happens at night, the next morning is always great. I get up first, shave and shower, then show my partner where everything is that she'll need to freshen up. Then I prepare a light breakfast; we eat, chat awhile and return to bed. By that time, we're both refreshed and awake, we know each other better and we're ready to make love properly.

Since I started this practice, I have never had a disappointing or disappointed one-nighter. Indeed, on several occasions, a Friday-nighter turned into a weekend roommate.

(Name withheld by request)
Twin Lakes, Wisconsin

PENIS SIZISM

As a young broad about town, I'm always amazed when I meet a dude who worries about his penis being too small. I know that the guy's attitude (and mine), the touch of gentle hands and a simple desire to please and enjoy are more important to sex fun than the size of any organ—penis, breast or vagina. I prefer a man with talent and a willingness to explore to a well-hung dummy or an athletic stud.

(Name withheld by request)
Phoenix, Arizona

I've learned that men are worried about the size of their penises—another body-fear neurosis this society mass-produces. That I was unaware of it before may sound fantastic to men, who, I gather, spend a lot of time wondering if their organs measure up; but most women are not really very penis oriented. Women spend their time worrying about their tits. (Are they big enough? Are they firm enough? Are they too far apart or too close together?) They scarcely ever notice a penis until it's in action, when you almost can't see it at all.

After discussing the small-penis phenomenon with friends and members of my women's group, I think I can safely say that my feelings are fairly typical. My experience, too, seems relatively typical. I went to bed with seven men over a period of two years before I finally had an orgasm with one. He happened to be the one with the smallest penis. The only reason I noticed this was that he brought what he thought was its subnormal size to my attention.

To the average woman, the most important thing is still what the man does with what he's got; a lot of consideration and imagination and a little stamina help. My lover with the small penis and I started balling a year ago, and I haven't yet felt the inclination to take a night or day off with anyone else. He's everything I could want. However, I don't discount the possibility that women with large or slack vaginas get more physical satisfaction from someone who can fill 'er up. But I doubt that most of them think of this in terms of the man's adequacy. They probably just feel inadequate themselves for not having the prescribed tight vagina—if they think about it at all.

The point is, we are all so intimidated

FORUM NEWSFRONT

a survey of events related to issues raised by "the playboy philosophy"

WHORES, YES—PIMPS, NO

SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA—*A 27-year-old prostitute convicted under the Mann Act of transporting two women across state lines for immoral purposes received three years' probation from a sympathetic Federal judge who said, "I have no feeling of antagonism for the honest working prostitute." But he sentenced her codefendant, a 33-year-old Englishman, to 13 months in prison and recommended deportation, commenting that he had no sympathy for "the pimping side of the coin."*

INSCRUTABLE NONDISCRIMINATION

TOKYO—*A Tokyo high court rejected a woman's claim that her mandatory retirement at age 50, compared with age 55 for men, constituted sexual discrimination. The court ruled that the law was not discriminatory because it was based "not on sex differentiation but on the fact that women's physiological functions are inferior to men's."*

THE NEW BOOK BURNERS

ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN—*Protesting several books they said were "sexist to the point of Nazism," a group of student activists at the University of Michigan publicly burned copies of them in traditional Nazi fashion. A female spokesperson for the Advocates for Medical Information singled out a standard medical text, "Obstetrics and Gynecology," by Dr. J. Robert Willson, for special mention because it describes a "mature" woman as a passive creature who sacrifices herself to husband and children. The fires of protest also consumed Dr. David Reuben's "Any Woman Can."*

MALE CHAUVINIST PILL

LONDON—*A British scientist has urged the development of a contraceptive pill that would control world population by permitting the birth of male babies only. Professor John Postgate of Sussex University, writing in* New Scientist, *said that the importance many cultures place on having male offspring would provide the incentive to use the pill, leading to a sharp decrease in population once males far outnumber females. The professor did not speculate on how well his plan might be received by feminists—or, for that matter, by most men.*

Elsewhere:

• Boston University researchers have developed a biochemical test that they say determines the proper balance of hormones needed to make an effective male contraceptive pill. Using the test, they have produced pills that stop sperm-cell production in male rats but do not affect their mating habits or potency.

• Scientists at Johns Hopkins Hospital are working on a "chemical vasectomy" technique that would close the male's sperm-carrying tubes by a simple injection instead of by surgery.

• A two-year study by 12 major hospitals has produced new evidence that women who use birth-control pills are almost ten times more likely to have strokes than nonusers. The authors of the study emphasized, however, that this still represents a very small over-all risk, since strokes are extremely rare among women of childbearing age.

SEMEN AND CERVICAL CANCER

A University of Florida researcher reports that the male genital tract can harbor a virus suspected of causing cervical cancer in women and that it can be transmitted in semen during sexual intercourse. Dr. Ysolina M. Centifanto told an American Cancer Society science writers' seminar that she had found the virus, herpes type II, in the genital tracts of 15 percent of a randomly selected group of 263 men, 15 to 85 years old, none of whom had a history of an active herpes infection of the genital organs.

The herpes type II virus is closely related to the herpes simplex (or type I) virus, which causes cold sores or fever blisters around the mouth. Herpes type II can attack the genital organs, causing red, raised sores that usually heal within ten days. In women, the sores occur internally and go undetected in about 80 percent of the cases.

PRISONERS' COMPLAINTS

SAN FRANCISCO—*A San Quentin inmate has sued the California Department of Corrections, charging that the employment of women guards—as required by equal-rights legislation—subjects him to cruel and unusual punishment. The petition argues that the presence of the women, especially one who looks like the prisoner's wife, constantly arouses his sexual desires and increases his loneliness.*

Two other San Quentin inmates have taken the opposite tack: They have requested transfer to a women's prison on the grounds that confinement in all-male institutions is sexually discriminatory and fosters homosexuality.

BOOB VERSUS TUBE

GREENWICH, NEW JERSEY—*A local Baptist minister, who also owns an appliance store, has offered to lobotomize television sets to prevent the reception of indecent programs. The Reverend Philip R. Licalzi advertised in a local paper: "X-rated shows on TV make you fearful? Stop worrying. We will . . . alter your TV tuner so it will blank out any channel or channels that telecast this unbelievable intrusion." How the Reverend Mr. Licalzi knows which channels may carry indecent programs isn't explained, but he told a reporter that he had already performed surgery on 50 sets in the community.*

IN THE NAME OF GOD

The lunatic fringe of religious fundamentalism may be getting out of hand:

• In Belfast, Maine, two elders of the Church of the Body of Christ have been fined $100 each for beating a 20-year-old cocktail waitress to drive devils and demons from her body.

• In Long Beach, California, a former fundamentalist preacher and two of his teenaged children have been charged with using a rubber hose and an electric cattle prod to punish the "wicked sinfulness" of the man's ex-wife and four other children.

• In Newport, Tennessee, two leaders of a snake-handling cult died after testing the strength of their faith by drinking strychnine. The pastor announced later that believers would soon add trial by blowtorch to their services "as quick as the Lord moves someone to send me eight dollars"—the price of a blowtorch.

• In Towson, Maryland, six men and three women members of Word of Life Tabernacle Church, ages 20 to 57, have been charged with rape and sodomy for engaging in sex with girls 11 and 13 years old, in what police called a regular series of after-church drug and sex orgies. One of the accused explained that the Devil made him do it.

POLL FAVORS POT

Seven out of ten college students now favor the legalization of marijuana, according to a recent nationwide Campus Opinion Poll, compared with 4½ out of 10 in 1970. However, more than nine out of ten students still oppose legalizing such drugs as heroin, LSD and amphetamines.

DEATH PENALTY RESURRECTED

At least 13 states have enacted laws to reinstitute the death penalty, and support for capital punishment appears to be increasing on college campuses. According to a Campus Opinion Poll, a majority of students still oppose execution, but the number favoring it for certain major crimes has grown in the past year from 25.9 percent to 40.8 percent, with two percent undecided.

• The Nebraska legislature rejected an amendment that would have given a condemned person a reasonable time "to take his own life" in accordance with rules established by the state institutions department.

• The state of California has turned down an Englishman's offer of $75,000 to purchase San Quentin's gas chamber, which he wanted to take to England and exhibit as a tourist attraction. The state's general-services director said the chamber had not yet been declared surplus.

ABORTION BACKLASH

At least four states have openly rebelled against the U. S. Supreme Court's decision to legalize abortion. The Rhode Island legislature passed a new law that strictly prohibits abortions except to save the life of the woman, declares that human life begins at the moment of conception and grants full constitutional protection to fetuses. Governor Philip W. Noel signed the bill less than an hour after its passage, but said he doubted that it would stand up in court. In Maryland, the lower house defeated a bill that would have liberalized the state's old abortion law to meet Supreme Court standards. Catholic legislators had been warned by a Church official that a vote to legalize abortion could be a violation of conscience, resulting in automatic excommunication. Because the state's present abortion law is probably unconstitutional, the legislature's action may have left the state with no effective abortion regulations. The same may be true in Virginia, where the legislature similarly rejected a bill to reform the state's restrictive abortion law, and in Connecticut, which unsuccessfully petitioned the Supreme Court to reconsider its abortion ruling.

Other developments:

• A Harris Poll indicates that 52 percent of the public now supports the Supreme Court's ruling that states may not restrict abortions during the first three months of pregnancy. In prior surveys, supporters of legal abortion outnumbered opponents but did not represent a majority. A Campus Opinion Poll indicates that only 3.3 percent of college students completely opposes abortion, while 69.3 percent favors its complete legalization.

• The Department of Health, Education and Welfare, apparently responding to White House pressure, has canceled plans to distribute a film report on the Presidential Commission on Population Growth and the American Future. The film, aimed at high school and college audiences, was privately produced at a cost of $170,000 by a citizens' group that supports the commission's findings and recommendations, including its advocacy of legal abortion. Four minutes of the 60-minute film deal with abortion, which President Nixon has said he opposes on moral grounds. One HEW official called the cancellation of the project a political decision.

by the impossible and irrelevant standards set by society and the media (and I'm afraid PLAYBOY isn't exactly innocent of perpetuating women's fears) that we hardly ever function at our optimum level sexually and emotionally. This nonsense about big breasts and big penises is just part of the great American bigness fixation. The function of these organs is not enhanced by gross size. Only an infantile mind would choose quantity over quality, or judge a love partner by performance standards.

(Name withheld by request)
North Sacramento, California

THE OLD, RUGGED CROSS

I used to be a devout Catholic virgin. My body belonged more to the Pope than it did to me. I actually thought orgasm sinful and masturbation a weakness to be overcome. One day, I met a handsome young man (whose baby I'm now carrying) who gave me a long talk about the absurdity of religion. I was shocked by what he said, but I spent a lot of time thinking about it. I was so sexually frustrated my mind used to wander for hours. Finally I broke down and pulled the crucifix hanging over my bed off the wall and masturbated with it. I was torn between Jesus and my flesh-and-blood lover. Now the young man and I are very happy and enjoying sex regularly. I realize that what I did will shock and offend many, but sometimes a drastic measure is necessary and, in my case, it worked.

(Name withheld by request)
Boulder, Colorado

IF YOU CAN'T JOIN 'EM, BEAT 'EM

Seeking salvation from my enslavement to masturbatory excesses, I joined Ding Whackers Anonymous. But alas, even that noble organization, last resort of the depraved, was helpless in the face (palm?) of my ever-deepening degeneration. Oh, they tried; tried every available method: the handcuffs, the bricks, the vise treatment. They sent fellow abusers rushing to my house in the lonely hours after midnight, offering moral support, trying to talk me into the golden path of truth and purity, of healthy, masculine comradeship, of freedom from perversion, with warm fellowship and helpful handshaking—with other hands, of course.

But all to no avail; in the end, *I* converted *them*, and we all wound up sitting on my living room floor in a sensuous circle of sinfulness, beating it in unison to the rhythm of the *Reader's Digest*'s latest nominee for record of the month.

I shamefully set back the good work of the D. W. A. by about 50 years, so those fine folk had no choice but to drum me out of their outfit. But I bear no malice; what right have I to drag my brother sufferers down with me into the abyss of abomination? For still doth my palm prevail o'er my prick, and I've not the courage to guess what unholy finale awaits me at the end of this cheerless chasm of corruption, from whose semen-stained walls I cannot escape.

Then again, maybe masturbation's not all that bad. If nothing else, it's good arm exercise, better'n those goddamned pushups.

Dennis Leo
Springfield Township, Pennsylvania

SEX-EDUCATION COMIX

Underground comix are usually intended to entertain, and they're more fun when your head is in an illegal place. But a book called *Facts O' Life Funnies* is both funny and informative, dealing with sex-education material in a counterculture style. *Facts O' Life Funnies* describes today's sex in today's terms: Pregnancy, abortion, V. D. and other aspects and problems of sex are presented in stories by such artists as Gilbert Shelton, R.

Crumb, Michele Brand, Shary Flenniken, Bobby London and Terry Balawejder. The book even lists addresses and phone numbers of organizations offering various kinds of help. *Facts O' Life Funnies* was funded by a grant, produced by the Rip-Off Press and is available not only at head shops but also at some doctors' offices and free clinics. Or it can be obtained for 75 cents from Multi Media Resource Center, 340 Jones Street, San Francisco, California 94102.

Francisco Martinez
Los Angeles, California

FORNICATING LAW

Laws against fornication, such as the one in Maine, are simply absurd. My girl and I had long been incensed at this throwback to New England puritanism, and eventually found ourselves compelled by our consciences to perform a serious act of civil disobedience in the spirit of the Boston Tea Party and Henry David Thoreau: One night we took off all our clothes, climbed into bed and violated the state fornication law. We've been doing this right along for about four years now, and the political significance of the act has intensified our sexual pleasure and strengthened our relationship. If we ever get tired of making it with each other, we're going to get married so we can make it with other people and violate the state law against adultery.

(Name withheld by request)
Freeport, Maine

HEAD-SHAKING DISCOVERY

California Governor Ronald Reagan's statement that one form of birth control "begins by shaking your head" (*Forum Newsfront*, May) made no sense to me until my girlfriend and I experimented a bit. Then I think we discovered what he meant—except that the good governor got his terminology wrong. It's known as giving head, not shaking your head, and it not only avoids pregnancy, it feels good.

(Name withheld by request)
Morgan City, Louisiana

THE DILLY FROM PHILLY

The Pennsylvania house of representatives passed a bill making premarital sex and adultery illegal by a whopping 118–69 margin. The bill—eventually reconsidered and buried in committee—was sponsored and ushered through the house of ill repute by state representative Martin Mullen of Philadelphia, the state's top fetus freak, who also—no surprise—advocates capital punishment and bombing North Vietnam back to the Stone Age. Most Pennsylvanians with an I.Q. higher than their age see Mullen as a joke, but when his cowardly cohorts in the house vote for his medieval bills, the result is not so funny. Pamala Haynes, my city editor on *The Philadelphia Tribune*, a newspaper for black people, did find some humor in the bill, suggesting in her column the following means of enforcement:

First we're going to have to spring Gordon Liddy and James McCord of Watergate fame from the clutches of the law so they can form a new group called "Concerned Raiders Against P. . . ."—y'all know that nasty street word.

CRAP would be charged with enforcing the Mullen law and would determine the old question of Poppa Bear in the Goldilocks story: Who's been sleeping in my bed? . . .

One of CRAP's worst problems is dealing with black folks. Just imagine the sweaty agent reporting to his chief.

"My God, what are we going to do about those people? All of our ghetto agents keep coming back with reports of fornicating going on all over the place! God help us, they even do it with their mothers! That's all you hear in the ghetto; those people

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denouncing each other as beep-beeps. It's terrible, it sounds like that's all they do," he moaned.

Leonard Lear, Editorial Staff
The Philadelphia Tribune
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

The bill outlawing fornication and adultery sponsored by Philadelphia guardian of public morals Martin Mullen has been tabled, despite Mullen's pronouncement that "any of you who believe in the Ten Commandments should support this amendment." This is a blow to merchants in Salem, Massachusetts, who were ecstatic at the possibility of unloading on the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania large stocks of scarlet A's that have lain unused in their warehouses for over 200 years. Pennsylvania locksmiths were also gearing up to meet anticipated record orders for chastity belts.

There's a rumor circulating that another Pennsylvania legislator, an avowed hedonist, is planning to introduce a bill treating virginity and marital fidelity as crimes. "Any of you who believe in the teachings of Epicurus should support my bill," he has declared. All citizens of Pennsylvania, including Christians, would be forced to participate in promiscuity. The legislator has noted that it is irrelevant whether or not all citizens agree with the bill because the legislature knows best and "it is our job to legislate morality."

I. M. Twayne
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Those scarlet A's may come in handy yet. As we go to press, the Pennsylvania house has again voted to make adultery, but not fornication, an offense.

THE ETHICS OF ADULTERY

It seems that PLAYBOY is more up on Christian ethics than G. A. Malloch, who stated in the May *Playboy Forum*: "To anyone seriously espousing the Christian or Jewish faiths, extramarital sexual intercourse is adultery, expressly forbidden and a mortal sin." The field of Christian ethics has undergone significant change, especially thanks to Joseph Fletcher and situation ethics. The day is long past when many of us who consider ourselves serious Christians (and Jews, for that matter) would talk in categories of black and white or, as Malloch does, about "a choice between good and evil —between reunion with God and eternal damnation."

What may be a loving act in one situation may not be so in another—a fact evident to common sense. After a couple of thousand years, even the church has begun to realize it. This holds true for adultery. What may be a lack of love and a disregard for one's mate in one case, certainly may not be so in another. I must admit I chuckled when good old secular PLAYBOY had to remind Malloch that Christians do, these days, have a variety of moral codes—thanks be to God.

The Rev. Kenneth Claus
United Church of Christ
Fall River, Massachusetts

Amen!

INCOHERENT ETHICS

In the May *Playboy Forum*, an editorial statement reads: "People should feel free to follow whatever moral code they prefer." But if I follow a moral code that says that other moral codes are wrong, then I have to take action to stop others from following wrong codes. For example, if I believe infanticide is bad, I can't passively watch a man kill a baby, even if he (as is the case in some cultures) believes his act to be morally good. Some people follow rules that tell them to deprive others of the right to believe in their own codes. You either have to prevent such people from following *their* code or you have to let them deprive others of their freedom. Either way, you give up your precept.

Ethical relativism has long been recognized in philosophical circles as an incoherent position.

Ralph Page
Northridge, California

Philosophical circles can make your head spin, but there's nothing incoherent about our position. A person's morals are his own business until he tries to shove them down someone else's throat or translates them into antisocial acts. Then, without quarreling with his beliefs, we reserve the right to try and stop him. Moral systems that deny the right to follow differing principles often lead to persecutions, inquisitions, massacres, crusades and wars. Philosophically speaking, these are all lousy moral codes, and we would righteously and ruthlessly suppress them—except that our own code requires us to leave other people's moral systems alone.

EQUALITY FOR WOMEN

One year ago, the American Civil Liberties Union established a Women's Rights Project; our clients are ordinary citizens who suddenly find themselves face to face with laws and policies that treat men and women unequally. One client is a young man, whose wife died in childbirth, who is ineligible because of his sex for surviving-parent's Social Security benefits, even though his wife had been the main breadwinner. Another client has her heart set on a military career and was told by the Army that she was morally not qualified to enlist because she had borne a child out of wedlock. It will accept her, however, if she gives up custody of her child. Another is a senior high school honor student who was dismissed from school because she was pregnant. Another asked Women's Rights Project to fight her school's decision to bar her from the graduation ceremony for the same reason. Some clients are girls who want to learn woodworking or shop skills and are barred from these courses simply because of their sex.

Barriers to equal employment are of particular concern to us. Women are continually refused jobs on the grounds that they aren't physically equipped to handle them. One woman we represent was fired from a job she had held for two years as an audio-visual technician because she failed a test that required her to lift a 25-pound weight above her head with one hand, though the job itself never required that kind of strength. A newspaper company insists that girls are too weak to deliver newspapers. Other suits W. R. P. has filed seek to end unequal hiring and promotion opportunities and to ensure equal pay, fringe benefits and social insurance.

In the face of the best medical evidence to the contrary, countless employers still insist that pregnancy is synonymous with unfitness. A large number of our clients are fighting for the right to continue working during pregnancy and to return to work after childbirth as soon as their doctors determine that they are fit.

The A.C.L.U. fought for the right to abortion long before the U.S. Supreme Court's landmark decision. Now we advocate abortions and birth control for minors without parental consent. We are also representing women who have been denied sterilization and, at the same time, we are fighting the forced sterilization of women, a problem encountered in some parts of the country, particularly by young black women from disadvantaged families.

These are just a few of the more than 400 cases being handled by the Women's Rights Project. We are committed to equal opportunity for men and women in the following areas as well: citizenship, jury duty, voting, taxation, mortgages, credit, insurance, life style, alimony, name changes, custody and property.

In spite of the Playboy Foundation's generous support, for which we are grateful, the Women's Rights Project is still greatly in need of funds. Contributions to the A.C.L.U. Foundation, which are tax deductible, will help sustain this effort. Donations may be sent to Women's Rights Project, A.C.L.U., 22 East 40th Street, New York, New York 10016.

Ruth Bader Ginsburg
Brenda Feigen Fasteau
Ruth A. Teitelbaum
American Civil Liberties Union Foundation
New York, New York

EQUAL RIGHTS OPPONENT

There are many intelligent, thoughtful arguments both for and against adopting the Equal Rights Amendment, but Louisiana state representative Louise Johnson has managed to avoid them. A staunch opponent of the E.R.A., she has replaced reason with contentions such as, "There are only three groups that stand to profit by this amendment—the prostitutes, the homosexuals and the Lesbians." Not satisfied with offending only the women who support the amendment, she also has said that "any man worth his salt with any moral sense of human kindness would never be guilty of supporting such a family-destructive, female-degrading, unnecessary amendment."

Perhaps some sexual differentiation might be permissible if imposed on a rational basis. But I hope we never have to depend on people like representative Johnson to decide what's rational.

S. Judd Tooke
Baton Rouge, Louisiana

Louise Johnson is obviously a good chick who knows her place, but she should get out of the state legislature and back in the kitchen where she belongs.

SHAKE, BABY, SHAKE

I always knew that Americans were essentially hypocrites, but *The Playboy Forum* runs off with the grand prize for phoniness. You make an editorial statement in March declaring: "We deplore the war in Vietnam, we oppose militaristic politics, we criticize certain military practices and we look forward to the day when the world's swords are beaten into plowshares." Yet you insist on PLAYBOY's right to publish recruiting ads for the Armed Forces. This shows that you are just a group of pseudoliberal sex liberators. I bet you shake in your pants whenever you meet an attractive woman for the first time—like most Americans.

Charley Daitch
Yokohama, Japan

Shake? No, but we occasionally throb a little.

THE RIGHT TO MOURN

Professor Engdahl's letter about the continuing litigation growing out of the Kent State killings (*The Playboy Forum*, February) reminds me of one small victory for civil liberties that hasn't been widely reported. A boy at a Bexley, Ohio, high school has been awarded $150 damages by a Federal judge because the principal refused to allow him to wear a black arm band commemorating the dead Kent State students.

If no other sliver of justice ever emerges from the Kent and Jackson State shootings, at least we still possess the liberty of mourning for the dead.

Teresa Riley
Yellow Springs, Ohio

LOST AMERICANS

We are very pleased that the Playboy Foundation has made a grant to Justice for Americans Imprisoned and Lost. JAIL is a nonprofit corporation organized to provide legal, moral and financial aid to the estimated 1000 Americans incarcerated in foreign countries on marijuana charges and to reduce future arrests through education. We hope to achieve a good working relationship with the State Department in our efforts to compile information on drug laws, judicial systems and conditions. The American embassy in Mexico has volunteered to distribute a brochure about JAIL to Americans already imprisoned there and to those traveling through. We will be most happy to supply facts about foreign drug laws and tips on what to do if you or your friends get busted abroad.

Neil R. Richardson, President
JAIL
P. O. Box 46491
Los Angeles, California 90046

SCIENCE FOR HEADS

The time has come to dispel once and for all the rumor that smoking marijuana is not physiologically harmful. In carefully controlled experiments at the University of Wyoming, we have proved conclusively that Cannabis is a dangerously lethal drug.

In our experiments, the brains of 40 normal, healthy, adult laboratory rats were removed and soaked for 24 hours in a 40 percent Formalin solution. Then the brains were boiled for eight hours in a solution of Cannabis extract and nitric acid. The mixture was cooled, added to 300 milliliters of methanol and run through a blender at high speed for two hours. The emulsion was then dried in an oven at 94 degrees centigrade, and the residue was mixed with sodium hydroxide, dry-cleaned and steam-pressed. Subsequent microscopic examination showed unquestionable cellular destruction—doubtless due to the contact with the Cannabis extract.

Your readers might remember this experiment next time they consider using this dangerous drug.

James E. Schutte, Teaching Assistant
University of Wyoming
Laramie, Wyoming

POT-LAW HARASSMENT

On December 29, 1972, my husband, Bill, and I were routed naked from bed by the noise of a dozen members of the Maitland, Florida, vice squad breaking into our lake-front home with drawn guns. They proceeded to ransack the place, then read us a search warrant claiming that a secret informer had obtained marijuana at our house. After searching for over an hour and making a shambles of our home, they proudly announced that they had found what they were looking for—a half ounce of marijuana—on top of Bill's dresser! There was no marijuana in our house prior to the raid; draw your own conclusions.

We were charged with possession of marijuana and drug paraphernalia; Bill was also charged with assault and battery and I with resisting arrest. At our trial in February, we were acquitted of everything except the marijuana charge, on which the jury was hung five to one in our favor. A new trial has been scheduled and we are hopeful that a jury will also declare our innocence on this last charge.

No matter what the result of the retrial, however, it won't end our conflicts with Maitland authorities, because there's more involved than a marijuana bust. We each have filed a $3,000,000 lawsuit against the city, its police department and a police detective for improper arrest and illegal use of police power. We think the real issue is whether or not police can with impunity abuse the law to harass people with whom they have personal grievances. You see, our troubles started not in December but a year ago, when my husband got into an argument with police who had been called after our son went swimming in our lake without a permit; Bill told them that they should go out and catch real criminals instead of bothering swimmers. Shortly thereafter, in October, we were arrested on marijuana charges that were thrown out of court due to a faulty warrant. Next, the detective we're suing wrote to my ex-husband, telling him that his two children were living with people who had been arrested for drug possession; I haven't seen any child-support money from him since then. Finally, there was the latest raid and trial. (In filing for a retrial on the possession charge, incidentally, the state's attorney actually tried to reinstate charges stemming from the October arrest, which had been dismissed.)

If our lawsuit is successful, police will surely think twice before embarking on campaigns of harassment such as the one directed against us. Of course, a better solution would be to eliminate laws that lend themselves to such vindictive schemes—i.e., laws against narcotics, gambling, prostitution, pornography and other crimes without victims that serve to restrict the personal, private life styles of adults. Our outspoken opposition to such laws undoubtedly has contributed to the hostility shown to us by the police, for if these laws were actually taken off the books, cops would at the very least have to change their outlook on their jobs, and might even have to chase dangerous criminals!

Joan Selley
Maitland, Florida

"The Playboy Forum" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on subjects and issues related to "The Playboy Philosophy." Address all correspondence to The Playboy Forum, Playboy Building, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

*DIN 70030

A rational alternative to rationing gas.

What's right with this picture? Well if it were true, we'd be saving 28 *billion*, 560 *million* gallons of gas every year.

How did we arrive at that figure? Since we're a nation of national averages, we know the average car uses about 735 gallons of gas a year. The Beetle, 399*. Turn the eighty-five million average cars on the road right now into Beetles, and it works out to a saving of 28,560,000,000 (give or take a few gallons).

Now we haven't figured out all the water and antifreeze that would be saved with the Beetle's air-cooled engine.

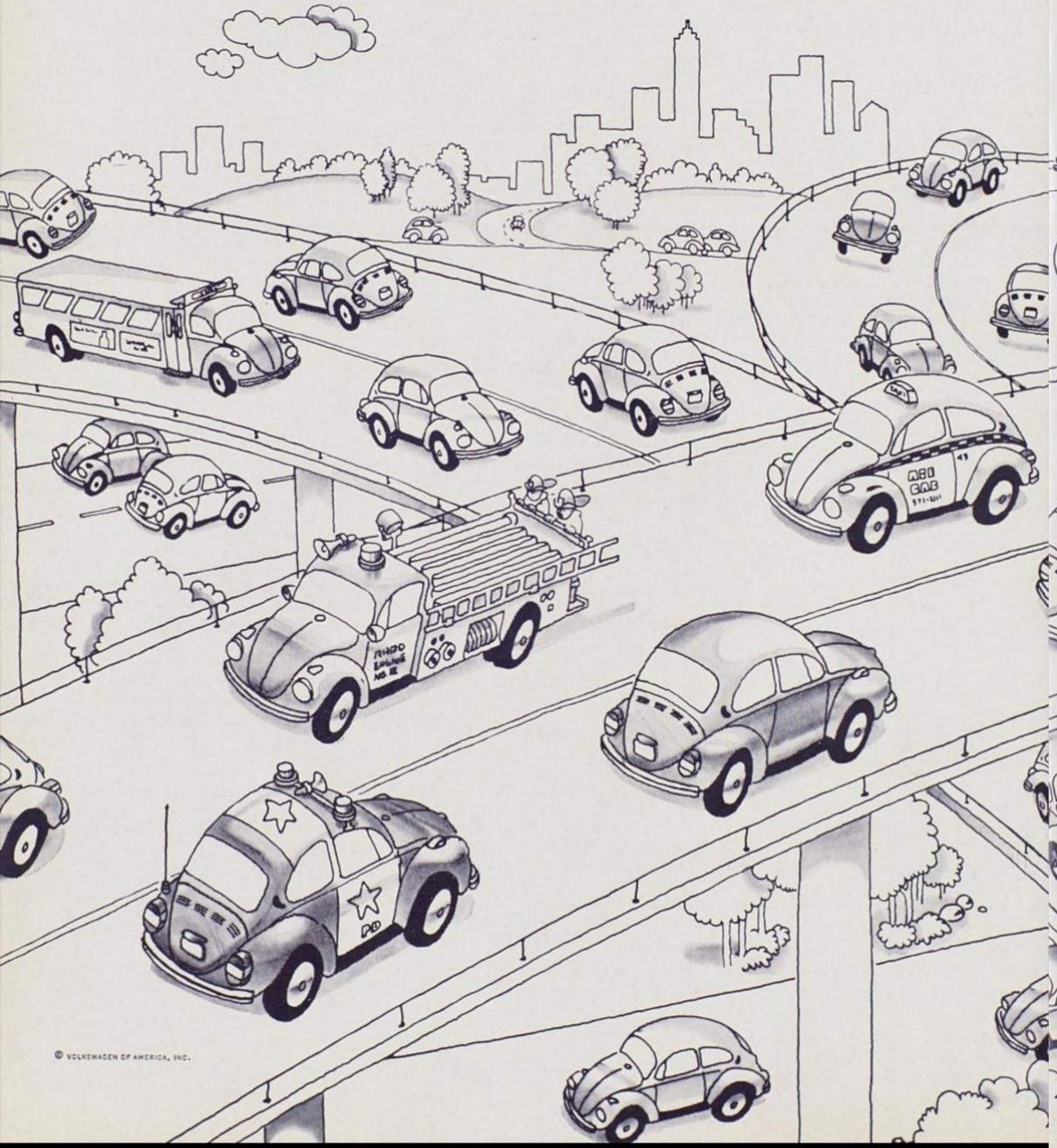
Nor can we compute the extra parking space that would be around.

Not to mention all the money people would be able to save in a world of Volkswagens.

But we know for sure that this is no pipe dream. There already are police car Beetles up in Ossining. And a custom built, chauffeur-driven Bug in L. A. And Volkswagen taxis all over Honduras. And a Beetle that herds cattle in Missouri.

So with gas prices going up and rationing becoming a reality, the Beetle never looked so good. In fact, you might almost call it beautiful.

Few things in life
work as well as a Volkswagen.



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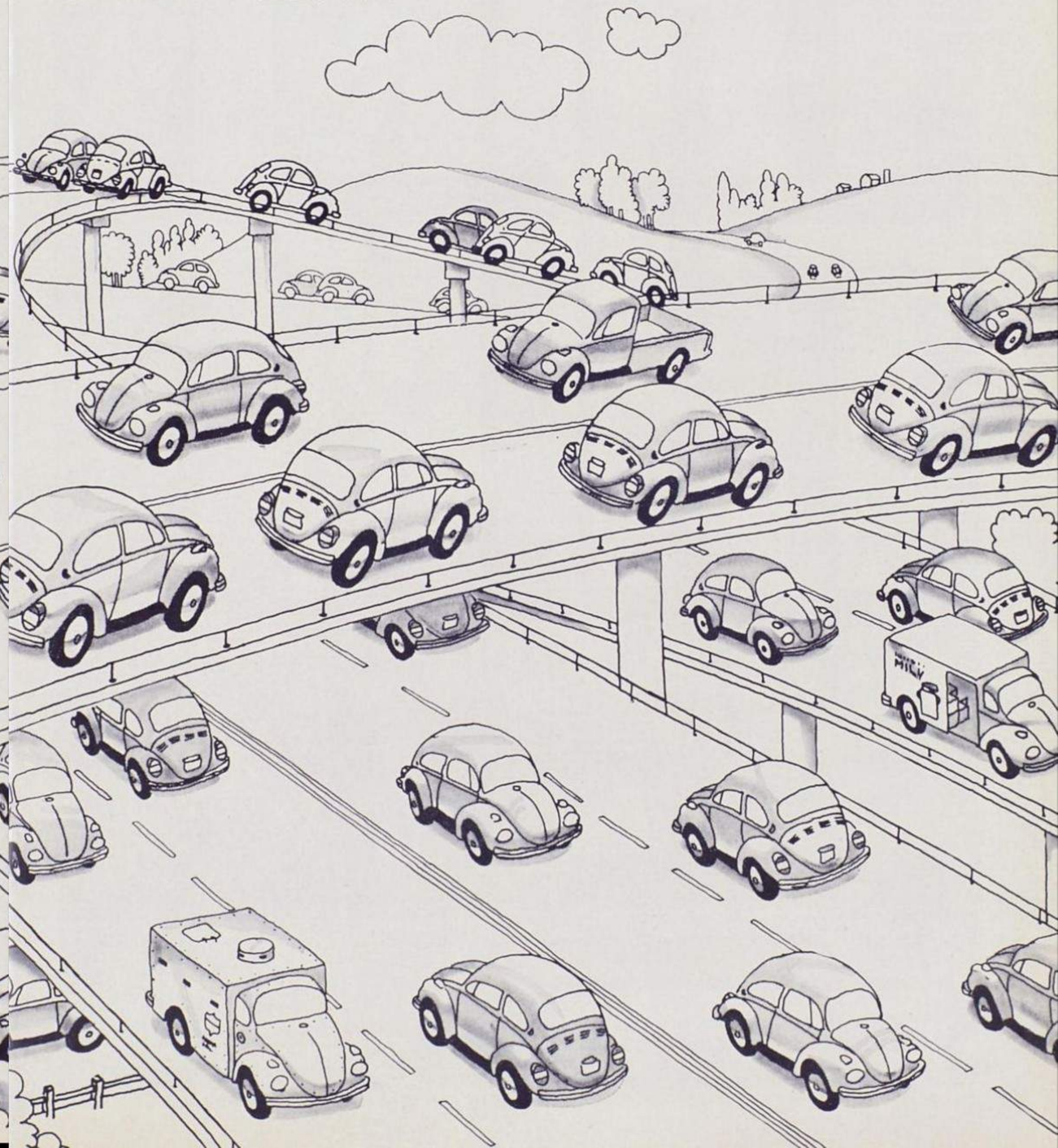

PLAYBOY

THINK THINS

Think Silva Thins 100's. They have less "tar" than most Kings, 100's, menthols, non-filters.*

Menthol too.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

*According to the latest U.S. Government figures. Filter and Menthol: 15 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb.'73.

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: DAVID HALBERSTAM

a candid conversation with the pulitzer prize–winning vietnam journalist and best-selling author of "the best and the brightest"

At 39, David Halberstam may be—to use seriously the ironic title of his book on the power elite that embroiled America in Southeast Asia—"the best and the brightest" reporter in the business. By any reckoning, he is the most outspoken and influential of the Vietnam war correspondents. "The Best and the Brightest," which is riding high on the best-seller lists, has been acclaimed by one reviewer as "the most important book on public policy to appear in the last decade." Part social criticism, part political analysis, it indicts senior officials of the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations as variously vain, foolish, arrogant, ignorant and deceptive. It's a controversial book—both for what it says and for how it's said. To critics and supporters alike, Halberstam is the apotheosis of the new journalism.

His background is diverse. After a middle-class Jewish boyhood in Winsted, Connecticut (where one of his elementary school classmates was Ralph Nader), he went to Harvard and the managing editorship of the Crimson; *thence to West Point, Mississippi's* Daily Times Leader, The Nashville Tennessean, The New York Times *and* Harper's *magazine, and finally into self-employment. He is fiercely proud of his years in the tense and often tumultuous South of the late Fifties. "I've paid my bills," he says, meaning that he's covered Kiwanis Club meetings in Mississippi and watched blacks being shoved around in Tennessee. After a brief (and not very happy) tour in Kennedy Washington in 1961, the* Times *sent him to cover the fighting in the Congo, where his efforts to explain the chaos earned him a nomination for the Pulitzer Prize. In 1962, he was dispatched to Vietnam, where he finally did win the Pulitzer two years later.*

Halberstam's Vietnam reporting, together with that of Neil Sheehan, Malcolm Browne, Bernard Fall and a handful of others, established the pattern for literally hundreds of successors. Halberstam was in Vietnam during the critical period when the Viet Cong seized the initiative in the countryside and the excesses of the Ngo family led to the assassination of President Diem. Because of his platform (the prestigious Times*), his intelligence (formidable) and his own personal style (fearless and fanatically energetic), Halberstam became the star Vietnam correspondent—the man John Kennedy tried to persuade the publisher of the* Times *to reassign, the man whose reporting itself (which often contradicted the sanguine and self-serving views of the Pentagon) became one of the issues of the war. Ten years later, his reporting on Vietnam—which was attacked at the time even by some of his senior colleagues as unpatriotic, if not treasonous—stands as an ornament of the craft.*

Even after leaving Vietnam, Halberstam was unable to purge it from his system. Like the persistence of memory for Marcel Proust and the corruption of the very rich for F. Scott Fitzgerald, the swamp of Vietnam has been the great theme for Halberstam. Three of his first five books ("The Making of a Quagmire," the novel "One Very Hot Day" and "Ho," a biography of Ho Chi Minh) concern the war. Four years ago, Halberstam pronounced it a major journalistic scandal that no reporter had pieced together a history of the disaster from the perspective of Washington, where the decisions were being made. He then proceeded to do it himself, and what emerged was "The Best and the Brightest," a genuinely magisterial book, often imperious in its assessment of men and events, all of it carried along by a swift and passionate literary style. It's a flawed book—prolix, unfootnoted, filled with jarring leaps backward and forward through time—but still impressive, on a difficult and demanding subject.

The four years he spent working on "The Best" were lean ones for Halberstam and his Polish-born wife, the former

"I think what Nixon's people really cared about was whether they could get away with it. You know, why not bug? They had a lot of money, a couple of ex–CIA guys around, so why not?"

"John Connally—smooth, self-assured, believing that just about the best thing in the world is to be John Connally—makes an enormous impression on somebody as unsure of himself as Richard Nixon."

JOHN R. OLSON

"I respond to the powerful with an anti-authoritarian impulse. If you're going to be intimidated, why be a reporter? Why accommodate, when the worst thing they can do is throw you out—or into jail?"

Elzbieta Czyzewska, a film actress when he met her in Warsaw—from which he was finally expelled for his vigorous political reporting. Now, with his book a best seller in hardcover and a $700,000 contract for the paperback version (due from Fawcett this fall) offering financial security, the Halberstams have moved into a handsome town house on East 48th Street in New York. The apartment, he points out with obvious pleasure, once belonged to E. B. White. Upstairs, he has his study—a small room heavy with Vietnam memories, old photographs of a boyish Halberstam in sea-green fatigues, with Sheehan and Browne at a forgotten outpost in the Mekong Delta, with military advisor John Paul Vann running for a helicopter in a rice field. The photographs are old and grainy, and their edges are curling. It is here that Halberstam works. He has no secretary, and he thinks that keeps him in touch with reality: "I still have to deal with all the dirty details of the business myself."

Those who have been interviewed by Halberstam have described the experience as something between Freud's couch and Torquemada's rack. A dark, saturnine, heavily muscled man of 6'3", he exudes a massive physical presence that's enhanced by the deep baritone and the juggernaut self-assurance with which he asks questions—and answers them, at length and without hesitation—on almost any given subject. Known for being generous to friends, he is equally contemptuous of those he defines as enemies—and there are plenty of them. As a journalist, he sees himself as an adversary, as a man born to pierce the veil of lies with which he feels the rich and the powerful—who both repel and fascinate him—surround themselves.

Our own interview with Halberstam was conducted over a period of several arduous days and nights in the living room of his town house. He spoke scornfully, sarcastically and sometimes with relish when discussing a particularly entrancing bit of official villainy. It's a theme that runs through his books as well as his conversation, and it cropped up in response to our first question.

PLAYBOY: You spent four years researching and writing *The Best and the Brightest*. After all that study, what would you say is the greatest single lesson we should learn from Vietnam?

HALBERSTAM: We should learn the folly of the arrogance of power. When we went into Vietnam, we thought the world was ours, that we were supermanagers in a supercentury, that America could do no evil, that American soldiers always gave away chewing gum. And that the rest of the world—even Vietnamese peasants—wanted our values, wanted our protection. But not only did we fail to export our democracy, we aborted our own society's democratic procedures. Our duly appointed leaders ignored the constitutional way of going to war; they lied at every level about what we were doing, how many men we were sending in and for what cause they were really fighting; they attempted to discredit reporters who were trying to tell the truth; they lied to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. I mean, you name it, they did it.

When Kosygin came over to confer with Johnson at Glassboro a couple of years after we went into Vietnam, he got into a conversation with an American Senator about how we had gotten into the war. When the Senator finished explaining it, Kosygin said—*Kosygin*, mind you—that he couldn't believe any one executive in any country had the almost kinglike power to go to war that Johnson had shown in Vietnam. He behaved like an emperor. But that's not surprising. It was an imperial moment for America. We all thought it was the American century.

PLAYBOY: Do you think we've learned how wrong we were?

HALBERSTAM: Oh, I think to a degree we've been involuntarily tempered by battlefield defeat. But I don't think we've learned much, in a really direct way, about humility, about the fact that you can't export your own values to Saigon if they barely work in your own society. I don't think that's come through. What has come through, though, is the fact that if you make a miscalculation of the proportion evidenced in Vietnam, a President of the United States tends to be driven out of office and ends up in Austin, Texas, as curator of the Lyndon Johnson Library. That lesson comes through rather more directly. I think another President would ponder a long time before he went into anything comparable to Vietnam.

PLAYBOY: Have there been any recent temptations along that line?

HALBERSTAM: Yes—two things have come up since Vietnam. One is Chile. Despite all his old bombast about anticommunism, Nixon has tried to lower the profile of Chile as an issue. I don't mean to minimize the grotesquerie of the president of I. T. T. meeting with CIA agents in Washington hotel rooms. But the White House had the capacity to make Chile a great political and psychological testing point, and it didn't do so.

PLAYBOY: What was the other temptation?

HALBERSTAM: Cambodia. Obviously, Nixon blundered badly in going after the Cambodian base camps in 1970. But now we're being very low-key about Cambodia. We're putting some pressure on Lon Nol to get out, looking for a government that would be somewhat satisfactory to everybody. Without really admitting it, we're trying to get out of Cambodia with about five percent of our face saved.

PLAYBOY: What made us think we could succeed in Vietnam in the first place?

HALBERSTAM: We were the can-do society, and when some experts tried to warn that the French had failed at the same task in Vietnam, there was this American arrogance that said if the French failed, it was because they were a decadent European nation that had lost too many wars, drunk too much wine. We thought, when the first white American soldier puts his foot down there, and the first American bomber flies overhead, those little yellow people will know the game is up. God, have we lost our innocence.

PLAYBOY: Then it's a fallacy to believe a superpower can fight—and win—a limited war in a small country?

HALBERSTAM: Yes. Our leaders in Vietnam, those architects of limited war, could never get the equation right. Here we had a society of 200,000,000 people, with all this muscle and all this armament, fighting a limited war against a tiny nation of 14,000,000 people who were fighting a *total* war. It was total war in terms of psychological and political commitment, and this stalemated us and finally defeated us. In that sense we've learned something. We have begun to learn our limits. Yes, America is powerful. Yes, it can defend its own interests. Yes, it probably does have a genuine sphere of interest. But extension of that sphere into the old kind of gunboat diplomacy—the capacity to send the Marines to Nicaragua—is coming to an end. Our omnipotence is gone. The mouse can tweak the lion's whiskers and get away with it.

PLAYBOY: Is the superpower concept equally dead for other major nations?

HALBERSTAM: Yes. I think the Soviet Union, for example, has learned a lot in Cuba about what it can't do there. In China, too. The Chinese experience has been a very shocking one for the Soviet Union—to find out that China wants to be China, not a cardboard copy of Russia. And the Chinese will learn this, too, as they try to determine too much the fate of their proxies in Southeast Asia.

PLAYBOY: Is the United States finished as an Asian power?

HALBERSTAM: I'm not sure that the United States ever *was* an Asian power. But we're obviously in decline out there. I would suspect that our real power in the world is economic and technological, anyway, and thus our pre-Vietnam power was something of a fraud. We are threatened economically now by the fact that we're incapable of producing goods as cheaply as Japan. It's an irony: By fighting a war to keep Asia free from communism, we sent our own economy into a spiral of inflation that raised the price of goods and made us less competitive in world markets. Thus, while we were holding up this enormous and expensive military umbrella, the Japanese were planting economic seeds. It seems to me that the Chinese have the physical and demographic power in Asia and the Japanese have the economic power. They are dominant there, and they have every right to be.

PLAYBOY: Do you think Chinese dominance was a determining factor in Vietnam?

HALBERSTAM: No, it was Vietnamese nationalism—which is, by the way, traditionally anti-Chinese. But the men who were making the decisions were obsessed by great-power chess games. You know, one of the things I learned in doing my book was that men like McGeorge Bundy, Robert McNamara, Maxwell Taylor, Dean Rusk all used the Cuban Missile Crisis as a test run for Vietnam. They thought it set the pattern: Use just so much force, but not too much; keep the phone line open to the Soviet Union; and squeeze, but not too hard. The only problem was that they didn't understand that it wasn't the Cubans they bluffed out in the Missile Crisis. It was the Soviet Union, a technological society comparable to ours, with big industrialized cities and a lot to lose. We never bluffed the Cubans. The Cubans would have fought.

PLAYBOY: What's the parallel to Vietnam?

HALBERSTAM: When we went into Vietnam, those same leaders thought, "Well, we can make some kind of deal with the Soviet Union or even with the Chinese. We can bluff them out." But we could never bluff out the Vietnamese, because they had invested 25 years of struggle, of their resources, of their blood in this thing. Insurgency was deeply rooted in the society and they were not about to get frightened out by an air raid or two, particularly in a society that was essentially peasant and thus invulnerable to bombing. And they weren't about to be stopped by the coming of 100,000 American troops—or 200,000 or 500,000—because they knew that every time we sent one American soldier there, we made it easier for them to recruit one more Vietnamese peasant to their side. And they always knew that one day we would tire of the war and have to go home—after which it would still be their country.

PLAYBOY: What do the decisions that involved us in Vietnam tell us about our own country, our own leaders?

HALBERSTAM: That America had grown too big, too powerful, too materialistic. That its Government was no longer responsive to its own citizens' needs. These were essentially isolated men, deciding what was good for the society—with a kind of imperial sense that what was good for them and good for their careers was good for the American empire—and thus good for the American people. The simple common-sense questions—about whether it really did the Vietnamese or the American people any damn good to get into a protracted, bloody foot-soldier war on the Asian mainland—were never considered. These men were insulated, removed from reality.

PLAYBOY: Why?

HALBERSTAM: Their lives weren't our lives. The men who made decisions on Vietnam, with such self-assurance about exporting our values there, were men who didn't have any sense at all of whether our values were working in America itself, as I suggested earlier. Our cities were dying; our urban transportation was impossible. Going into a New York subway train was like entering the Black Hole of Calcutta. But this didn't bother them. Their lives didn't touch it. They lived in Washington. There were limousines to take them in and out of the White House, special 707s that awaited their arrival. They didn't circle above Kennedy Airport on a Friday afternoon for two hours like the rest of us. They never got caught in traffic; helicopters whisked them downtown. They didn't know the amount of daily failure in American life that touched not just the very poor but the average citizen.

PLAYBOY: Considering the decisions—and the deceptions—for which they were responsible, would you call them war criminals?

HALBERSTAM: No. This seems to me to be a national tragedy with quite enough responsibility to go around. We're *all* involved. You'll have a hard time, looking through the pages of many American journals in the mid-Sixties, finding much serious criticism of our course. I think they were bad politicians and they were very unwise. But I don't think they were war criminals.

I do feel, however, that the architects of the war—the Bundys and the McNamaras, the Rusks and the Rostows—should be willing to come to terms with their own responsibility. McNamara and Bundy, particularly, because by 1969 they had turned on the war and yet remained silent. It would have been much harder for Nixon to continue the bombing if they had spoken out, admitted their culpability. They allowed Nixon to invoke, in effect, their names and their decisions—decisions they had already turned against in private. It seems to me that they *are* guilty of the crime of silence. I would love to see them held accountable for that. I would love to see them taken once a month from their plush offices at the Ford Foundation and the World Bank to some veterans' hospital to work as orderlies there. If they'd been the men one expected them to be, perhaps they would. Maybe that's why they're not the men we expected them to be.

PLAYBOY: Do you think they lied to themselves as well as to the rest of us?

HALBERSTAM: Oh, yeah. The only people they finally fooled were themselves. The amount of self-deception was really extraordinary.

PLAYBOY: Why did they lie?

HALBERSTAM: Because, I think, the alternative was looking with great clarity and courage at a very dark course: putting your career on the line, having to voice particularly unpopular opinions that would put you out of step with the main current in Washington, make you seem a little kookie, probably cost you your real influence at a high level. You would no longer be considered "tough" or "realistic." Being a hard-nosed pragmatist was very much in fashion in the early and mid-Sixties. I think the combination of Joseph McCarthy and Joseph Stalin had driven liberals into a kind of corner. They didn't want to be thought soft in any way; the range of what kind of dissent was acceptable became very narrow.

PLAYBOY: The American people have since found out they've been lied to; what do you think the consequences have been?

HALBERSTAM: The old-fashioned American belief that something good will come out of politics was severely damaged during the war in Vietnam. Thanks to Vietnam—and now Watergate—we have become a good deal more skeptical about our politicians and what they say.

PLAYBOY: Or perhaps cynical?

HALBERSTAM: It's hard to say. My own generation—people in their late 30s and early 40s—is a good deal more skeptical than it was ten years ago. I know *I* am. We had a belief in American life that was somewhat positive; the country we knew was the one that fought World War Two, that had generals like Eisenhower and Bradley and Marshall. So we remember another America. But I sometimes wonder about a generation that's grown up entirely on the lies of Vietnam, the sense of racial failure, now facing something like Watergate. That generation may be a good deal more cynical than mine. I just can't speak for this generation.

PLAYBOY: In *The Best and the Brightest*, you claim that the people who came into the Kennedy Administration said, or believed, that they were going to restore a style and sanity to the Government—and they weren't able to, partly because of their own weaknesses and partly because of events that overtook them. Now we have the spectacle of the Nixon people, who came in with a lot of pious noise about restoring law and order, mixed up in what one publication has called "the most pervasive instance of top-level misconduct in the nation's history." How would you compare the Kennedy and Nixon Administrations?

HALBERSTAM: What the Kennedys finally accomplished, I think, was precious little. The famous Kennedy style was vastly overrated. What it really meant was wearing narrow-cut Ivy League suits and buttondown shirts instead of wide lapels and puffed-up shoulders. It was very attractive and very handsome, but too much of it, I'm afraid, was like a Chinese meal—the substance gone before you realize it. But I think there *was*, in the

Kennedy Administration, a sense of a beginning, of a kind of new candor and a new honesty in Government. All that was wiped out by the lies about Vietnam.

And then we had the Nixon Administration: These were hard, mechanistic, functional manipulators. I think they had very little belief in the democratic process as we think of it—of responding to and caring about the electorate or raising an issue to its highest level. They thought that people were something to manipulate—and they were contemptuous not just of the Congress but of the President's Cabinet itself. And they were constantly congratulating themselves on how hard they worked when, as Hugh Sidey pointed out in *Time*, most of their hard work consisted of covering up their own mistakes. I think what Nixon's people really cared about was what was in it for them, and whether they could get away with it. I think that's why Watergate became such a scandal. You know, why *not* bug? They had a lot of money; they had a couple of ex–CIA guys around, so why not? They were so goddamn sure of their own course. John Mitchell, in all his statements now, is trying to rationalize his conduct. He says he didn't do it; he talked to them against it. Well, of course, what he should have said the moment they brought up the idea while he was present—and he now admits that he *was* present—was: "Well, gentlemen, your ideas for the Watergate are really very interesting. I just want to tell you one thing. I'm chief law-enforcement officer of this country, and if you do what you say you're going to do, I'm going to bust every one of your asses into a thousand pieces." And that would have been the end of Watergate.

PLAYBOY: But he didn't say that.

HALBERSTAM: No, he didn't. And that's Mitchell for you. He thought they could get away with it.

PLAYBOY: It looked at first as if they would. McGovern and the other Democrats tried to make an issue of Watergate in the 1972 elections, but it never really caught on. Why?

HALBERSTAM: At first it didn't really project. The sheer darkness and implications of what it meant for the democratic society—that the Government itself, the state, would actually commit crime, bug the opposition party, bug the Democratic National Committee, play games with Muskie, McGovern and people like that—didn't come through to a lot of citizens out there in what is now called middle America. They didn't realize what a quantum jump it was from your average political abuses to Watergate. I think it was because the excesses of the war had numbed the moral sensitivity of the country. I think a bad war begets so much social protest that the people are just numb.

And there's another point—something that I think has happened to us as a country. We've been involved in this great Cold War thing for 20 years, and there has developed a kind of mentality—particularly evident in the CIA—that rationalized that if the Communists were doing something, we had to do it as well. Match force with force, their dirty tricks with our dirty tricks. No matter how bad we are, we told ourselves, the Soviets and the Chinese are worse. If that goes on long enough, not only do you become morally indistinguishable from what you're fighting but antidemocratic actions become acceptable here at home, too. A man like E. Howard Hunt, the ex–CIA agent, sees himself as a heroic figure.

It's a legacy of this whole goddamn Cold War. The same mentality was evident in the planning for Vietnam in 1964 and 1965, when otherwise quite moral and intelligent and rational men allowed themselves to do all kinds of devious and dubious things. Mac Bundy is a better man than either Haldeman or Ehrlichman; he only rationalized going into Vietnam from the Tonkin Gulf. But sooner or later you get a guy a notch down from Bundy, and in a couple of years we have Ehrlichman saying to Hunt and Liddy, "OK, go break into Ellsberg's psychiatrist's office—on your own, of course." It really has come full circle. What is astonishing is the mentality behind it all: how small and how narrow, how insensitive to people's rights—and at a sheer pragmatic level, how *stupid* to risk so much to learn so little.

PLAYBOY: Some of those "games" that the Committee for the Re-election of the President played with McGovern and Muskie were really rather serious. How about things like the phony "gays for McGovern" and the smutty-letter campaign in Florida?

HALBERSTAM: This is a very important point, because what you really had with the coming of Hunt and Liddy and those Cubans underneath them was the first instance, at least to my knowledge, of the use of the CIA in the domestic society. Ex–CIA agents—if there *is* such a thing as an ex–CIA agent—and the people beneath them have perpetrated such outrages as beating up Ellsberg, bugging the Democratic National Committee. All these dirty tricks—classic CIA gimmicks for use in little countries throughout the world—have now been employed against American citizens here at home. How *dare* they? What *was* this half-FBI, half-CIA, extralegal elite corps of mercenaries with Ehrlichman and Haldeman as members? Who were they? Where did they come from? Is Gordon Liddy or Dan Ellsberg the greater threat to our liberty? I don't think Ellsberg is very much of a threat to anybody's liberty. But, by God, I think the people who burglarized his psychiatrist's office are sure as hell a threat to our liberty.

The idea of using the muscles of Government, of the Executive Branch, to harass, to commit violations of personal liberty against either an individual or another party is absolutely chilling. It's not the way it's supposed to be. And there are more and more tricks with which to work, a lot of electronic gimmicks they can use now. God knows what they can do; a tiny button can probably pick up things a hundred miles away now or some damned thing like that. And they have enough money to do absolutely whatever they want. If they don't have an ethical sense—which they clearly do not have—we're in grave danger.

PLAYBOY: What kind of guarantee can we have that people in Government will have such an ethical sense?

HALBERSTAM: Quite clearly, there is none. There are always going to be threats to liberty, and by and large they are posed by men who are always claiming that they're in the vanguard of liberty—and law and order. Hunt and Liddy and Ehrlichman and Haldeman thought they were great professional patriots, and that made it all right to do whatever they damn well pleased. What is that Samuel Johnson line? "Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel." It's really true.

PLAYBOY: Given Nixon's record in political campaigns—going back to the telephone innuendoes against Helen Gahagan Douglas in 1950 and to the 1962 campaign for the governorship of California, when Nixon's staff, headed by Haldeman, was found guilty of having sent out falsified letters with Nixon's personal knowledge and authorization—should we have been surprised by Watergate?

HALBERSTAM: Only its extent is a surprise, and its extent is frightening. But the fact that you had men like Mitchell and Haldeman and Ehrlichman in a Government like this, and that they would acquiesce so readily to a plot, isn't really surprising, because I think they were an extension of Nixon. And Nixon himself has always embodied a kind of ethic that the end justifies the means.

You know, Nixon doesn't understand why reporters and intellectuals and liberals don't like him. Well, there's a very good reason why they don't like him and why people—even those who voted for him, God help them—are always a little uneasy with him. It's something going back all the way in his career, a kind of excessive partisanship that's just beyond the crossover point. He's always gone too far. He has always been willing to use things that somehow should be beyond the bounds of decency—and it hasn't bothered him. Very few high-level politicians have demonstrated the kind of superpartisanship that has been a constant in Nixon's career. You just knew, even as he was going to China—which was a very good thing, and I'll give him high marks for it—that if Hubert Humphrey

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had beaten him in 1968, and if Humphrey had had the guts to do the same thing, Nixon would have attacked him in the most partisan way possible for doing it.

PLAYBOY: Nixon is often accused of working both sides of the street. Do you think he's hypocritical or just pragmatic?

HALBERSTAM: I think *he* thinks he's pragmatic. He's always been extraordinarily manipulative, and he's always had a kind of false piety to him. I think when Nixon starts telling you all the good things he's doing for you, you'd better check your wallet.

PLAYBOY: What makes him the way he is?

HALBERSTAM: Oh, Lord, you'd have to read Garry Wills's *Nixon Agonistes*, or break into a few psychiatrists' offices yourself, to find that out. I think there's an enormous insecurity to the man. I don't think he knows who he is or what he is. He's been a manipulative politician for so long that that's all he is. There's no other Richard Nixon. The self-creation has become the man.

PLAYBOY: Nixon is supposed to have said to Senator Smathers at one time that when he was starting out as a young man, he could just as well have become a liberal Democrat. What does that say about him?

HALBERSTAM: He's always been a man on the make. He's always been a gun for hire. Those wealthy men out in Southern California were looking for a nice young man to run for them, and they found in Nixon the ideal guy. Here was a man who wasn't propelled by the human issues of politics. He was propelled solely by Richard Nixon's self-interest from the very start. His only ideology was his career. And his willingness to do almost anything on behalf of that career makes one wonder if Richard Nixon is really big enough for the job. You have to ask yourself: Can you really believe him? Does he really represent an essential decency in American society?

PLAYBOY: Does he?

HALBERSTAM: I've always had a feeling that Nixon, throughout his career, has had an instinct for the lowest common denominator of the American electorate. I think he showed it in 1968 when he ran against Humphrey. And in 1972, his strategy was adapted to accommodate the Wallace vote. Nixon is simply not a man to whom you could go over a period of years, knowing what you do about his career, and expect him to be a man of integrity, of character on questions of right and wrong. If he were a man who had a sense of what was right and wrong, I don't think you would have had Watergate. I don't think you would have had people around him who would have tolerated Watergate. I don't think you would have had John Mitchell as Attorney General. I don't think you would have had Ehrlichman authorizing, or at least tacitly approving, burglaries.

PLAYBOY: But Nixon's background has been public knowledge for many years. How did he get elected President?

HALBERSTAM: He got elected in 1968 because he was running against the turbulence of the late Sixties and the fact that Lyndon Johnson had lost control of the country. In 1972 he was running against George McGovern, who had failed to crystallize himself in a way, and who was on the defensive because of the outrageous way Eagleton had screwed him. There was an enormous fear in the hearts of the American people, produced by crime and the threat of busing. I don't think there was any doubt in people's minds that McGovern was probably a superior man in a moral sense. But I think the people wanted a man who was a little more sympathetic to the cop. The American people know who Nixon is—or they thought they did until Watergate.

PLAYBOY: By his own admission, Nixon didn't do anything about Watergate after he'd known about it for a good long time. Why?

HALBERSTAM: Probably because he was in a terrible position for a politician. I think he kept looking for something marvelous to happen. Maybe he thought there would be such a ground swell in his favor that he could ride it out. Either alternative—to get rid of his closest aides or to keep them—was so terrible that he was just immobilized.

PLAYBOY: Quite a bit has been made of the fact that a number of Nixon's advisors came from Southern California, went to UCLA together, and so on. Do you think that's significant—as you thought the fact that many of Kennedy's people were Ivy Leaguers was important?

HALBERSTAM: No, I think he could have found the same type anywhere. He doesn't have many lasting friendships, as you may know, because he doesn't like to reveal himself in the kind of give and take that friendship requires. And in post-1960, he was a more isolated and lonely man than ever. He picked up a new crew, and he happened to pick them up while he was in California. Don't think that only Southern California produces men like that. Nixon could have walked down Madison Avenue here in New York and picked up five or six of the same mechanistic, functional men. It wasn't so much where they were from but the kind of *men* they were that recommended them to him.

PLAYBOY: Mitchell, who did come from New York, was at least less faceless than the rest of them, wasn't he?

HALBERSTAM: He was less faceless because he was an Attorney General, and he was a campaign manager—but Mitchell is one of your real political primitives. He was the man behind the Haynsworth and Carswell nominations. He was one of the people who pushed very hard for the ill-fated Cambodian invasion. He was the architect of the 1968 campaign that turned a landslide into a cliff-hanger. I always thought it was a great loss for the Democrats when Mitchell had to be moved out of the campaign managership in 1972.

I think Mitchell was a bond salesman before he went into politics. I think he talks only to other bond salesmen. I think he really believes the world is the way it is as you hear the talk at, say, the Westport Country Club. He's a narrow man living in a narrow world, having dinner with other narrow people. I don't think he has much sense of what the 20th Century is really about. If you really want to know what Mitchell feels, listen to Martha, because he learned after a while to keep his mouth shut. I think it was during one of the moratoriums, early in the Administration, that Martha compared the demonstrators to Russian revolutionaries—virtually said they ought to be shot or run out of the country. That's revealing.

PLAYBOY: In spite of all the dreadful things she's said, she seems to be becoming—at least at this point—almost a sympathetic figure.

HALBERSTAM: She's simply one of the very few people who seem to have any kind of human juice at all in an Administration with so little in the way of human juices. You have a feeling that if you cut Haldeman and Ehrlichman, they just wouldn't bleed. When you have men of as little humanity as Nixon and the men around him running the Government, you're really in trouble. Lyndon Johnson, for all his weaknesses and faults, was a man of overwhelming humanity. Even when he lashed out at the press or did something egregious, it lasted for 24 hours. He was just too human not to recant the next day. But these men are really mean and narrow, and they're haters. These are men who almost pride themselves on the fact that they don't smoke and don't drink and don't have any faults, any flaws, any frailties. You can't even caricature them, because there's so little to caricature, but you do have the sense of their being indistinguishable from those who run the bureaucracies, the Politburos in other countries. You could take these men and program a little computer into the back of their heads to teach them how to speak Polish or French, and they'd be interchangeable with the guys around Gierek in Poland or Pompidou in France.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the system—the judicial system, the press—worked very well in the Watergate case?

HALBERSTAM: No. I notice that some people, including the President of the United States, have said what a great victory for the system it was. But it really wasn't. The system is corroded and overloaded, like a river that's turned to a dry creek. First of all, if the system had worked the way it should have in Watergate, it would have been the President himself, through his own investigatory powers in the FBI and the Justice Department, who would have within weeks stripped Watergate down. But the very people who were charged by the system itself to get to the bottom of the matter tried to cover it up. By the purest chance, we had an irascible, crusty, courageous judge. By chance, in a journalistic profession in which 80 to 90 percent of the papers care nothing at all about civil liberties—or, if the truth were to be told, about freedom of speech—one newspaper, *The Washington Post*, and a couple of marvelous young police reporters, Robert Woodward and Carl Bernstein, dug in and stayed with the story. This country owes them a debt of gratitude to an extraordinary degree.

It's even interesting that the reporters who cracked it open weren't the big, powerful guys. They happened to be a couple of young kids who broke the story—to the great credit of the executives of the *Post*, who gave them their heads. But the men in the profession who were best equipped to do it, the experienced Washington hands, didn't unearth the story—and didn't pick it up even when it stank to high heaven. So I don't think we ought to go around and do too much self-congratulating on how well the system worked. I think we were pretty goddamn lucky. A couple of people—by chance and by coincidence—connected, and McCord got scared. He suddenly found out that there were, in fact, prisons—and he didn't want to go into one.

PLAYBOY: What would have happened if McCord hadn't opened up?

HALBERSTAM: If he hadn't, I doubt that the others would have. And what would have happened if the judge had been just an average laissez-faire judge, if he hadn't somehow gotten his back up? I think the odds against getting a judge like Sirica, a good tough judge who really hated what they were doing, were about four to one. How many judges in America really hate abuse of the weak by the powerful? Damned few!

PLAYBOY: Have you any comment on the farcical aspects of the various White House denials—ending with Ron Ziegler's saying that previous statements were "inoperative"?

HALBERSTAM: Marvelous. Disneyland's own Ron Ziegler. How sweet it is. I guess maybe an Administration that does this sort of thing deserves a Ziegler as its spokesman. But I keep thinking about these two young kids. They scored such an enormous victory for the free press that they've turned the whole thing around, from where the press was almost cowering—totally on the defensive against Administration attacks and Ziegler doublethink—to a point at which the Administration is now on the defensive. There is an enormous sort of rebirth of belief in what a free journalistic profession can do and how valuable it is. It's been years since this profession—and the country—has owed so much to so few.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that in this sense Watergate will turn out to have been a good thing?

HALBERSTAM: No, because we're all corruptible, and the people at high levels of the journalistic profession who were fallible before will continue to be that way. Or do you mean in the sense that it strips the Presidency down?

PLAYBOY: In the sense that there may be a turnaround in public opinion, which before was stacked in favor of the Administration.

HALBERSTAM: I think that's a positive thing about it. Everybody says, "What a terrible thing; it hurts the Presidency." Well, I think the Presidency was so inflated and so arrogant that this is a healthy turn of events. The power of the Executive Branch of the Government overwhelms everything. Nixon's White House staff dominated the Congress, dominated the judiciary, dominated even his own Cabinet. They had too much power and too little accountability. Our Presidents have learned how to exploit modern science and modern communications for their own advantage, thus leaving the Congress far behind. I saw a story in the *Times* the other day about Nixon's getting 30 new helicopters. When Nixon goes to Paris or London, 40 or 50 technicians go with him just to handle television, to assure that the camera angles are right when he gets off Air Force One.

PLAYBOY: Congressional leaders obviously don't have those resources, that kind of exposure. How, then, does the Legislative Branch exercise its balance of power?

HALBERSTAM: I think the only way you can counterbalance the Executive Branch anymore is through a combination of the press and the Congress interacting with each other. The press alone wasn't effective on the Vietnam war, and the Senate alone was impotent in opposing it. But the combination of the press and the Senate—in Fulbright's hearings, for example—was a potent one, and one that enraged the Executive Branch.

You know, this puffing up of the Presidency—the Executive Branch thinking only of the perpetuation of its own power—goes beyond party politics. It's interesting that Nixon was enraged by what Ellsberg did. He's not enraged by the war. He's not enraged by General Lavelle, who violated the Constitution and violated his commander-in-chief's orders and authorized illegal bombings. He's not enraged by Lieutenant Calley. He's enraged by Dan Ellsberg, because Dan Ellsberg cast doubt on the wisdom and might and majesty of two previous Presidents. The United States is no longer your traditional republic—it's an awesome thing, a great expanding state with an unchecked, single, monarchic executive.

Go back and read George Orwell's *1984*. It seems like a very different book now from when we read it 20 years ago. Then it seemed to be a parable on the coming of communism. But if you read it now, it seems applicable to today's society—the coming of the total central state, in which the manipulators have learned to adapt modern technology to their means. Watergate, thank God, is taking some of the air out of the President and the Presidency. It shows once again how few clothes the emperor has and how, indeed, the emperor can, from time to time, screw his own subjects, and in that sense it's a good thing. And it has restored a kind of credibility to a free press. People who didn't know why we needed a free press now have a pretty goddamn good illustration of why we do.

PLAYBOY: Would we be better off now if someone like you, or another investigative reporter, had done a job on Nixon's men like the one you did on Kennedy's?

HALBERSTAM: It wouldn't have made any difference. People instinctively knew what they were. To the degree that they cared what Nixon was, as I said before, they knew what he was. The country opted for him knowing full well what the pros and cons were. But if Watergate had broken a year earlier—say when it happened, in June of 1972—I think it could have affected the election. Particularly if Muskie had been the candidate. Muskie—who comes across as ethical, Lincolnesque, a man above scandal—would have been very effective running against a tarnished Nixon.

PLAYBOY: Agnew said not too long ago, before Watergate broke wide open, that he could win the Presidency in 1976. Could he?

HALBERSTAM: I thought he was a little bit more modest than that.

PLAYBOY: Has he been damaged by Watergate?

HALBERSTAM: I think he's reasonably clean. He's probably got a much higher ethical sense than Nixon. But he may be more of a true believer, which is possibly a more dangerous quality. Obviously, though, he will take on the indirect stain of having been part of the Nixon years in the White House. He cannot dissociate himself from it.

PLAYBOY: What about John Connally? Will he be a major rival for Agnew?

HALBERSTAM: Connally—smooth, self-assured, believing that just about the best thing in the world is to be John Connally—obviously makes an enormous impression on somebody as unsure of himself as Richard Nixon. But whether he can

impress the Republican rank and file now that he's parachuted into that party is quite another question. I just wonder if, every time they hear that voice, they won't think of Lyndon Johnson.

PLAYBOY: Do you see Teddy Kennedy running in 1976?

HALBERSTAM: You have to assume that he is the prime Democratic possibility. I always have a feeling about Teddy that the only person who can beat him is himself. I think Chappaquiddick is quite in the background; if he pulls anything like it again, of course, that would be too much for him to take into a campaign. But if you were looking for a Democratic candidate who is acceptable to the new forces but can shift over to the more traditional political center of the party, then you would have to invent Edward Kennedy. And there he is. He's attractive. He's a hard worker. He's thoughtful. He's a better Senator than either of his brothers was.

PLAYBOY: Are there any other Democratic possibilities?

HALBERSTAM: I think Ed Muskie has been a genuine beneficiary of Watergate. It's become obvious that, partly because of the machinations of C.R.E.E.P., he was caught in the cross fire in 1972. If Teddy falters, I'd look to Muskie.

PLAYBOY: If you were going to pick the worst dirty trick of all those played in C.R.E.E.P.'s campaign of sabotage and espionage, which would you choose?

HALBERSTAM: Jesus, I've never been to a psychiatrist, so I couldn't tell what it would be like to have my psychiatric records stolen. But I think—assuming we *know* the worst yet—that bugging the opposition is the worst thing. Can you imagine what this means? The opposition party in a free society is supposed to protect the citizen, to protect free speech. But this shows it can barely protect itself. Anybody in this society who decides to be a critic of the Government has to assume his phone is bugged, his income-tax records pored over.

PLAYBOY: Walter Cronkite said in June's *Playboy Interview* that he figures his own phone is bugged.

HALBERSTAM: Sure. Every once in a while I'll call somebody like Neil Sheehan, the reporter who got the Pentagon papers from Ellsberg, and it sounds as if we're talking in a wind tunnel. It's the same sound we used to get on the phone in Saigon in 1962, when we were both young reporters there.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think C.R.E.E.P. bugged the Watergate? What did they hope to get out of it?

HALBERSTAM: Well, I like what Frank Mankiewicz said right after McCord broke. Somebody asked Mankiewicz, who had been McGovern's campaign manager, "Did you think Mitchell was behind it?" He said, "Oh, yeah, I always thought so. He's the only man dumb enough to think he could learn anything from bugging the Democratic National Committee." I think the kind of mentality that engages in bugging is a titillation mentality. They're gossip hungry. They think they might find out who's screwing whom. All those famous J. Edgar Hoover bugs on Martin Luther King were gossip bugs. Lyndon Johnson, for instance, loved those FBI reports, loved to read them aloud to friends. The people who bug believe that if you know a little bit of gossip about somebody, you've got some power over him. Maybe it makes them feel a little stronger and a little more righteous.

PLAYBOY: Is it possible they were worried that the Democrats might have had some information on *them*?

HALBERSTAM: Possible, possible. They may have been worried about their own excesses. But essentially, I think these men just didn't have a high enough ethical sense to say, "My God, we can't do that. That's undemocratic. That's wrong."

PLAYBOY: One of the questions many people have asked is why Nixon's people should have thought espionage or sabotage necessary, since their man seemed to be on the way to a landslide.

HALBERSTAM: Well, I think the original Watergate planning—not the June break-in but the planning—goes back quite a few months to a point at which Nixon's star wasn't as high as it later became. So they were looking for every little thing they could get. And also, they had too damned much money. They had to throw it around a little bit.

PLAYBOY: What does that say about the way we finance campaigns?

HALBERSTAM: It's a scandal. One of our great priorities is to do something about the spending in American politics. It's really obscene. You can't run for Senator or governor in a state like New York or Illinois or California without a couple of million dollars. That great American Nelson Rockefeller, in his last run for the governorship of New York, spent, I think, $6,700,000. If some poor son of a bitch breaks into Woolworth's, he gets sent up for five or ten years or something like that. But a Nelson Rockefeller spending $7,000,000 of ill-gotten gains on a campaign is OK. His morality is praised. He is considered a positive figure in public life. Universities give him honorary degrees. If he speaks to the American Society of Newspaper Editors, they all stand up and applaud when he walks in. Until we start to turn it around, until we become really upset by how we're getting screwed by big money in our electoral processes, we're going to encourage abuse. Many good men can't afford to run for office. They consider making a race for the Senate, or a governorship, and when they realize the kind of accommodations they're going to have to make to people with money, they decide not to do it.

PLAYBOY: Rockefeller is a quintessential establishment figure. Your book makes a good deal of the fact that the Kennedy men were also part of that elitist structure. Would you say the Nixon men were establishment figures, too?

HALBERSTAM: No. I don't think they have been men of the establishment, with the possible exception of Kissinger and, more recently, Elliot Richardson. Richardson, of course, is 120 percent establishment—a kind of poor man's Mac Bundy, I guess. Kissinger is an immigrant who's been adopted by the establishment, given to us by the Council on Foreign Relations and the Rockefeller family. If the establishment spoke with a European accent, it would speak like Henry Kissinger. Nixon's other men, though, were in their own funny way rather anti-establishment. They didn't have the old traditions, the morals, the belief that the right people know the right things, that characterize the establishment. It was a new, cold-eyed group that learned to master technology. They were functional men who came from the manipulative professions—a lot of them from J. Walter Thompson, which is an advertising agency.

Some of them were really linked to Goldwater, and one of the things one must remember about the 1964 Goldwater campaign is that it was an assault by the new money of the Southwest and the West against the old money of the East and the Rockefellers. Wall Street doesn't very much like Mr. Haldeman and Mr. Ehrlichman and Mr. Ziegler. Wall Street would think that they might be all right in a nice semiclerical job, but they aren't the kind of men you would really want to have in high positions.

PLAYBOY: Mitchell was widely quoted as having said, when he was in the Administration, "Watch what we do, not what we say." What did that really mean?

HALBERSTAM: It meant simply that they'll say one thing and do another. Now we're judging them by both, and they're equally unattractive. I think having somebody like Mitchell at a place called Justice is Orwellian. It's like Orwell's device of having a "ministry of peace" in charge of war and a "ministry of truth" in charge of lying. Take the law-and-order issue. Obviously, everybody who lives in any city in America is concerned about crime. There should be a basic right to walk the streets of your city freely. But the way this Administration has exploited it as an issue—making it appear that the Democratic Party was the party of the Black Panthers and of crime in the streets—is just outrageous. And dangerous.

PLAYBOY: Some observers have seen Orwellian overtones in the so-called Nixon style as well. They claim that when

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Nixon goes on television, he tries to convince the public that something bad is really good, or vice versa—just because he says so.

HALBERSTAM: Yes, he is very Orwellian. For example, when he says—as he did in his major Watergate speech, when his aides were let go—that the Presidency must be above partisanship, right then you knew this was going to be a partisan speech. And, sure enough, a couple of minutes later he starts talking as though the Democrats were somehow guilty, too. The Democrats had done nothing, other than being bugged. Then he went on, saying, "I take the responsibility," and in the next breath started putting the blame everywhere else. Very Orwellian.

PLAYBOY: Was there anything about that Watergate speech that reminded you of an earlier Nixon address—the Checkers speech?

HALBERSTAM: Yes. Both were characterized by essential self-pity and an attempt to take your eye off the main theme. If Nixon had said, "Look, this is a terrible thing and it grew out of the White House and we weren't aggressive enough in trying to stop it, and I take the responsibility, and the buck stops here," and gotten off in 12 minutes, he would have had a good speech. But he went on and on, talking about peace in our time with that kind of fake humility, that slight dash of Uriah Heep, that has always been part of Nixon's style.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think he inserted in that speech a passage about what a terrible personal ordeal it had been for him to bomb Vietnam on Christmas Eve?

HALBERSTAM: He was saying, "Everybody was against me when I bombed Vietnam at Christmastime. But look, we have peace, therefore the people who were against me were wrong and I was right. Trust me." Of course, his bombing of Vietnam at Christmas had no effect at all. The peace they got after the bombing was more or less the same thing they would have had before Christmas.

PLAYBOY: Or four years before?

HALBERSTAM: Yes. I think we could have had pretty much the same settlement earlier.

PLAYBOY: If it was an ordeal for anyone, wasn't it more of an ordeal for the people in Haiphong?

HALBERSTAM: I think they had a little harder time of it that week, yes. But you must remember one thing about this country: Of all the developed societies in the world, it has never been bombed. Therefore, the impact of bombing upon Americans is really quite marginal. My wife is Polish, and her earliest memory is of being a young girl in Warsaw with bombers flying overhead. She watched the television coverage of the P. O. W. s coming back and talking about how badly they were treated in Hanoi and she was enraged—as most of the world would be.

PLAYBOY: You don't sympathize with the P. O. W. s?

HALBERSTAM: Yes, of course I do. They've suffered; they've paid a very special price when so few others in this society paid any price at all. There's a very natural human instinct of sympathy. Though it makes me uneasy, one can even understand the fatuous coverage of their return. What TV reporter is going to interview those prisoners toughly, when the reporter hasn't been in prison—indeed, has been making $50,000 a year for the six years they've been in prison? Is he going to ask those prisoners, "What the hell do you think the Special Forces were doing to V. C. prisoners for all those years?" You're not going to get balanced reporting. You're going to get emotional outpourings. No, the P. O. W. s paid their bills. But the idea they project is that somehow, in their own minds, they were over there as Pan Am or TWA pilots, not as bombers.

PLAYBOY: Would you say the orchestration of the P. O. W. s' return is an example of Nixonian PR?

HALBERSTAM: Oh, sure. So is the slogan "Peace with honor." Honor? In that war? Where we aborted every democratic procedure in declaring the war—or in not declaring it? Where we sent poor blacks and rural whites to die for the richest nation in the world? Where we brought the heaviest armament in the history of mankind to a society where the water buffalo is still the prime beast? Nixon may call it peace with honor, to give it an aura of victory—as though the release of the prisoners of war were the counterpart of the 101st Airborne Division marching down Fifth Avenue. Really, the motto of this war should be "Lest we forget." The Administration tried to push us very quickly to a position of "Lest we remember."

PLAYBOY: Why was Nixon able to come so close to succeeding in that effort—in manipulating the media?

HALBERSTAM: Obviously, Nixon knew something about the press when he took over in 1968. Two things: one, that the press is the sworn enemy of any powerful executive. Or should be. The other thing he knew—and he's got a good instinct on this, I'm afraid—was that the press was in a kind of disrepute because for ten years we had been messengers who'd had bad breath. For a decade, we had been bringing the public news of failure in Vietnam, racial failure, domestic protest and a hell of a lot of other stuff—challenging most nice, quiet middle-American people's assumptions about their own country. They had been taking it and taking it and they hadn't liked it. We were vulnerable. Everybody likes to slay the bearer of bad news. Nixon saw that and he took advantage of it. His particular target was the television correspondent.

PLAYBOY: Why?

HALBERSTAM: Because Nixon and his people were really interested in *mass* manipulation, and television was the key medium there. So the guy they had to get wasn't Scotty Reston or Tom Wicker of *The New York Times*, it was Walter Cronkite of CBS and John Chancellor of NBC, and that's what the battle has been all about.

PLAYBOY: Is it over?

HALBERSTAM: It's never over. But the pendulum has taken a long swing in the other direction—against Nixon and in favor of Cronkite.

PLAYBOY: While it was still riding high, the Nixon Administration threatened other essential liberties—civil liberties of nearly every kind. Was that an expression of Nixon's basic ideology?

HALBERSTAM: He's sensitive to votes, not to civil liberties. By and large, nobody cares about civil liberties other than his own. Nixon smelled this, and he smelled that if people are against draft evaders and war protesters, his Administration could get away with violations of doves' civil liberties. Remember that time a bunch of kids were protesting the war in New York City and a bunch of hard-hats working down on Wall Street beat them up in the cruelest way. It was a very ugly scene, reminiscent of Germany in the Thirties, and the police just stood by. What did Nixon do? He immediately invited the heads of the construction workers' union to the White House. Because there were votes in it.

PLAYBOY: Was he also catering to the same element when he repudiated a number of Presidential commission reports—on drugs, on population, on pornography—whose conclusions might seem objectionable to middle America?

HALBERSTAM: I think we live in an extraordinary time of change; we're really changing our morality, our culture, our ethic. Science has transformed us, by sort of a headlong jump, almost into another world. The birth-control pill, the coming of television as the main means of communication, these things have had a profound impact upon us. In one generation, much of our society has come to feel quite differently about a lot of issues, a lot of traditional old American values. Yet for everybody who likes change, there are an awful lot of Americans who feel very threatened by longer hair, by disrespect for traditional patriotism, by a desire for liberal abortion laws, by the idea of amnesty for those who went to Canada. And Nixon is shrewd enough to know that the real numbers are still on the side of those who are made uneasy by change. I'm also convinced that he himself believes pornography is bad, that liberalized abortion laws are bad for the moral fiber of the country. He's convinced himself that he's strong and must stand firm.

PLAYBOY: Then he does have morals?

HALBERSTAM: Oh, I think he does. I think he believes that he's a moral force. All men convince themselves of their own mythology.

PLAYBOY: Aren't Nixon's domestic views in striking contrast to the rather enlightened innovations that have taken place in the sphere of foreign policy? He was slow in stopping the Vietnam war but not slow in going to Moscow and Peking—which nobody had dared do before.

HALBERSTAM: I think there was a very real target of opportunity in the world scene—changes that were long overdue, away from the most rigid period of the Cold War, of a world divided between communism and anticommunism. The world as it existed in 1972 didn't fit that definition.

PLAYBOY: But wasn't it surprising that Nixon should be the man to break the log jam?

HALBERSTAM: He was particularly able to. A lot of other Presidents who might have tried would have been afraid that Nixon or somebody like him would jump out of the wings and accuse them of selling out Chiang Kai-shek. One of the great advantages Kissinger had, as advisor to Nixon, was that he was dealing with a President who couldn't be blackmailed by Richard Nixon.

PLAYBOY: What about Kissinger? Apart from being something of an establishment figure, as you said earlier, he seems to be a man from a different mold than the rest of the Nixon gang.

HALBERSTAM: He's a fascinating man. He's seen a lot in his life; he's an immigrant from Germany—an escapee, really. He knows, more than Bundy ever did, the difference between what the history books tell you and what really is. I think it's crucial to Kissinger's outlook that he knows firsthand what happened to the Weimar Republic, the terrible excesses of the German left and the coming of a government far harsher. That gives him a sympathy for Nixon that very few American liberals would have. Since Watergate, however, I hear Kissinger has been going around telling friends that he's very upset by what happened. He fears this Administration will be so stained that when history comes to judge them, they will be remembered for Watergate and not for the positive things.

PLAYBOY: Is he right?

HALBERSTAM: It's still too early to tell. But the judgment on Kissinger himself is going to be very complicated, because here is a man who has had in many ways a profound positive impact upon American foreign policy—who's been an architect of enlightened policies toward China and the Soviet Union, who has taken ideas from the drawing board of Harvard, in effect, and helped implant them in the foreign policy of this nation. At the same time, he was also one of the architects of a policy on Vietnam that continued a terrible and cruel war four years longer than it should have gone. I think historians will be very harsh on him for that.

PLAYBOY: Do you think Watergate will have a noticeable influence on America's reputation abroad?

HALBERSTAM: I don't think so. Those speeches Nixon makes once in a while—when he comes back and says he has been to X number of countries, and the Presidency of the United States is admired there because of its great moral fiber—those are silly. Whatever he's done that's positive in his foreign policy—and there's been a very considerable amount—he's done because it's been (A) in the interest of the United States of America and (B) in the interest of the other great power involved. I'm sure when Nixon sits down with Chou En-lai, he doesn't lecture him on the spiritual fiber of America. It may even be that he could get more done now if he would devote less time to sermonizing and simply function as a good technical President.

PLAYBOY: Haldeman, in a rare television interview given before leaving the Administration, recalled a statement by Nixon to his staff that he was glad the people who worked for him were pragmatists rather than idealists. In the light of events, wouldn't Nixon have been better off if he'd had a few idealists around him?

HALBERSTAM: A certain amount of idealism in everybody's life is not a bad thing. But it ought to be tough-minded idealism, idealism that knows how many points there are on the compass and that institutions have very big walls, and if you ram your head against those walls, you're going to bounce back a few times. That kind of idealism is a very healthy thing. What are we without our idealism, our belief that there's a possibility of a better world and a better life? God, I hate giving speeches like that; Nixon's the one who's always giving those.

PLAYBOY: One thing about which Nixon's manipulators haven't been able to con the public is inflation; it would appear that they've tried to juggle statistics about the economy. How well have Nixon's public-relations functionaries served him there?

HALBERSTAM: The whole base of opinion manipulation is predicated on the theory that the citizen's memory span is short. He's preoccupied with his own problems and he'll take the President's word on major, yet distant issues. The President knows best. Therefore, you can say one thing one year—say in 1970 what a great thing it is to go into Cambodia, because it will shorten the war—and three years later, when you can't get out of the war because you're still in Cambodia, people will have forgotten. But you can't fool people about prices. You can't tell people what a great job you're doing on inflation when they're going to the store and getting beaten over the head every day.

PLAYBOY: Is there any indication that Nixon will be able to do anything about inflation?

HALBERSTAM: Who knows? Inflation, among other things, is a product of that damned war. It began as a Johnson-McNamara inflation, because they lied to us, tried to get both the Great Society and the war in at the same time without increasing taxes. What they got us instead was a roaring inflation. Remember all that propaganda about Americans' not spending so much overseas? The real inflation we've faced in the last couple of years didn't come because a bunch of schoolteachers spent too much money on French pastry. It came because we were spending billions and billions and billions of dollars in Vietnam, and because of a lot of other questions about whether we're competitive with our goods anymore. You can turn on American television today and see Japanese automobiles advertised. The one thing in the world that used to be ours was the automobile.

PLAYBOY: You have lived through—and observed more closely than most of us—the past 15 or 20 frantic years. What do you think the sit-ins and the marches and the riots and the war and the assassinations and the scandals and the inflations and the devaluations have done to the mood of the country?

HALBERSTAM: We started the Sixties with enormous hope for what could be accomplished, for what Government could do. That was the coming of the sit-ins, those marvelous young black kids sitting down and getting their hamburgers at Woolworth's and standing up to red-neck assaults. There was a sense of what could be done in this society. I think in a lot of ways we're just learning how difficult social change really is. You can change the law and let people have hamburgers and voting rights and make enormous differences in their lives—and yet some of the underlying problems, particularly those of bad housing, bad education, bad jobs, what Martin King called "slumism," remain. We started out the Sixties also with a sense of what America could do in the world, with all its goodness and its handsome young President, its Peace Corps and all those great things. We ended with the ashes of Vietnam in our mouths. I would call it a decade of loss of innocence.

PLAYBOY: And how about the Seventies?

HALBERSTAM: This seems to me to be a decade of redefinition of values—of who we are and what we want. Old authorities and truisms are breaking down, some simply because they cannot stand the test of new exposure, new challenge. Change is hurtling at us, dividing us socially, economically and politically. But the great thing

about America today, if you compare it with the Fifties or even the early Sixties, is the excitement of what's going on—the expansion of possibilities in politics, journalism, criticism, the arts. In almost every area, the centrist view of American politics and journalism and culture that existed in the Fifties has somehow been shattered. There's a breaking, a thawing. I think we're a much more interesting country now.

And although under Nixon and that awful Justice Department, people talk about repression—my God, we're the least repressed society in the world. Had Ellsberg tried to do what he did in the Fifties, he'd probably be hanging from an apple tree. Now, every time the Justice Department brings one of the conspiracy cases to trial, it loses. Trial after trial: the Harrisburg Seven, Angela Davis, whatever. In the Fifties, the *Times* wouldn't have printed the Pentagon papers. We're changing. We're opening up; there's a new consciousness of what people's rights in the society are, of what they can do with their lives—a belief in their own prerogatives as human beings. But we've gone from a kind of optimism and belief in what Government can do to a kind of skepticism, a knowledge of the limits of American goodness. I don't think people believe anymore that they'll get their solutions through politics.

PLAYBOY: Is there a danger that people will simply lose interest in the political system altogether, that they won't care whom they elect as their leaders?

HALBERSTAM: That's an interesting question. I think politics is far less important in people's lives than it once was. What's really happening, as I started to say a moment ago, is the extraordinary velocity of change, particularly technological change, and its impact on mores and attitudes. People's aspirations and expectations have accelerated. Government can't respond quickly enough. And the problems many people face simply have nothing to do with the Government. If you're in your mid-30s, the chances are that your marriage is under very great pressure. Many shatter. The questions of how to adapt to changes in sexual standards—women's rights and so forth—these are things you have to work out for yourself, and these are the things that are really preoccupying people. What the hell can a government do for a father whose 17-year-old son won't listen to him anymore? Nothing. The idea that somehow you could find all the answers to your life by going to work for Dick Daley in the Cook County Courthouse is a thing of the past.

PLAYBOY: Do you recognize any bond with the conservatives who feel that pornography on Times Square, the drug culture, and so on, are evidence that the nation is on the decline?

HALBERSTAM: I don't quite know yet. Call me in five years and I'll tell you. For the moment, no. I don't think pubic hair here and there or a dirty song in a Broadway musical—or the fact that movies now treat the Indian and the settling of the West in a more realistic way—means that we are on the decline as a society. In fact, you could make a very good case that these are symbols of the maturity of a society that is now secure enough, sophisticated enough and educated enough to get away from its own mythology.

PLAYBOY: What about the so-called decline of the work ethic?

HALBERSTAM: In a way, I agree with Nixon on that one. I grew up in a generation in which you worked very hard; jobs were scarce. I was too young for the Depression, but the sense of the Depression hung heavily over our family. Being Jewish—an *out* American as opposed to an *in* American—I always had a sense that my purchase on and leverage in society were quite limited. Things were going to be difficult, and one should work very hard. To be any good as a journalist, you have to work hard. I'm made wary by a generation coming along that thinks you don't have to pay a price for your goals and ideals.

PLAYBOY: So you subscribe to the puritan ethic, after all?

HALBERSTAM: I like the idea of a society in which people believe in things and are willing to work for them. I'm made uneasy by kids who think that it's all shit and you can't do anything about it. That's why I find Ralph Nader such an admirable figure.

PLAYBOY: Because he thinks there *is* something we can do?

HALBERSTAM: He thinks of it as a citizen's responsibility to make this country what it's supposed to be. The Nixon Administration hates him, and yet if they really believed in their own ethic, they'd be giving him the Freedom Medal—because he is the epitome of the citizen as a participant in the society. He's a man who believes the system can work. He doesn't find that it works terribly well now, but he believes it can be made to work.

PLAYBOY: Can you think of any other praiseworthy public figures?

HALBERSTAM: There aren't many. Maybe that's a part of our coming of age, too. Maybe we used to be too gullible. Perhaps that's something television has brought us; we know so much more about our leaders now. No man is a hero to his valet.

PLAYBOY: Do you see a new intolerance of being misgoverned?

HALBERSTAM: Well, I would like to think we're more wary of our Caesars than we were ten years ago. With very good reason: We haven't had a particularly good run of Caesars lately. Lyndon Johnson had many attractive qualities, but anybody assaying his Presidency has to come away with considerable reservations; and anybody who is enthusiastic over how well the democratic processes work would wonder how Richard Nixon ever got to be President.

PLAYBOY: On the local and state levels as well as in Washington, there's been a recent spate of investigations and trials of public officials. Don't you find that significant and heartening?

HALBERSTAM: There has always been corruption—and investigations of corruption. But I think the combination of the Vietnam war and Watergate has taken a lot of the luster off our leadership. It's a very American belief that once a man gets the Presidency, he has a halo over his head. In Europe, it's traditional to be far more skeptical. They know a man doesn't lose all his faults, have all his sins erased, just because he gets to a high position.

PLAYBOY: Is there more corruption in government than there used to be?

HALBERSTAM: Probably we're just hearing more about it. That would be my instinct, but who are we to sit here and calibrate against 1910 or 1860 or 1770?

PLAYBOY: You talked earlier about a feeling we used to have in America that ours was a can-do nation. Certainly there seems to be less faith in that now. Blue-collar workers, for example, appear to be no longer convinced that they're making a good product—or that it matters if they are.

HALBERSTAM: The reason they're not convinced they're making a good product is that they're not. But I think the idea of the can-do society was also a very American thing. You wouldn't find it in Europe, which has gone in this century through two world wars and has learned a lot of lessons about the dangers of ideology and the gods of war. America, with two oceans around it, has been spared those particular horrors, so we have had a sense of what man could accomplish, and even of what war could accomplish. We thought we were the first team. Certainly that illusion has ended in the swamps of Vietnam, and that's a healthy thing.

But other illusions are disappearing, too—like the illusion of progress. One of the great things about the Industrial Revolution was that it gave Americans a standard of living they'd never had before. But now we're beginning to learn some of the problems that development has caused and, in a way, we're rebelling against the 20th Century. We've got all the material benefits and now we're learning their limits. The pollution, the dirty rivers, the mechanical lives in factories—with the fruits of labor now taken for granted—the problems of our crowded cities; all these things are coming home.

PLAYBOY: In such an atmosphere, what keeps you going?

HALBERSTAM: Well, I'm not at all sure that these problems can be solved, or that the future is bright, or that man is a perfectible beast. But I think there is an obligation to do all you can. The terrible wrong, it seems to me, lies less in failing

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to achieve a better and more just society than in having failed to try. Besides, I really like what I do. And I like to think I'm getting better at it. But sometimes I wish I had more of a private life. In writing my book, I was hard on people whose only existence was a career—but the same thing could be said about someone like myself.

PLAYBOY: There's a sort of introduction game, in which people split up into groups of, say, ten, and have to define themselves without any reference to work or family. Could you do that?

HALBERSTAM: It would be hard to do. You would stumble and find yourself describing yourself in words that sound uncommon and rather vague, because you've come to believe you are you because you've done this and that. You have these credentials, this many lines in *Who's Who in America*. That's who you are. When you take that away, how much of a man are you? There are some areas where even if nobody knew what I had done, I could hold my own. I can think on my feet and I can handle myself physically. But we have come to depend on our *Who's Who* identity too much, and I wish I could switch it off to a degree. I'm aware that I'm at least slightly a prisoner of it. Obviously, though, I've led a very full and satisfying life because of my work. It means something to me and, I think, to society. There isn't enough hard reporting, so to the degree that I'm a critical reporter, I think that's of some value.

PLAYBOY: What area of reporting appeals to you most?

HALBERSTAM: Digging into power. I'm fascinated by it. I want to leave behind me a trilogy on power in America. I've done the first leg with *The Best and the Brightest*; I'm thinking now of doing a book on capitalism, on how we live in a capitalist society. No one writes about the power of money and the corporate ethic. Researching McNamara's years at Ford, I became fascinated by corporate power. These men are interesting, and what they do affects us deeply. So I'll do something on the power of the very rich. I think I'll isolate it, perhaps, to the big oil- and gasmen. Then I may do a third book on the politics of one scientific decision—the money involved, and so forth. The politics of the birth-control pill, for instance. This is an enormous subject, one that affects everybody's life, and nobody knows anything about it. I have a feeling sometimes that 90 percent of American journalists spend their time covering ten percent of the reality—and 90 percent of the reality goes uncovered.

PLAYBOY: Have you always been fascinated by power?

HALBERSTAM: I guess so. When I left Harvard, I went to a small paper in Mississippi and picked up a lot of techniques of reporting. It's the opportunity to learn about power at the one-cell level. In a small town, you see the local man making his deals, and you come to understand that it really adds up to power. When I went to Tennessee, I had four more years of witnessing that, at a more embryonic level than in New York or Washington. In the police station, the courts, I learned things about Americans. If you're covering the police court in Nashville, your foot is in the mud every day. Every day you go to the darker corners of people's lives. When you watch people being paraded through that court—charged, say, with assault and battery—you realize that most of what they do is exactly what the rich do. But the rich don't get arrested, because they do it at their country clubs. They've got buffers to separate them from the law. For people in the slums, it's just raw nerve working against raw nerve. A guy works all day and comes home and has a couple of drinks, and his wife has a drink, and there's so much tension in those little apartments that he blows up—and a crime results. If he were a rich man, he'd have a safety valve—some way of getting out. He'd go to a motel and have an affair. Seeing all that gives you a sense of the frailty of people's lives. That's something they can't teach in journalism school.

PLAYBOY: You've been writing about politicians and bureaucrats and others fascinated by power for 18 years. Did you ever consider going over to the other side—becoming a participant rather than an observer?

HALBERSTAM: No, I think that would be a disaster. As a matter of fact, I had some contacts with the people working for Muskie in 1972. I was being wooed to go into Government if everything worked out. Perhaps be assistant secretary of something. I told the man who mentioned it to me that I would end up getting him in a lot of trouble. I told him I was just fine on the outside but not so good on the inside. The first time some young David Halberstam came along, I'd probably turn on him with great ferocity, because he would remind me so much of myself. My insecurities would show. I'd react very badly. I'm of more use to society as a reporter.

PLAYBOY: In what way?

HALBERSTAM: I have a pretty good bullshit detector, for one thing. A reporter must have a real hatred of being lied to. You know, I've been lied to by sheriffs in Mississippi and water commissioners in Tennessee and generals in Vietnam and secret police in Poland. When somebody lies to me, I say, "All right. Instead of spending two days on this story, I'm going to spend an extra *week*."

PLAYBOY: Have you ever gotten into a reporting situation where you've been tempted to turn tail because of the heat you'd generate by getting at—and telling—the truth?

HALBERSTAM: Not yet. I was physically scared in 1964 in Mississippi, and I was physically scared in the Congo, and I was physically scared in Vietnam—and anybody who says he wasn't is either crazy or a liar. But morally scared? I would like to think I've been very good on that. I have a record of being expelled or ordered out of two of the three countries I've worked in. A lot of reporters will quietly accommodate, without admitting it, when the host government starts putting the screws on. The reporters rationalize it by saying, "I'm so good here and I know the story so well that it's much better to have me here than anybody else. So I'll temper my stories a little." The moment you think that way, they've got you. You have to remember that you're responsible only to yourself and your readers. I'm very wary of self-censorship. And I have a feeling that there's too goddamned much self-censorship in the press.

PLAYBOY: Larry L. King, another writer, once said in an interview that you are the toughest-minded man he knows—and the best journalist. How does that make you feel?

HALBERSTAM: Well, he'll certainly get at least one round of drinks off me for that. I suppose I do have a fairly fierce belief that a reporter ought to be tough—particularly in dealing with the strong and the powerful. I've always had a kind of contempt for the reporter who justifies dubious relationships of intimacy with powerful people by saying he has to keep his sources open. That's crap. You don't learn anything that way. It's a one-way street; they'll tell you only what they want to, and you'll be inhibited because you have a personal relationship with them. I'm quite the reverse of that. My nerves are set ajar by being with powerful people. I just respond with an essential antiauthoritarian impulse. I think that's the way reporters *should* be. If you're a tough reporter, what do you lose? You lose out on a few dinner parties. A reporter shouldn't seek to be popular and he shouldn't seek to be welcomed into the great halls of powerful men.

PLAYBOY: Do you think this interview will ace you out of any great halls?

HALBERSTAM: No. But I'm not on my way to any great halls, anyway. If you're not going to follow your own instincts, if you're going to be intimidated, why bother being a reporter? Why not go out and do something that makes money instead? You live such a precious short time and have such a marvelous chance to be a free citizen; why accommodate, when the worst thing they can do is throw you out? Or put you in jail?

PLAYBOY: You're not daunted by the thought of going to jail?

HALBERSTAM: Well, there *are* stories I'd a lot rather get than an insider's exposé of the prison system.

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The Ghost of Martin Luther King

suddenly, the huge white sow stood for something more than survival—it had become the enemy

fiction ***By Hal Bennett*** THE GHOST of Martin Luther King walks these country roads at night. I have seen him moving almost furtively through the hickory grove where trees arch over the road like a cathedral; and he walks with all the solemnity of the dead down the roads of Burnside, as though he is searching for something that he cannot yet find. I have told my mother about the ghost; but she is a large, light-skinned woman more tied to reality than my father; and I can see that something in her is afraid to believe that the dead can return. My father—who is

TAPESTRY BY DIANE BARR

thin, timid and black—is ready to believe; but something in him also resists the idea of ghosts.

My only ally is Roberta Green. Roberta is 16, a year younger than myself. So scrawny and black, she is almost ready to believe anything that will reconcile her to the fact that all things black are not beautiful. It is as if nature had played its worst joke on her—she is tall and angular, and the most beautiful thing about her is her eyes, if she would ever look up from the ground. When I told her about the ghost of Martin Luther King, she was eager to believe. But that is because she is lonely all the time, and a ghost is better than no companion at all.

"Will you go with me to see him?" I said.

She looked even harder at the ground. "Does he come late?"

"Very late."

"David, I can't go with you. Momma wouldn't let me."

My father's excuse also had to do with the fact that Martin Luther King walks late at night. My father works at the shoe factory in Dillwyn, and he has to get up at five o'clock in order to be to work by six. So he has not been able to stay up to see the ghost. Following his advice, I have told no one else in Burnside about the sight I have seen, although I did ask Uncle George if he believed in ghosts. Uncle George is my father's brother. "Ghosts?" he said, and he laughed in that robust way he has. "I suppose I do believe in them," he said. But he sounded very skeptical, indeed.

As for my mother, there was a time when she might have believed in ghosts. But she was operated on for cancer more than five years ago at the white hospital in Farmville; and the fact that she is still alive has converted her to the rationale of white men. The rest of us are not so ready to believe that white people have stopped being diabolical after three centuries of being devils. My father is always complaining about their arrogance and the injustices he suffers every day in Dillwyn, where he works alongside white people who have been forced from the fields to the factory. Farming is no longer a profitable way of life for the small farmer, white or black, in Virginia; and it is the hard fist of economic necessity more than anything else that has laid low the walls of segregation. The motels and restaurants at Alcanthia Courthouse need the dollars that black folk earn in Dillwyn. Now they cater regularly to black clientele, although there was a time when their doors were closed to all but whites. My mother sees this as a sign of progress and of a new benevolence on the part of white people. The doctors at Farmville cut off her left breast and reamed out her insides to stifle the cancer; and in her own way, I suppose she believes that her salvation from the dread disease has stemmed the cancer of America as well.

But my father is not so easily persuaded. "I work with white people every day," he tells my mother. "Nothing has changed at all." But she thinks that the fact of his working with white people is the biggest change of all.

Every second or third Sunday, she dressed us all up and herded us down the highway for dinner at the Alcanthia Inn, where the white waitresses called us sir and ma'am and served us with a cordiality that my father and I openly suspected. But what was an ordeal for my father and me was a delight for my mother. She seemed to swell up like a balloon in the white atmosphere. Looking at her as she ate, it was impossible to detect that she was a hollowed-out woman. She was very light-skinned; and her cheeks turned rosy red as she stuffed them with roast pig and applesauce. The artificial breast she wore was smaller than her right one; she readjusted it from time to time as it slipped out of place from the energy of her eating. "I do *adore* pig," she said between mouthfuls. She dabbed her greasy lips with the edge of a paper napkin. "Homer, it'll soon be time to kill our pig, won't it?" My father nodded, picking at his food.

We had a white sow ready for killing this year. Since the farmers had gone to work in the factories at Dillwyn, hardly anyone kept livestock anymore. But my mother had bought the white sow as a shoat and she had nursed it to a solid 200 pounds by feeding it dinner scraps and grass. My father wasn't too happy about killing the pig. Although he did not say so, I think he had become attached to it and wanted to keep it as a pet. "There's no need to kill that sow," he said. "Maybe we can find a male somewhere and mate her with it."

Swallowing, my mother shook her head. "It's hard enough keeping one pig, much less a bunch of them. It's not like the old days, Homer. If we kill her now, we'll have pork for all winter and part of the spring. We've got to be realistic about this, honey. Do you know what pork chops cost in the supermarket?"

Glumly, my father shoved back his plate. "The price of meat is right high," he said.

"Indeed it is," my mother said. "You find out from George when he can kill the sow. Is he out there picketing at the factory today?" Her voice showed that she didn't approve of Uncle George's militancy. Although black and white men worked side by side at the factory in Dillwyn, blacks were denied equal opportunity and equal pay. Uncle George had called some of the black workers together to picket the factory that day.

"He's out there," my father said.

"Well, I'm glad you had sense enough not to go," my mother said. "That does nothing but destroy the balance of things." My father said nothing; and we went on with our dinner.

After peach cobbler and coffee for dessert, my mother paid the bill and left a large tip. The waitress thanked her and followed us to the door. "You all come back again, you hear? And tell your friends," she said.

"Indeed we will," my mother said. "I certainly did enjoy that pork." That same night, I saw the ghost of Martin Luther King for the first time.

I had gone to Roberta Green's house down the road to play dominoes. She lives with her family at the old Willis place that her father rents for $15 a month. It is a shack, really, where all the Greens—there are nine of them—live together in three rooms in a kind of amiable disorder that I sometimes enjoyed being a part of. That night, one of the older girls was frying turnovers made from some apples that Mr. Green had brought home from Dillwyn. I played dominoes with him and Roberta. She kept her eyes downcast all through the game, her long lashes casting shadows on her thin cheeks. Mrs. Green, fat and lazy, sat in an armchair and ordered everyone around like some large black empress. When the turnovers were ready, we gulped them down sizzling hot and succulent with butter and cinnamon. It was a comfortable atmosphere and I thoroughly enjoyed myself, especially when Mr. Green put the dominoes away and started telling ghost stories that made my hair stand on end.

Then we heard a car screech to a stop outside and almost immediately afterward, Clay Green, the oldest boy, burst through the door. "Turn out the lights!" he cried. "I think I'm being followed!"

At first, no one moved. Then Mrs. Green repeated the order in a high, frightened voice. Someone clicked a switch, then another and a third; and the shack was plunged into darkness.

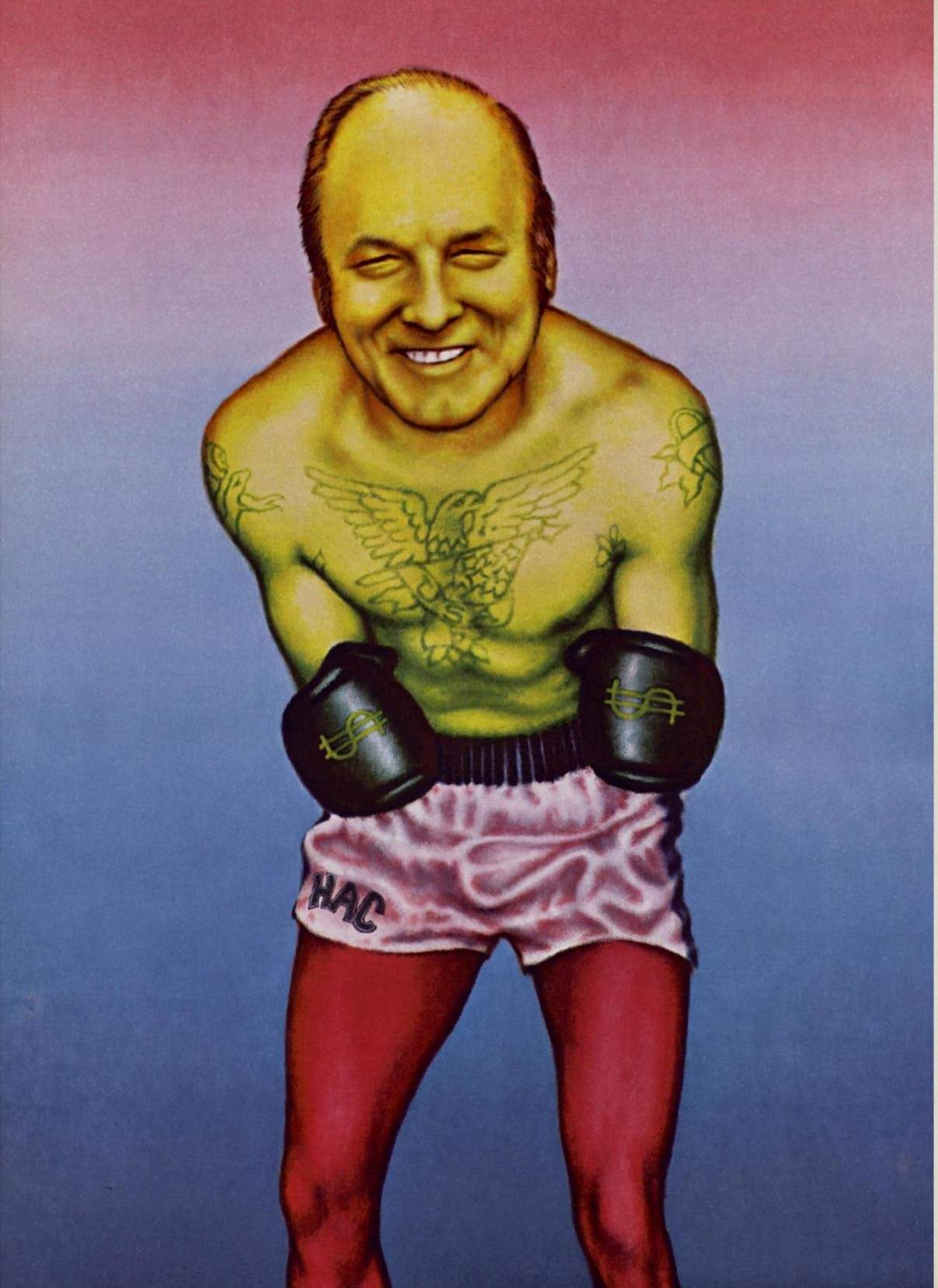
One of the children began whimpering and I heard Mrs. Green's chair creak as she moved to hush the child. The air was heavy with the odor of cinnamon; and the only light came through the grille of the kitchen stove. Roberta found my hand in the darkness and held it. None of us knew what was going on, which made the suspense almost unbearable. As for myself, I thought about movies I had seen on television of frightened Jews hiding from the Nazi terror; and I held Roberta's hand even harder.

Finally, Mr. Green cleared his throat. "Doggone it, Clay," he whispered, "what the hell's going on?"

"I thought the sheriff and some of his deputies might have followed me," Clay whispered back. "There's been trouble at the factory. The sheriff tried to break up the picket line. Some of the men started throwing stones."

(continued on page 146)

"Well, I finally got the paper boy to promise to be more careful how he delivers our paper in the future, dear."



CHAIRMAN SKINFLINT

personality

By MARSHALL FRADY

congressman wayne hays has found the true path to power in washington: he hires and fires the capitol barbers

ILLUSTRATION BY ED PASCHKE

ON ONE SENSE, he is a livid anomaly among the gentlemanly company on the Hill. Members of Congress, for all their respective private furies of *hubris* and avidity, have always maintained a protocol of deference and almost excruciating civility —a kind of chaste genteelness in which any personal affront virtually amounts to a pornographic incident. But in this atmosphere of clubroom decorum, Ohio Congressman Wayne Levere Hays has persevered for 24 years as an exuberant klaxon horn of spectacular unpleasantness.

On this count alone—his perverse zest for the choleric—Hays would be notable enough. During floor debates in the House, he is sometimes given to dismissing an antagonist as a "potato-head," and recently, after one colleague's earnest and elaborately crafted appeal for a measure Hays disliked, Hays lustily hooted, "That was a great speech. I'd be interested in knowing who wrote it for you." Never especially deft in those courtesies the House membership has traditionally shown to new arrivals, Hays for a time went about introducing Father Robert Drinan, freshman Democrat from Massachusetts, as "This is the guy who wants to destroy the Catholic Church, but you notice he still wears its uniform." As if particularly obsessed with the eccentricity of this liberal Jesuit in the House chamber, Hays finally sought out Drinan during McGovern's travail over finding a replacement for Eagleton and gravely informed the priest, "I guess you heard McGovern's considering you—I got a call from him myself about you." Pausing just long enough for this possibility to fully clang in the deepest vaults of Drinan's ego, Hays then added, "But don't worry, he wants a Catholic."

One Congressman surmises, "I suppose Wayne's managed, at some time or another, to give personal umbrage to everybody who's passed through this chamber." Hays is, at 62, a middling-sized and somewhat baggy figure out of the haggard and scantily inhabited Appalachian hills of southeastern Ohio, where years ago he was a high school teacher of forensics, who still has about him the stale, heatless look of a small-town lessonmaster: a pale-tan blur of hair dimming away from a high pallid forehead, vaguely beaked nose and thin scrupulous eyes the color of sleet, and a face as empty of expression as if left permanently nerveless by Novocain. Off the floor, he converses in a tone of voice that most resembles the static of a far radio station. He would strike one, altogether, as one of the mustier presences in the House.

"But Wayne is a very extraordinary guy around here," says one member. "His motto is, If you can't say anything abusive about somebody, don't say anything at all. And he doesn't discriminate, I'll say that for him—hell, no. He'll revile anybody."

Indeed, his appetite for opprobrium is omnivorous. He inveighs with equal eagerness against notables such as former HEW Secretary John Gardner ("I don't know what the hell you're doing here telling us how to discharge our business," he snapped to Gardner during a committee hearing. "You were the worst Secretary of HEW the country ever had.") and against his own office secretaries ("If you can't put me through on a call, it's time you just got the hell outta here"). In one committee hearing, after the widow of a Foreign Service official had urged the formulation of some grievance procedure in the Service, her husband having committed suicide after his summary dismissal, Hays stirred himself to proclaim, "I'm sick and tired of being told about this man's suicide. All of us had it bad during the Depression, but we didn't go out and shoot ourselves." Last year, he purchased a $100 membership in the Democratic Study Group—bizarrely alien company for him, made up of activist Congressional reformers—simply to provide himself with an occasion for accosting Senator McGovern, after an address to that body, about young McGovern partisans who had committed certain inhospitalities against Hays's own primary campaign in his home district: "What I want to know," he cawed to McGovern, "is if you can't control these rumheads of yours when you're their candidate, how the hell do you expect to control 'em if you become President?"

Over breakfast recently in a House cafeteria, Hays was still savoring an incident on the House floor the day before, when he had wagged his finger in the sober, bespectacled face of Ways and Means Chairman Wilbur Mills and proposed in a loud flat twang that Mills's conversion to revenue sharing had perhaps been prompted by a vertigo lingering from Mills's brief Presidential fancies and, in any event, should be commemorated by erecting a $5,000,000 monument to folly in his honor. From anyone else, such remarks would have constituted a scandalous affront to a formidable presiding bishop of that chamber. But in the cafeteria the next morning, Hays was celebrating the episode in a tinny blare that turned the heads of other members over a range of at least six tables around him. "Yeah, Wilbur didn't seem to like that very much; he's never had anybody talk to him that way before. His face turned red as a radish, in fact. The trouble with Wilbur, see, he goes down to the White House for all these conferences with the President and it's begun to give him delusions of grandeur."

Leaving his spare breakfast only lightly tasted and affecting imperviousness to the audience hearkening now all around him, he went on with similar full-lung observations about other figures on the Hill: "And this Fulbright, you know, he's supposed to have a reputation for craftiness, for always having something up his sleeve. All I got to say is, if he doesn't have

any more up his sleeve than he's got in his head, he's a goddamn paraplegic. . . ."

Before rising to go on to his office, Hays delivered a last poker-faced announcement—this one on the House Speaker himself, Carl Albert: "One sure thing a Speaker's got to have, and that's backbone. But a lot of folks lately have begun to wonder exactly where Carl's is. Hell, everybody thought McCormack was the weakest Speaker in memory, but Albert's beginning to make him look like Superman."

There are those on the Hill who suggest that Hays improbably has come to nurture a secret aspiration for the Speakership himself. The likelihood of that ever happening could hardly seem more ethereal. He has never been regarded by his colleagues as exactly wearing the glamor of inevitability, but more as an ill-humored and odious curiosity. But then last year—simply through the inexorable, brute machinations of the seniority system—Hays was delivered into the chairmanship of the House Administration Committee.

Up to then, the HAC had served as little more than an obscure clerical operation, something like the House orderly, tending to such perfunctory and mundane chores as passing on members' travel expenses and signing the payroll vouchers for committee aides and House employees in the barbershops and restaurants. But operating exclusively within this microscopic jurisdiction, Hays managed in barely a year's time—enjoying the wide latitude his fractiousness had earned him from other members—to negotiate his petty duties into a position of ponderous power in the House. Before long, he had even come to pose a challenge to the sovereignty of the Speaker himself—a development, altogether, roughly equivalent to a maintenance supervisor's taking over city hall by seizing the plumbing facilities.

However unnerving to the House's inner community, this happenstance could seem merely a curious incident in an ongoing intramural skirmishing that is finally of little real import to the larger world beyond Capitol Hill. But, in fact, Hays's feat is yet another weary instance —only more baroque than most—of that institutional infirmity of Congress whereby the true dynamics and processes of power are invested far less in national exigencies than in, as one young member ruefully notes, "this endless inside game of ego absolutely detached from what is actually happening to the people out there." No doubt, this is an inversion that is endemic to all institutions, from I. T. T. to religious agencies and charitable foundations all the way down to Jaycee chapters and local school boards. Certainly in Congress, the medium of power has mutated into a property and measure of men in itself, abstracted away from its appointed ends into a kind of apolitical, amoral currency negotiated primarily for its own increase. And it is this insular obsession with cloakroom politics that, as much as anything else, accounts for the lingering enervation of Congress before an overhulking White House—that deepening Constitutional disorder that has become of late so advertised a matter of unease.

To a real degree, the gathering confrontation between the Congressional and the Executive estates is simply a warring of institutions, impersonalized finally beyond the protagonists caught up in it like some indifferent battle of the elements. The Presidency itself is an establishment that has proliferated beyond any single mortal reach and has, in fact, assumed a distinct life, a personality, sensibility and vision of its own—an independent will and nature that, at least since Franklin Roosevelt, has quickly overwhelmed and assimilated the particular individualities of its successive occupants. That's why they have all wound up acting more or less alike, indistinguishable from their predecessors. As most recently and curiously evident with Nixon, they cease behaving like themselves, mystifying their previous ideological constituencies and probably at times even themselves, simply because they become the establishment itself behaving through them. No less consuming is the institution of Congress. "Anybody who stays on the Hill for any length of time," reports one House insider, "goes through countless hours of the most incredible and deadening crap and gamesmanship and attritions. It has extinguished far braver and brighter men than Hays. After a while, if you have any hopes at all of counting around here, you just atrophy into the system."

In Government as much as elsewhere, then, institutions are never so much the lengthened shadows of singular men as are men merely the foreshortened shadows of institutions. And if definition often lurks most authentically in the absurdities of caricature, Wayne Hays presents, at the least, an animated caricature of the quest for consequence in the institution of Congress.

• • •

When Hays gained his chairmanship, his first extensions seemed innocuous enough. With the assent of the rest of the committee, he invested himself with direct and personal responsibility for the daily operations of the House cafeterias, restaurants and barbershops. In the process, he dematerialized a special subcommittee chaired by Illinois Congressman John Kluczynski, and one Hill observer now recalls, "All Kluczynski had to do around this place was run that little restaurant committee of his. Needless to say, he's now the guy who hates Hays more than anybody else on the Hill, which is no slight distinction, considering the vigor of the competition."

Before long, Hays also quietly annexed direct control over the House barbershops, personally raising haircut prices and eliminating tips. In this, he was plundering the traditional province of doorkeeper William "Fish Bait" Miller, one of the unofficial inner potentates of the House. When word of Miller's profound disgruntlement over this expropriation reached Hays, he serenely proposed, "Hell, that goddamn Fish Bait's been trying to take over everything around here. It's time we did something about him, he's gotten way outta line." But even as he was saying this, Hays was further engaged in confiscating, from the House clerk, responsibility over the allocation of telephones to members' offices and—more portentously—dominion over the House's embryonic computer facilities, which are already conjuring in members' heads giddy visions of well-nigh Olympian access to constituency statistics and intelligence, a purview that will incalculably enhance re-election prospects. In time, Hays also ingested into his committee authority over the determination of members' fringe privileges, such as office expenses and allowances for trips back home. Now, declares one Representative, "about the only thing left in the way of these small essential services that Hays hasn't collected to himself yet is supervision over the parking lot. And he's begun angling his eye toward that one lately."

Throughout his steady, discreet, patient accumulation of these petty jurisdictions, Hays has proceeded, admits one colleague, "at least with the implicit consent of the rest of the membership. Anybody else would have despised the drudgery of taking on that committee and having to tend to all those little administrative routines. But not Hays. His genius was to perceive in all those tedious and piddling tasks a fantastic possibility for empire—due largely to the lack of desire on the part of everybody else to bother with them."

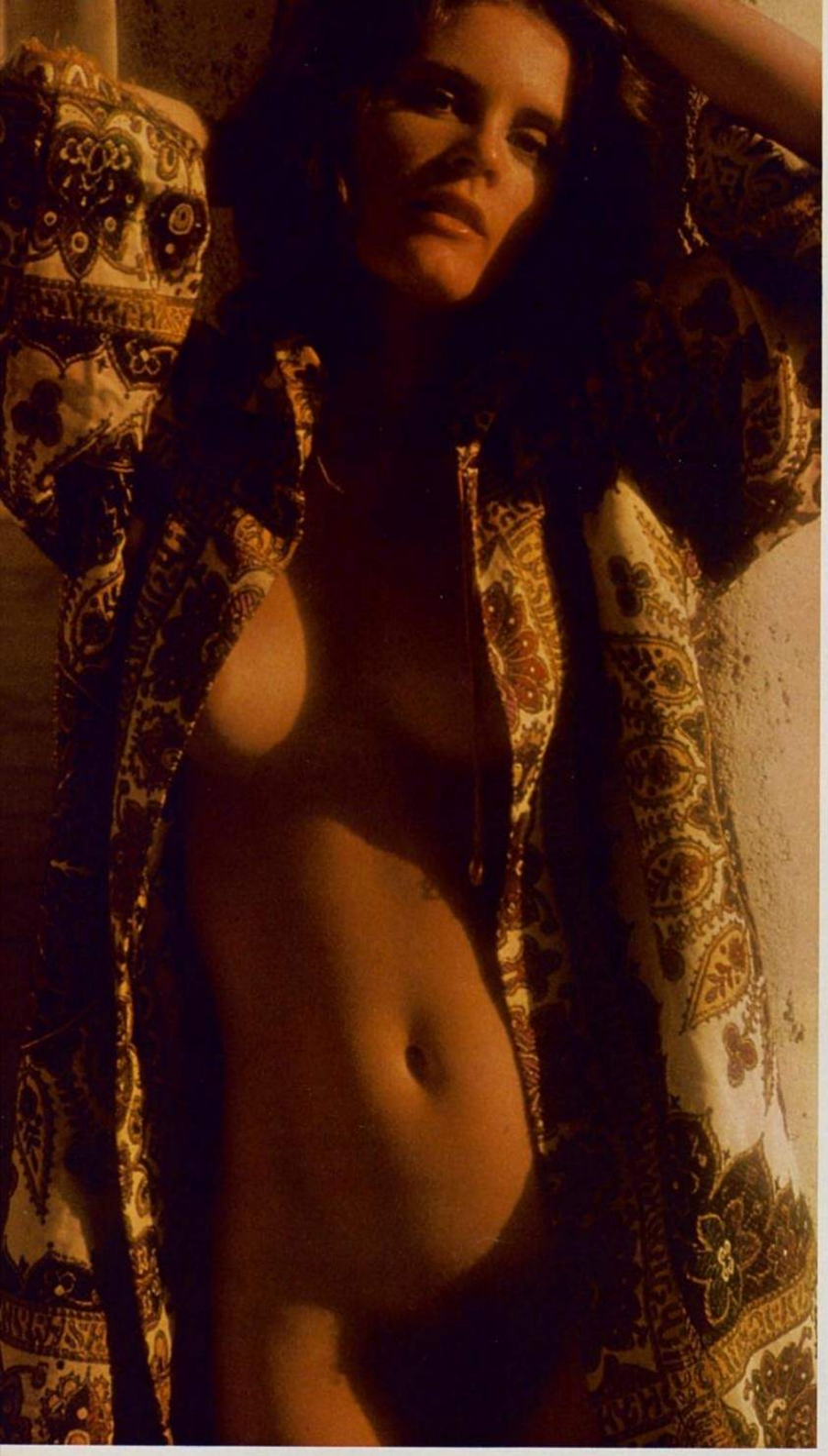
Indeed, Hays is capable of an almost Churchillian gusto for the menial. Strolling with a visitor through the rotunda of the Capitol recently, he paused amid the ranked effigies of various titans out of the struggles and sagas of the republic's past to recount in a hushed undertone a triumph of his own against the Capitol architect over the cleaning of the colonnades: "Now, look here a minute," he husked, "see the top of that column up there? See how nice and clean it is? You can't tell me that doesn't look a hundred percent better." Accordingly, when he seized supervision of the restaurants and barbershops, it was with all the ferocity and implacability of a Torquemada. He stalked balefully through the kitchens, firing a hamburger cook in one of them ("They told me he was stealing"), and retracted his edict against breakfast table service in the members' inner dining

(continued on page 86)

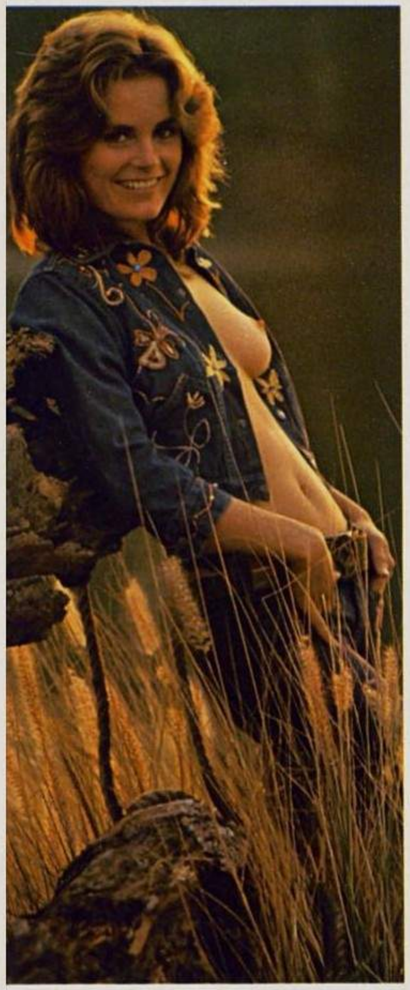
TENDER TRAPP

the saga of heather menzies, who has gone from playing a wunderkind in "the sound of music" to currently co-starring with a bunch of snakes—and has grown up along the way

BELIEVE IT or not, the young lady on the left appeared in one of the most sexless films of all time. She is Heather Menzies, and nine years ago, she portrayed Louisa von Trapp in *The Sound of Music*. Since then, however, Heather has appeared onscreen only once (as Julie Andrews' sister in the 1966 production *Hawaii*). But now, with the release of *Sssssss*, Heather not only makes her starring debut but leaves her juvenile roles permanently behind her. "During the shooting of *The Sound of Music*," says Heather, "I often wondered if I'd started out in movies



too young. I don't suppose you could say my career caught fire after the film came out." Be that as it may, the 23-year-old Toronto native was hardly idle between screen roles. At 16 she was cast as a murderess in a short-lived Garson Kanin–directed Broadway play and thereafter landed parts in several television commercials and on segments of *Bonanza*, *The High Chaparral* and *The Farmer's Daughter*. In her new film, she plays the daughter of a scientist who—according to Heather—"believes that the only way to solve the problems of the world is to create a master being, which the doctor defines as a cross between a human and a king cobra." A highlight of shooting *Sssssss*, which is about to be released, was the presence of nearly 100 poisonous and non-poisonous snakes featured in the film. "I was surprised," says Heather, "that we took only four weeks to film, considering all the problems we could have had with them. In one scene, I had to play opposite a 15-foot-long python with its mouth held shut by nothing stronger than Scotch tape. In another, I had to hold the star king cobra, and he nearly stole my scene." We doubt that, Heather.



At right (top row, third from left) is Heather Menzies as she appeared in *The Sound of Music*. "I have good memories of my first movie," she says. "In addition, it was on *Music*'s set that I met the man who eventually signed me for *Sssssss*."

Above and on opposite page: several views of Heather as she appears today. "I like to think of myself," she says, "as soft and old-fashioned-looking. I don't seem to have the typical *Vogue*-model look. I'm just not that sophisticated."

"If I were to select a vehicle for myself, I'd likely pick some moody fantasy. In *Sssssss*, my father [Strother Martin] turns my boyfriend, his assistant, into a snake. By the film's end, both he and my boyfriend are dead, I'm the only one left alive and I freak out. Actually, *Sssssss* comes close to my ideal; it's great fantasy. I just prefer happier endings."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI

CHAIRMAN SKINFLINT

(continued from page 80)

room only when one exasperated Representative pitched his loaded self-service tray against the wall one morning. "One thing in particular that had bugged me for years," Hays reports, "was the haircut situation around here." Summoning House barbers to his committee's hearing room to inform them they were "con artists," he then advised them that if they engaged in any unauthorized conversations about his stewardship, he would promptly pull all the shops out of the Capitol. "Now, any of you fellows think you're being put upon, just go on downtown and find another place to work," he added, "'cause I got a lot of barbers back in my district I can bring in here if you don't want your job." (Since this session, as it turns out, Hays has been getting his own hair trimmed elsewhere.)

The truth is, Hays has achieved a few not altogether negligible economies, most notably in the operation of the restaurants. "He's accomplished just enough to keep most of the fellows around here from calling his hand on how he's gone about it," concedes one of his most devout critics. "No question there was a certain amount of flab in the daily expenses of running this place, and a lot of guys feel that maybe we needed one mean, enthusiastic son of a bitch to straighten it all out."

But after consolidating this private duchy, Hays began venturing into somewhat more swashbuckling presumptions. When a staff aide to Minnesota Congressman Donald Fraser invited several witnesses to testify at a hearing being conducted by Hays's State Department subcommittee, Hays proclaimed the invitations a violation of his territorial imperative and therewith refused to sign the aide's monthly pay voucher—in effect, firing him. Astonished, Fraser finally had to stall the proceedings of the whole House with quorum calls before Hays consented to restore the aide to the payroll. Even so, Hays snorted, "We're going to have a showdown with this guy when he gets back here from a European junket. After that, I'll decide if he keeps on getting paid." As if to amplify that, Hays chose to depart town for a period last summer and leave suspended in his office the unsigned payroll vouchers for a whole throng of House employees, from pages to doormen, some of whom finally had to take out loans until he elected to return.

Then last August, the House's press and television corps recommended several appointments to vacancies in the custodial personnel of their respective galleries —appointments that were actually House staff positions, the final domain of Speaker Albert, and which Albert duly approved and confirmed. But shortly thereafter, Hays notified two of the appointees that he would process their pay checks only through midmonth, after which they would have to look for new careers elsewhere. Only after the most strenuous entreaties by a Capitol press delegation—and finally by Albert himself —did Hays relent. But again, he did so only tentatively, announcing he had struck upon the notion of devising a special subcommittee to start trimming "nonessential employees." At the same time, though, he had expanded his own Administration Committee staff from 28 to 71, making it the bulkiest on the Hill.

By now, it was clear that what Hays's quiet extensions constituted, ultimately, was an unprecedented advance on the traditional prerogatives and legitimacies of the Speakership itself. Hays's multiplying incursions provided Albert no small measure of private distress. A tiny, tidy, leprechaunish man, scrupulously decent and amenable, Albert began imploring intimates, "What is wrong with Hays? I've got to do something about that man, I just can't allow this business to go on any longer." But, to the despair of many members, Albert still lingers in a curious lassitude of incredulity.

"The truth is," asserts one member, "Carl's just afraid of him, like most of the other guys here."

Indeed, Albert's apparent faltering of spirit is a circumstance that seems to captivate no one more thoroughly than Hays himself, and almost by way of celebration, Hays clangored to colleagues in a House cafeteria during the protracted days of the last session, "Hell, since Rayburn died, hasn't anybody been able to figure out how to get this goddamn place closed up. The thing about Carl, he's just too nice a guy."

In all of his most audacious challenges to Albert and other members, one Congressman points out, "Hays has yet to really follow through—to deliver on his bluffs." But power in Congress is peculiarly transacted in a more indirect and oblique script; it has always been largely a dialog of the tacit, a flourishing and flexing of feints, like heavyweights sparring in the dainty French manner.

"Just take his approval power over committee budgets," notes one member. "For some of these committees, getting funded is literally a matter of life and death, and it's not lost on anybody anymore that they're dealing with the kind of guy who'll take your desk away if you piss him off. Hays has demonstrated to everybody's satisfaction, believe me, that he's in possession of an absolutely enormous *potential* for clout, and the way things work around here, that's enough for him to be able to enjoy its consequences without ever having to actually apply it. And now, when you look around here, all of a sudden you discover Wayne Hays has about become the invisible czar of this place."

But about the only gratification his laboriously collected influence would seem to provide to Hays now is the static voluptuousness of miserdom: He has never, in the past, seemed given to any special ideological urges to which he could now apply his heft. He is commonly regarded as one of the more crustacean conservatives abiding in Congress and once ridiculed antipoverty legislation on the basis that it placed community reforms in the hands of the poor, who "have been a failure all their lives." Yet he also voted for most of the civil rights legislation of the Sixties and has lately presented modestly adventurous proposals for campaign-financing reforms (though later, disconcertingly, undertaking to modulate that) and for strip-mining restrictions, albeit belatedly, considering the ravaged condition of his own district. Though he served as an unflagging apologist for the Vietnam imbroglio, he also entertains the notion that "If the Russians decide to attack us, I just pray to God they drop their first bomb right on top of the Pentagon, because then maybe we'll have a chance to go on and win the war." Serving on the Reese Committee during the McCarthy delirium in Washington, Hays asked one particularly officious witness, who had advertised himself as a specialist in Communist thinking, to speculate about the likely source of a statement that Hays then carefully read off; when the witness promptly pronounced it the unmistakable tissue of a Communist mentality, Hays said, "Well, that's funny, 'cause those words were written by Pope Pius the Twelfth." On the whole, then, he has appeared more or less a haphazard collage of sourceless whims, a kind of political platypus, hybrid and neuter.

About all Hays himself offers by way of political self-definition is, "A man is known, I guess, by the enemies he makes." Hays cites his, at the moment, as "John Gardner, Ralph Nader, *The Wall Street Journal* and the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*." Any ideological rhymes in that motley assortment of adversaries would seem hopelessly elusive, aside from the fact that they have all recently, in various criticism, given Hays offense. That, Hays explains, is precisely the point: They define what apparently constitutes his sole historical passion—"They can't control me. They can't tell me what to do."

• • •

Hays arrived in Congress more or less devoid, then, of any basic political persuasion but, speculates a House veteran, "as a very smart and very able fellow who suddenly found himself in the midst of a lot of other equally able and ambitious guys. So it's like he just decided, at some point, that he was going to have to find some gambit that was totally outside the conventional patterns, something not easily available to anybody else."

He was conspicuously uncomfortable

(continued on page 210)

her infidelity had been tolerated countless times— but even the most patient of men has a breaking point

fiction **By Tom Griffin**

flies, snakes, fat benny

IT WAS MONDAY. Lunch break. August, and the heat was eating at the red-brick facing on the south side of the costume-jewelry factory. Fat Benny and I sat slumped against the wall near the loading dock, surrounded by pallets, crumbled masonry, twisted scraps of rotten metal and the Truk-Away garbage container. Nice place to eat lunch. Warrior flies occasionally attacked the wilted lettuce sitting in my lunch box.

Benny was studying the racing form, chomping at a sandwich. He ate with his mouth open. He was a great one for oxidizing his lunch. His weight hung about him like so much

lard in an unheated pan.

"What you got?" I asked.

"Huh?" Looking up from the form, eyes squinting from the glare off the concrete.

"To eat. What today?"

"Oh. Frankfurts. I got frankfurts. Cold frankfurts and lots of ketchup. Leftovers. It's her specialty. Christ. . . ." Pause. "I'll tell you, kid, I got a winner in the sixth. No way they're gonna stop her. Top dog. No questions asked."

"Tonight?"

"Right. Dr. Honey out of the eight box. She'll go off about five to one. Guaranteed winner. She loves the eight. Used to be an A dog. She's dropped to C. Guaranteed."

"Benny, tell me something."

"What's that?"

"When're you gonna stop feeding the dogs?"

"Jesus, kid, this one's as good as with the trophy now."

"She'll probably still be running about this time tomorrow."

Benny laughed. "Dumb college kids, you don't know nothing, anyway."

"Dr. Honey sounds like she'd do better with a jockey."

"The trouble with you is you still think dogs is for fire engines!"

I smiled. Next day, next lunchtime, Benny would tell me how the fleet Dr. Honey had been bumped as she left the box. Always something. I was waiting for the day when his explanation would be that the dog had contracted premature arteriosclerosis while gnawing a contaminated dog biscuit before post time. It wouldn't have surprised me.

From inside, there was the vaguely muffled humming and clanking of the machines. The jewelry factory, like the Coast Guard, never slept.

It was a summer job. I was doing the romantic bit of working my way through school. And romantic as romantic was, I had rapidly learned that conveyer belts, hot steel, the incessant drone of foot presses, the bitching and hair-tearing antics of factory women (piecework pieces in knee-length colorless dresses, legs sculptured in varicose relief), these were all things best left to frenetic Trotskyites with Marxist delusions. The factory was hell.

Benny continued to chomp at the sandwich and flip through the pages of the program. His enormous body (300 or so flaccid pounds) was all sweat and grease. His hair had matted like a wet animal's. He looked up, almost cautiously, again squinting.

"Kid."

"Yeah." I had a boiled-ham-and-lettuce sandwich. I was tired of separating the fat from the meat.

"I ever tell you about my buddy, Tony DeLuca?"

"I don't think so," I grinned. Benny had an inexhaustible supply of buddies. Everything from Christian Brothers to hit men.

"He drives a trailer. A trailer driver. You know, up and down from here to Florida mostly. Well, I mean, that's all that's important about him; but he's got this friend named Willis. Funny name, huh? And Willis, he's a snake tamer."

"Snake tamer?"

"Yeah. Snake tamer. He raises snakes, catches snakes. Plays with them, teaches them tricks and everything. I mean, he ain't weird or nothing. It's his job. He does it for a living."

Benny stopped. He gobbled the last of the sandwich, wiped his chin with the back of his hand, then wiped his hand on his pants, leaving a bloodlike stain on the thigh. He pointed to the garbage container.

"Flies. They oughta do something about them. It ain't right to eat with flies in the area. Unsanitary."

"And . . ." I said.

"And what?" Benny looked puzzled.

"What about the snake tamer? This guy Willis?"

Benny looked at me, took a meaningless swat at an imaginary fly, a ghost fly, then looked away. Obese and sweating in the midday sun, he seemed as if he no longer had the energy to continue. It was the first time I had seen him this way, not as a kind of cheerful lunchtime clown but as a lumbering animal with a bullet buried somewhere deep in his gut, trying to find some sunless place to rest, to crawl from the light, to maybe even die. Like a patchwork bison in a city zoo, blinking in the heat, confused. He looked at me again, then picked up the racing form and, with a strange determination, began to tear it into thin strips.

"What're you doing?" I asked, surprised.

"Christ, kid, the dog'll get bumped. They always do. You know that. They always get bumped. Out of the box. Bumped."

I said nothing. Benny sat against the wall amid the shreds of program. From inside, there was the persistent hum of lifeless machinery. Conscienceless flies attacked the garbage bin, zigzagging between metal and wood, landing, darting away.

"Dr. Honey ain't got a prayer. . . ." Benny's voice drifted.

"Scratch . . ." I said.

Then, very seriously, "You know this guy Willis I was talking about; well, he's got coral snakes. You know what that is?"

"Poisonous," I said.

"Almost instant."

"Yeah."

"And then, bang! You got yourself one dead mother!" And Benny laughed.

The lunch whistle blew. Exquisite timing. It always gave me that peculiar feeling of *déjà vu*: of eighth-grade civics class, girls with tangled braids, scratched blackboards with ageless notices concerning gumchewing and the clicking of pens. But now it was just a shrill signal to return to work, as if the rhinestone wonderland would atrophy without us. I had developed an entire philosophical system based on the diverse mysteries of costume jewelry. It was a sign of premature madness.

Benny and I lifted ourselves, grabbed our lunch boxes and started to go back. When we reached the door, he stopped me. He smiled slightly.

"Kid, you like me, don't you?"

"Sure, Benny."

"Huh?"

"Sure," I said.

"Well, listen to me. You listening?"

Nervously, "Yeah."

"Look, I'm going in there now, in that hole in there, and I'm gonna do something that you're gonna think ain't right. I mean, you ain't gonna approve. You're gonna think I'm crazy or something. You know, like I lost all my marbles." He chuckled self-consciously. "So I just want to tell you now that I got a reason. A good reason. And since you're my buddy and all, I don't want you to think that I'm crazy or nothing. All right? You understand?"

I nodded, confused.

"And later on, I'll tell you all about it, what it's all about and everything. So trust me. You gotta trust me, OK?"

"Well . . . I mean . . . what. . . ."

"Trust me," he said, his smile broadening, large hand extended.

"Sure, Benny. Sure." We shook hands. Benny gave me a hearty uncharacteristic slap on the back and we went in.

Rows of pale-green machinery sat waiting. Others were returning to their work, some still chewing tuna salad or gnawing an apple. Benny and I walked silently side by side. Dull conversations about the fate of the Orioles, menstrual bleeding and Johnny's third tooth were mercifully suspended. The whistle had blown.

When we reached our section, Benny put his lunch box down and, without a word, began walking toward the north end of the factory.

"Where're you going?" I asked.

No response. Benny lumbered his way between the machines. He smiled and waved to a few cronies and continued. I watched from a distance, more fearful than curious. He stopped and talked briefly with Eddie Miller. Eddie ran the numbers. Benny handed him a few dollars, laughed, then moved on.

When he reached the small squared-off area where they boxed necklaces, he stopped. And then it happened. Benny reached into his back pocket and pulled out a switchblade. One fluid practiced move. Zip, and the knife, designed for the cleaning of dead fish, was there. He clicked the blade (steel and serrated) into position; then, moving more quickly than

(continued on page 175)

PLAYBOY'S HISTORY OF ORGANIZED CRIME

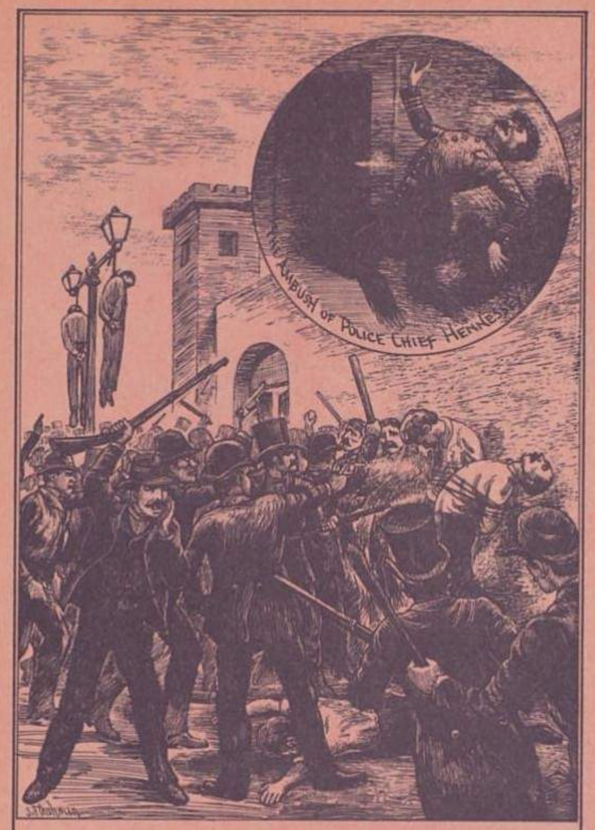
PART I: THE AMERICAN DREAM

article By RICHARD HAMMER *from modest beginnings and clumsy first efforts—the roots of empire*

"DEAD RABBITS" GANG STALKS STREETS OF GOTHAM
IN A SHOW OF STRENGTH, THE "DEAD RABBITS" GANG RAMPAGED THROUGH THE LOWER EAST SIDE OF NEW YORK CITY BRANDISHING ITS SYMBOL, A RABBIT IMPALED ON A STAKE. THE GANG'S FAME SPREAD AFTER THE CIVIL WAR

IN THE BEGINNING was disorganization. The world of crime —chaotic, violent, often purposeless, sometimes internecine—mirrored the society in which it grew and flourished, and in the 19th Century, American society—pushing outward in every direction with often uncontrolled energy—was chaotic, violent, sometimes purposeless and at war with itself and its nobler aspirations and philosophies.

The tone of a society is inevitably set by those at the top. And the period between the end of the Civil War and the beginning of World War One was the age of the robber barons, an age when the only goal seemed the accumulation of vast wealth and power. In that untrammeled quest, conscience played no part. Members of Presidential Cabinets —and there were rumors even about Presidents themselves—and of Congress, politicians on every level, from the local precincts to the national Government, became rich selling inside information, trading favors, using secrets entrusted to them for their own ends. Some became the servants of their

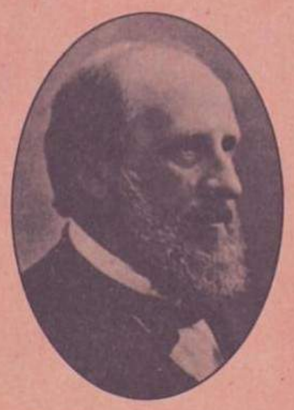


POLICE CHIEF BRUTALLY MURDERED!
NEW ORLEANS MOB LYNCHED MAFIA KILLERS AFTER ASSASSINATION OF POLICE CHIEF DAVID HENNESSEY

corrupters and kept themselves in power and in office by corrupting those they were supposed to represent: by buying votes, by employing gangs of hoodlums to make sure the votes were cast the right way, by wheeling and dealing with absolute scorn for the public good. The man with enough dollars could buy anything: from a Senator to a railroad right of way to respectability and honor. Jay Gould and Jim Fisk went too far and eventually tumbled. But not before they had amassed millions and accumulated inordinate power, which was, of course, their goal. The Vanderbilts and Harrimans, the Carnegies and Rockefellers and the rest, though, bought and sold politicians, officeholders, ordinary people as though they were stacks of wheat, railroad ties or barrels of oil. And they bought honored places in society as well. Boss Tweed ran New York, and his counterparts around the country ran their cities, not for the people who lived there but as personal fiefdoms. Only when their arrogance and greed, which were never secret, became so overweening that the cloak of caution fell away was there any retribution—and it was always mild.

But these decades were not just the age of the robber barons. This was the age, too, of the poor, when the gap between those at the top and those at the bottom was growing ever wider, turning into an unbridgeable chasm. It was the age when the myth of the American dream was spread, nourished and magnified in every city and village of Europe. Across the ocean was the Biblical land of milk and honey, where the streets were paved with gold, where opportunities were limitless, where even the powerless had power. To escape the noose of poverty, ignorance, tradition and caste of the Old World, it was necessary only to board a ship and endure a few weeks in the misery of overcrowded steerage. At the end, there would be riches and power and respectability for all. And there were no bars; everyone was welcome:

Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore,
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tossed, to me:
I lift my lamp beside the golden door.



"BOSS" WILLIAM M. TWEED
LEADER OF TAMMANY HALL

The dream that it was possible to exchange the privations and persecutions of the Old World for the riches and freedom of the New brought, in the decades after the Civil War (until restrictive legislation was finally passed), more than 25,000,000 immigrants to the United States. They came in successive and mounting waves, led by 3,000,000 Irish and millions more from western and northern Europe, followed by 4,000,000 Italians, a similar number of Jews from central and eastern Europe and millions more from eastern and southern Europe.

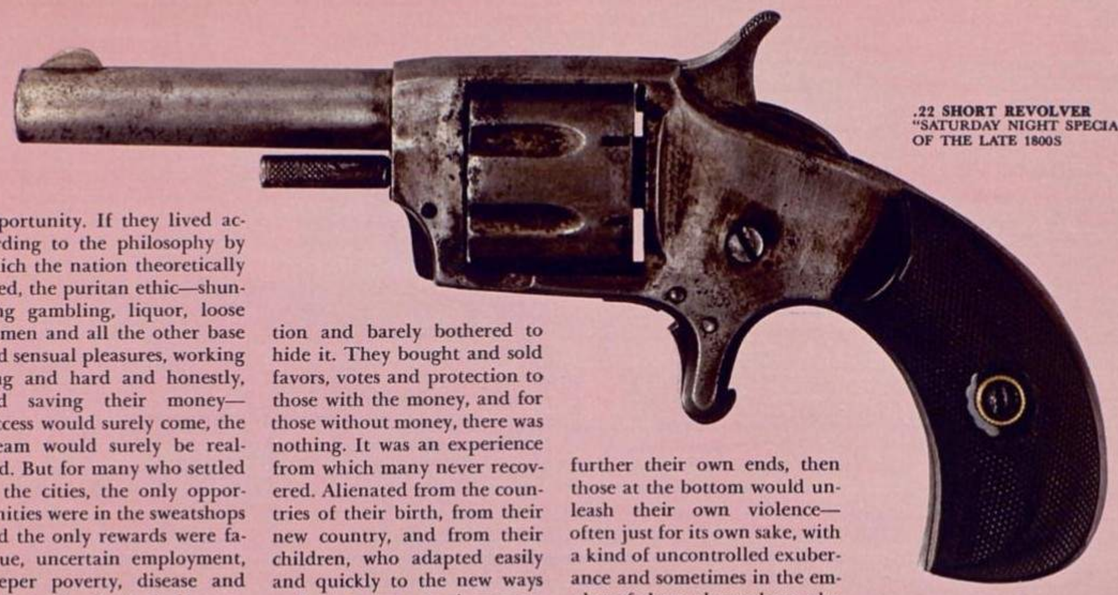
But in America, the dream became little more than a nightmare for many of the new arrivals. They quickly perceived, for it was impossible not to, the gap between the philosophy of the American dream and its reality. Crammed into teeming urban ghettos along the Coast, or into new ghettos arising in the interior, piled into buildings that seemed to deteriorate into uninhabitable slums even before they were completed, bewildered by the multiplicity of strange customs and languages that beat upon them in a never-ending din, the poor of Europe became only the poor of America. Their opportunities were narrowly restricted in this strange new land by their ignorance of its customs, mores and language. And by the contempt in which they were held by those who had preceded them.

DETECTIVE JOS. PETROSINO
HUNTED DOWN THE BLACK HAND

There were no golden streets. But America, they were still told, was the land of opportunity. If they lived according to the philosophy by which the nation theoretically lived, the puritan ethic—shunning gambling, liquor, loose women and all the other base and sensual pleasures, working long and hard and honestly, and saving their money—success would surely come, the dream would surely be realized. But for many who settled in the cities, the only opportunities were in the sweatshops and the only rewards were fatigue, uncertain employment, deeper poverty, disease and early death—the end of hope.

TONG LEADER MOCK DUCK
AGREED TO 1906 PEACE TREATY

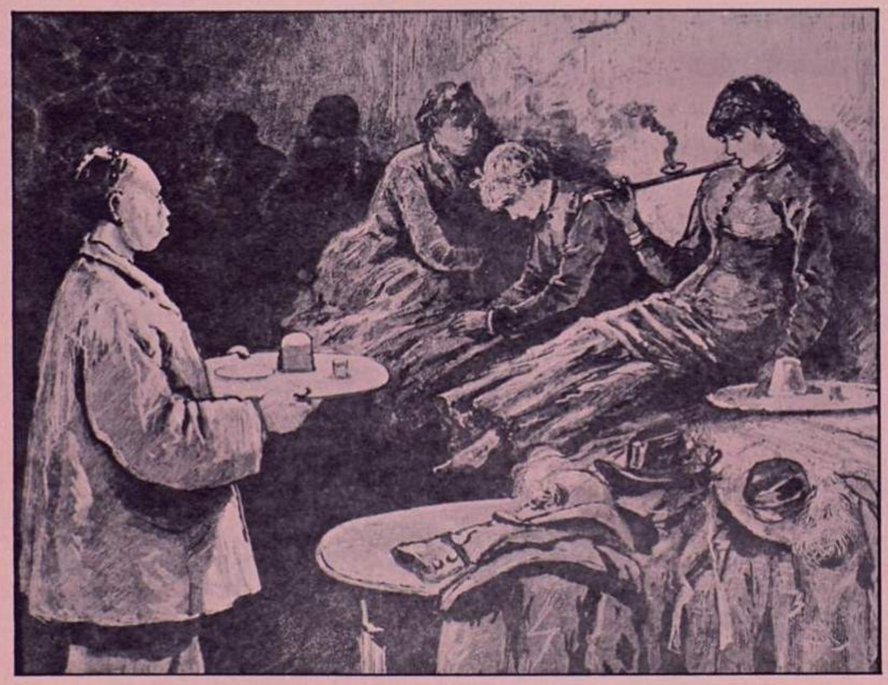
Even worse was the discovery that no one but the poor newcomer was expected to give more than a perfunctory nod to the puritan ethic, to morality, to conscience. Certainly not those who had made it or were making it. And there was no one to protect the interests of the poor. The politicians and the police wallowed in corruption and barely bothered to hide it. They bought and sold favors, votes and protection to those with the money, and for those without money, there was nothing. It was an experience from which many never recovered. Alienated from the countries of their birth, from their new country, and from their children, who adapted easily and quickly to the new ways and the new environment, many of the immigrants froze into an almost psychotic isolation and despair.



.22 SHORT REVOLVER
"SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIAL"
OF THE LATE 1800S

However, there were some, especially the young, who looked at the new land, recognized instinctively its hypocrisy and emulated those in society's upper strata. If violence permeated society and those at the top employed it to further their own ends, then those at the bottom would unleash their own violence—often just for its own sake, with a kind of uncontrolled exuberance and sometimes in the employ of those above them who needed violent men. If those at the top were not bound by laws and codes of moral conduct, then neither would be those at the bottom.

Across the nation, every urban ghetto—in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Detroit, New Orleans, Chicago, San Francisco and the rest, as they turned from frontier settlements into metropolitan centers—swarmed with gangs, collections of young toughs made tougher, more belligerent and violent, given more strength through unity and numbers. They were the children of immigrants or immigrants themselves forging their own paths to a share of riches and power they were certain they could get no other way. Frightened, and so enraged, the young reacted by joining gangs and giving themselves guises and names that would create around them an aura of fear. Some shaved their heads and others let their hair grow long; some wore iron-lined derbies both as a trademark and as a weapon, while others wore distinctive caps; some dressed in little more than rags and others wore nearly formal clothes; some sported distinctive scarves or sashes; some wore hard-toed, hobnailed boots—the better to stomp their victims into submission; all carried knives, truncheons, guns or weapons of some kind. They called themselves by a thousand different names, reflecting neighborhood, origin, purpose: They were the Whyos, the Bowery Boys, the Dead Rabbits (rampaging with a rabbit impaled on a stake), the Gophers, the Short Boys, the Whitehall Boatmen (looting the waterfront from small skiffs), the Tenth Avenue Gang, the Street Cleaners, the

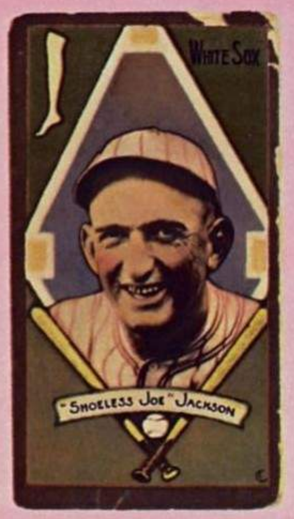


ONE OF MANY OPIUM DENS IN NEW YORK'S CHINATOWN
THE MONGOLIAN CURSE SPREAD UNTIL THE PASSAGE OF TOUGH, RESTRICTIVE LEGISLATION:
THE PURE FOOD AND DRUG ACT OF 1906 AND, LATER, THE HARRISON ACT

Four Gun Battery Brigade, the Moonshiners, the Village Gang, the Rag Gang, the West Side Gang, the Wellington Association, the Gas House Gang, the Midnight Terrors, the Growler Gang, the Five Points Gang, the Eastmans, the Madison Street Marauders, the Grant Street Gang—the list is endless.

Almost without exception, they were jingoistically ethnic, restricting membership to those of similar origin and from the same small neighborhood enclave (in an age when the telephone and other devices were a restricted novelty, intercity or even interneighborhood communication, and so association, would have been almost impossible). If the Irish formed a gang, then nobody but another Irishman, and a neighborhood Irishman, at that, could join; and the same rule applied for gangs of Neapolitans, Sicilians, Jews and all the rest as they arrived in America and settled into the cities. There was no overlapping, for strangers were both feared and despised.

ARNOLD ROTHSTEIN
"FIXED" THE 1919 WORLD SERIES



"SHOELESS JOE" JACKSON
HE TOOK A SERIES BRIBE

If some of the gangs were formed initially as a means of self-protection, to provide safety in a group of friends where such safety would be absent for the individual, that purpose did not long remain primary. In the jungle of the slum neighborhoods where they operated, the gangs became a kind of untamed beast that roved and rampaged with few restrictions. As long as they limited their activities to their own domain and did not encroach on the world outside, on the rich and the growing middle class, nobody seemed to pay any real attention or care very much. It was a social attitude that persisted. As long as *they* stole only from each other and maimed and killed only their own kind, why should anyone give a damn or try to do anything to stop them? The aim of the police and civic authorities often seemed to be to keep the gangs bottled up within their own territory but to permit them free license there. The victims were, after all, only the poor and the alien, whose traditions had taught them to fear and so expect the worst from authorities; they rarely complained, because they were certain complaints were useless. Besides, they had little political clout or influence to persuade or force those in power to come to their assistance.

So, in the poor neighborhoods of the cities, hardly a store was safe, hardly a home or business not a potential target, hardly a lonely pedestrian not a likely victim. The gangs robbed and pillaged, terrorized and brutalized with impunity. They made no pretense of being anything but what they were. Violence came easily, almost naturally. The Whyos, for instance, would not even

STREET GANG
A GROUP OF YOUNG NEW YORK TOUGHS IN THE EARLY 1900S

ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE ROTH
AFTER JOHN SLOAN CIRCA 1907

enlist a new member unless he had already committed at least one murder, and this requirement was well publicized.

At first, much of the violence was indiscriminate and purposeless—or to minor purpose. The targets and the victims were chosen by whim; they could be anything or anybody that was there; and, as a result, the rewards of crime were just as uncertain. A young waiter named August Hoffman could take a rest during a work break on 11th Avenue at 28th Street in New York in 1875 and suddenly be attacked, beaten and robbed of the few cents he had in his pockets by members of the Tenth Avenue Gang who just happened to be passing by and spotted him. Twenty years later, a gentleman strolling on Fifth Avenue on the border of the poor areas could suddenly meet members of the Wellington Association on their way home from a chowder party; his eyes would be blackened and his wallet stolen. And about the same time, the Midnight Terrors could decide to form a baseball team, realize they didn't have the money for uniforms, gloves, balls and other equipment and so maraud through New York's First Ward, beating and robbing anyone they came across in hopes of getting the money. "We eat most everything," said one of the Terrors, "and what we couldn't eat, we sold; dat's de way we was to get de uniforms for de ball club."

While most gangs were narrowly local, the province of the young and concerned with small, indiscriminate depredations, some, though retaining the ethnic balance, broke the pattern. They were not native to America at all but were brought over by immigrants who had come of age at home and had received their training there. They adapted their groups to the new environment and, in some cases, even spread across the country, though until the development of fast and widespread communications, their links with one another tended to be rather hit or miss. Among them were the Mafia, the Camorra and similar secret terrorist societies brought to the States from Sicily, Naples, Calabria and elsewhere in Italy, and the Chinese tongs.

It was inevitable that in the massive wave of Italian and Sicilian immigrations in the last decades of the 19th Century, as with other waves from other areas, some of those who arrived would have been bandits at home. They carried their calling with them, setting up shop in the narrow enclaves where their countrymen settled. Almost as soon as a substantial Italian settlement was established anywhere in the United States—in New York, Chicago, Kansas City, in the shrimp and fishing areas around New Orleans and the Gulf Coast—those who had preyed on Italians at home would be preying on them here. From bitter experience in their own land, the immigrants had learned neither to trust nor to rely on official authority for protection or help, and nothing in the initial American experience persuaded them that any could be expected here. Thus, the immigrants were open to threats, extortion and blackmail, and they felt they had no choice but to pay for safety.

The technique was simple and every Italian in the United States was a potential mark. A letter would arrive bearing the imprint of a black hand—giving rise to the theory that a secret society called the Black Hand was behind it, when, in reality, it was just another operation of the Mafia brought over and adapted. In the old country, such extortion demands were common and the letters were often marked with a drawing of a dagger or a pistol or some other threatening design. The letter would demand money in exchange for protection. If the money was paid, there would be no trouble—until the next demand. If it was not paid, then the store or business of the recipient would be wrecked, a member of his family abducted or beaten, he himself assaulted or even killed. "My father," explained one Sicilian immigrant to writer Frederic Sondern, Jr., of those days around the turn of the century, "would pay. He would say, 'Giuseppe, you see, it is the same as at home. The Mafia is always with us.' Then I would plead with him to go to the police. After all, we were in America. 'No, Mother of God, no,' he would shout. 'The police here cannot do even as much as the police at home. They do not know the Mafia. We get put out of business or killed and no one will know why. They do not understand the *mafiosi* and they never will.' "

The price of resistance was well known, for there were numerous examples. In 1905, a wealthy Brooklyn butcher named Gaetano Costa received a Black Hand letter informing him, "You have more money than we have. We know of your wealth and that you are alone in this country. We want $1000, which you are to put in a loaf of bread and hand to a man who comes in to buy meat and pulls out a red handkerchief." Unlike most of his neighbors, Costa refused to follow instructions. He was shot one morning while working behind the counter in his store. His killers were never found, for the witnesses wouldn't cooperate with the police.

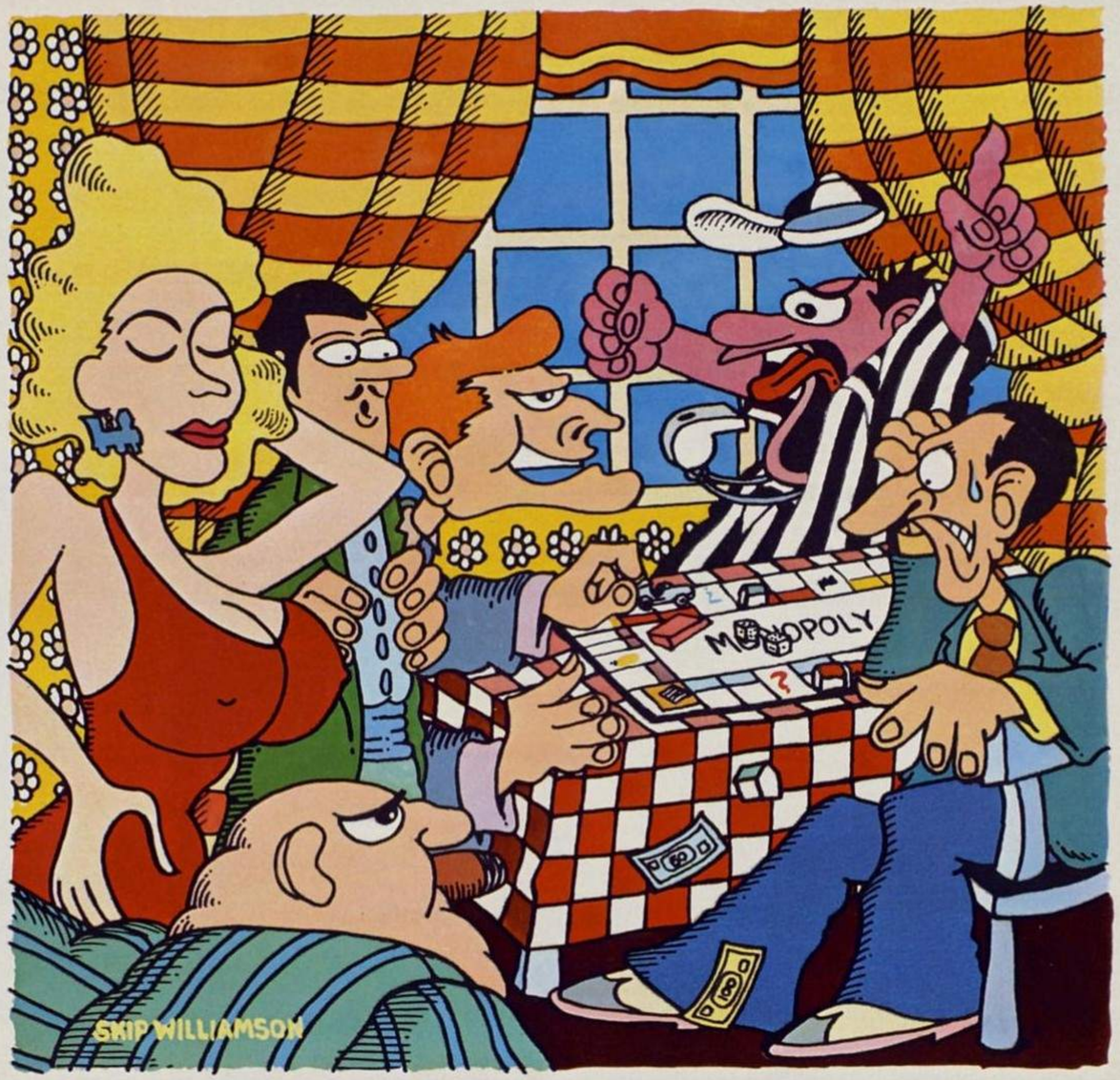
"They were panic-stricken," said one detective working on the case, "and said it would be worth their lives if they said a word."

So the victims, great and small, usually just paid. It became part of their lives. No one but a *mafioso* was immune. Even such as Big Jim Colosimo, boss of prostitution and vice in Chicago's Levee—the notorious First Ward—during the first two decades of the 20th Century, was not immune and, for a time, even the police on his payroll could not protect him. So he paid. The great Italian tenor Enrico Caruso was another victim. During an engagement at the Metropolitan Opera, shortly before World War One, Caruso received a Black Hand letter demanding $2000. He came across without a murmur. It was only when a second demand was made, this one for $15,000, that Caruso balked. He went to the police, who set a trap and captured two prominent Italian businessmen picking up the money where Caruso had been instructed to leave it, beneath the steps of a factory. The two were convicted of extortion and sent to prison in one of the few successful forays against the racket. But Caruso, despite his fame, was considered in grave danger and for some time required protection from police and private detectives.

Though extortion would always remain a major element in the underworld's operations—particularly in its moves into legitimate business in later decades—the Black Hand technique of looting a whole community of the poor and not-so-poor was a passing phenomenon, even among a tightly knit and easily cowed group, for it only took and in return gave nothing but protection against itself. It lasted about 20 years, from the turn of the century to the dawn of Prohibition, and roughly coincided with the rule over the American Mafia, and particularly over the organization in New York, of its major advocate, the brutal and vicious Ignazio Saietta, known as Lupo the Wolf. A *mafioso* in his native Sicily, he had arrived in the United States a grown man in 1899 and, almost immediately, the Black Hand terror erupted. It lasted until 1920, when Federal authorities caught up with him, not for extortion but for counterfeiting, and sent him to prison for 30 years.

Though Lupo the Wolf perfected and fostered the Black Hand extortion technique in America, the Mafia had taken root long before he arrived. It existed and ruled in most Italian communities, though known only to the residents, who would not talk about it. It established its domain among them and rarely moved outside. Within its own sphere, though, the Mafia was alternately giver and taker, protector and violator, hero and villain. *Mafiosi* like Giuseppe "Joe the Boss" Masseria, Ciro Terranova, Francesco "Frankie Yale" Uale, Salvatore Maranzano and others captured a monopoly on artichokes, olive oil, wine grapes and other necessities of Italian life and extracted a price for permitting their distribution. They ran Italian lotteries and other gambling games, the houses of prostitution, almost everything on which the immigrant community sustained its life. They were the bankers and moneylenders to the poor, who could borrow nowhere else, and they charged interest rates to keep the borrower forever in debt. They made arrangements for relatives to come to the United States, legally and illegally, but at such a

(continued on page 166)



SHOWDOWN ON BOARDWALK

article

BY RICHARD WARREN LEWIS

the world series of monopoly, where the stakes are high, the dice are fickle and the action is mostly in the wrist

"GENTLEMEN, roll your dice!"

The voice on the loud-speaker echoed through the Grand Ballroom of the Detroit Hilton, where 164 competitors from a dozen states waited expectantly. It signaled the start of the world series of Monopoly, an invitation-only tournament held on the third Friday of October for the past ten years. Among the regulars seated at 41 checker-clothed tables was Paul J. Rice, an intense research engineer dressed in the rumpled salt-and-pepper suit and Argyle socks he had worn while winning the 1971 title. According to unconfirmed rumors, Rice had employed a computer to devise this year's strategy, which he refused to divulge. But no player was more feared than two-time winner Karl Schaefer, an Oak Park, Michigan, insurance agent known for his ruthless play and absence of visible emotion. The last time anyone could recall Schaefer smiling was after his 1970 victory, which he celebrated by lighting a cigar with a $500 bill—in Monopoly money, of course.

Moments before, security officers had intercepted the heavily bearded Apostalas Pondaledes Christedese, the self-proclaimed Greek national champion, who through some inexcusable oversight had failed to receive an invitation. Accompanied by an interpreter, he defiantly presented his credentials: a 100-drachma note, a hunk of *feta*, a bottle of Cyprus red wine and a can of grape leaves stuffed with rice. Finally, he produced a hand-lettered scroll reading: "The above has remained undefeated in the game of Monopoly while holding in one hand three Coney Island sandwiches (heavy on onions) and doing a Greek dance with handkerchief

(continued on page 100)

T PARTY

good news, all you secret stanley kowalskis—the t-shirt's back on top

attire BY ROBERT L. GREEN

Like, if God had meant for us to wear dinner jackets all the time, He wouldn't have created T-shirts, right? It's one thing if you're invited to the Presidential Inauguration or a heavy opening night at the Met, but when time's to be killed by the gum-ball machine—well, that calls for real class. Besides, who wants to boogie in opera pumps? Another T-rific thing about T-shirts is that they're basically nonproductive. You just pull one on and stand there, cool as you please. Because when you're into a body-hugger, you're into a whole different scene. Like the lad at right, who's got two very comfortable numbers wrapped around him. The one of cotton knit is a multicolor Navaho-type print, by Madonna, $6.

Or take this guy. He's just finished combing his hair and his necker knob hand is plumb tuckered out. So what's he do? Try the real thing—a cotton knit T-shirt with contrasting trim and tricolor sleeve treatment, by Gordonn Gregory, $5.

When it's playtime and you're up for a super-big score—at the old pinball machine, of course—why not come on like this flipper king, who's wearing a special-order multicolor knit Antron T, by Peckerwood, $30.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ALBERTO RIZZO
PRODUCED BY WALTER HOLMES

Rock 'n' roll is here to stay, and so's this *hombre*, who's just goofin' around in his funky terrycloth T-shirt with printed beach scene and ribbed trim, by Michael Milea/Peter Sinclair, $7.50.

SHOWDOWN ON BOARDWALK

(continued from page 95)

waving." Scrutinizing the proclamation, which was authenticated by the presumed signatures of Nick the Greek and Jackie Onassis, the hastily gathered credentials committee unanimously sanctioned Christedese's participation.

In years past, some less-than-serious contestants had arrived in Dracula capes, safari suits, sheik outfits, hard hats and swallowtails. This year was no exception. Stares greeted the entrance of a real-estate developer wearing a crushed-velvet dinner jacket in Baltic Avenue maroon. He paid his entry fee with a crisp five-dollar bill and then, to the knot of curiosity seekers gathered around him, distributed business cards reading: "Arthur L. Greenbaum . . . truly a legend in his own time."

James Treloar, a 1971 finalist who had covered previous tournaments as the *Detroit News* "Monopoly editor," was holding court at one of the two bustling bars inside the ballroom. To anyone within earshot, he explained a painstakingly researched graph titled: "Dollars of Revenue Produced for $100 of Development in the Highest Revenue-Producing Property from Each Color Group in Monopoly." Treloar—who in previous tournaments had brought his own sterling-silver dice, which he burnished with a chamois between moves—claimed his study proved that the light blues (Connecticut, Vermont and Oriental) were the best investment on the board.

Conversations overheard at the bar disclosed some equally impressive game plans, along with several fanciful ones. There was the Pum-Tuckeroy Defense—a war-of-attrition strategy pioneered by the legendary doubles team of Max Pum and Hartford Tuckeroy in the 1937 grand nationals; it involved ownership of all four railroads and at least one property of all color groups, thus preventing their opponents from obtaining any monopolies. Others argued that the oranges are the most valuable properties on the board, since an inordinate number of moves originate from Jail and rolls of six, eight and nine from Just Visiting are fairly common. A few fanatics adhered to the Royal Blue Ploy: the neglect of other properties in favor of exclusive development of that high-rent ghetto, Boardwalk and Park Place. And one group debated the causes of Baltiphobia, an unnatural fear of Baltic Avenue and its blighted companion, Mediterranean.

Before moving to their assigned tables, the competitors also swapped stories of past *gaffes* and glories. Like the time a well-known attorney cooled his heels in Jail for two turns—refusing to use his Get Out of Jail Free card—while opponents landed on his heavily developed properties and knocked themselves out of the game. And the time a Canadian champion sealed his downfall in the quarter-finals by passing Go and forgetting to collect $200.

Michael Alber, a diligent flack for Parker Brothers (Monopoly's manufacturer), who drinks his Scotch out of a glass emblazoned with the Water Works symbol and uses a Just Visiting coaster, informed a group of questioners that Monopoly is the most popular board game—other than chess and checkers—ever marketed. It has sold more than 70,000,000 sets in 12 languages since being introduced in 1934, he said proudly. This revelation was followed by a discussion of the classic poser: whether Monopoly is a game of chance or of ability. Opinions were sharply divided, but none explained it as well as Dr. Joyce Brothers, who once wrote, "There is enough skill so that if you win you can compliment yourself on being the best player, and enough luck so that if you lose, you can blame it on the dice."

Conspicuous by his absence was perhaps the most skillful all-around player in the country, title attorney Bernie "Flatiron" Ginsberg—so named for his severe crewcut and favorite token. Oldtimers spoke of his gamesmanship with hushed reverence. Ginsberg traditionally appeared in rented top hat and tails—an unsettling sight with his six-foot, 140-pound physique—but one year he excused himself just prior to game time, entered a nearby phone booth and changed from his tux into a suit of baggy tweeds. This perfectly timed Clark Kent ploy threw his three formally attired opponents completely off balance, making them feel overdressed, and they never recovered their aplomb. Ginsberg also benefited from uncommonly providential rolls of the dice, both during the game and in its preliminaries. When disputes developed over claiming the flatiron token, he never lost the roll deciding its ownership, and the loser was left at a distinct psychological disadvantage. This combination of superior dicemanship and gamesmanship enabled Ginsberg to become the only three-time winner of the coveted Stein-Fishbub trophy, a three-foot trophy of the *Winged Victory* named after a legendary undefeated doubles team.

Karl Schaefer, whose name was engraved on the Stein-Fishbub as 1967 and 1970 champion, loomed as Ginsberg's heir apparent—having developed some diabolical maneuvers of his own. He was widely despised for disconcerting opponents with a series of distractions that included constantly drumming fingers, grating coughs, periodic tics, occasional hyperventilation and, most disconcerting of all, nervous glances over the shoulder. "Schaefer's style of play is slashing and intimidating right from the start," warned attorney Lee Weisenthal, chancellor of the United States Monopoly Association. "Throughout the game, for example, he'll speed things up by moving everyone else's tokens as well as his own. Rice may be the defending champion, but watch out for Schaefer."

The kitchen, bedroom and dining room of Weisenthal's Detroit home were the site of the first world series, actually a reunion of 16 boyhood friends. Word-of-mouth accounts circulating among the city's legal and medical fraternities swelled the number of participants to 40 in 1964. Following these bitterly contested early matches, everyone would wind down by adjourning to a neighborhood bar. Numerous rounds of drinks inspired misty-eyed visions of future tournaments featuring trick-move and blindfold Monopoly exhibitions, workshops with titles like "How to Stop Doubling into Jail," a lecture series on the Baltic juggernaut and a search for the mythical bible of the game, an out-of-print book titled *Monopoly Pincers*.

The world series really came of age as an important sporting event in 1967, when the finals were broadcast, play by play, on a local FM station. Listeners were able to hear the shrill whistles of stripe-shirted referees arbitrating such floor disputes as whether or not a roll had ended in cocked dice (meaning one of the dice had nestled against the Community Chest or Chance stack rather than lying flat on the board) and when players were eligible to build houses (only after passing Go).

Through the years, the officials had ejected one player who attempted to sneak a hidden $500 bill into a game and had found several other miscreants guilty of "cuffing," a moving violation described in the U. S. M. A. glossary as "token manipulation requiring split-second timing and a well-starched shirt cuff; executed after the throw of the dice and before moving the prescribed number of spaces; most common forms are the cuff-back and the cuff-ahead."

From the outset, women were cheerfully admitted to the proceedings as nonpaying guests, forbidden to play but welcome to serve as bankers and drink couriers. "Women do not play as a result of an oversight," according to the 1972 tourney notes. "When the rules were amended in 1949, it was decided that competition would be open to any qualified male or female player. Through inadvertence, the words 'or female' were omitted from the final draft, which was duly ratified and adopted. Tied up as it is with serious matters, the board of governors has just not gotten around to correcting the mistake." A minor fem-lib disturbance had occurred three years before, when several Monopoly widows unsuccessfully picketed for a coed tournament. "This is totally ridiculous," Weisenthal told the press. "I don't know of a single woman who has ever established a name for herself in Monopoly."

There was to be no such skirmish in

(continued on page 195)

"Right after this scene, I'm going to sue her for divorce on grounds of adultery."

Journey into silence

article
by Jack Denton Scott

deep within the arctic circle, by an icy lake without a name, you breathe air so pure that it hurts

A CHINESE-WALL-FRONT glacier is, as its name suggests, a giant sheet of glacial ice that pushes up a formidable wall as it moves forward. Often this ice wall acts as a barrier, blocking entrance to the land behind it, creating a situation rare in our time—a place untouched by man.

Just the thought of a fresh area that we haven't littered, polluted and overpopulated is enough to set the imagination afire. The world is so well trampled that no matter where you go—even to the moon—someone has been there before. There are no new lands to conquer and there is little left unspoiled.

Thus, a few years ago, when I received a letter from a Norwegian friend, I took it and ran with it. He had gone back to see his father in Tromsö, Norway, where he had been born; he had spent a couple of weeks there, then returned to Rome, where he worked as a diplomat. His letter said that sealers and cod fishermen in Tromsö had reported that a region with a small lake that hadn't been viewed by man in 12 years was thought to be accessible.

A Chinese-Wall-front glacier had locked it away all those years, but several warm summers and mild winters had melted parts of the glacier, vast cliffs of ice that had reached the sea, undercutting them, and large pieces of ice were calving into the sea. At the rate that this was happening, it was almost certain that a channel would be opened through which a small ship could pass. My friend was fascinated with the prospect of seeing this lake but couldn't take the time to go there. He sent me the name of a shipowner in Tromsö who could arrange the trip if I were interested.

Interested? Visiting an area unmarked by man for 12 years was an opportunity that no one concerned with the survival of his senses could pass up. It seemed impossible that such a place still existed. But it did, and, with some fancy financial footwork, I went there. I write of it now, not only out of nostalgia for an experience and a nearly lost land that I shall never forget but because it all became current when I recently heard that the lake that had again been isolated by ice for four years is reported opened once more. I want to go back, retracing that trail to the far north.

It began with a jet to Copenhagen, then a prop plane to Bardufoss, then a shaky bus through rocky farmland to Tromsö, 329 miles above the Arctic Circle, which surprisingly, with 40,000 people, turned out to be much more than an outpost. There I boarded the Lyngen, a rusty 120-foot steamship of 500 tons that wallowed like a sick whale and took almost a week to reach Longyearbyen, a sparsely populated coal-mining settlement.

Bleak, surrounded by towering black mountains, smelling of coal dust and cod, the fish odor coming as if sprayed from two sea-beaten old vessels anchored in the harbor, Longyearbyen is the capital of Svalbard, "archipelago with the cold coasts." It is an accurate description of a group of islands twice the size of Belgium that form this Norwegian Arctic Ocean sovereignty. There are only 1070 people inhabiting the entire area, mainly Norwegian and Russian miners, trappers and those manning weather stations. Traditionally known as Spitsbergen, some of it less than 600 nautical miles from the North Pole, it lies close to the polar ice pack, is half-covered with glaciers and its entire coast line is slashed with fiords. I had the feeling of teetering on the edge of the earth, as I stood *(continued on page 187)*

ILLUSTRATION BY NITA ENGLE

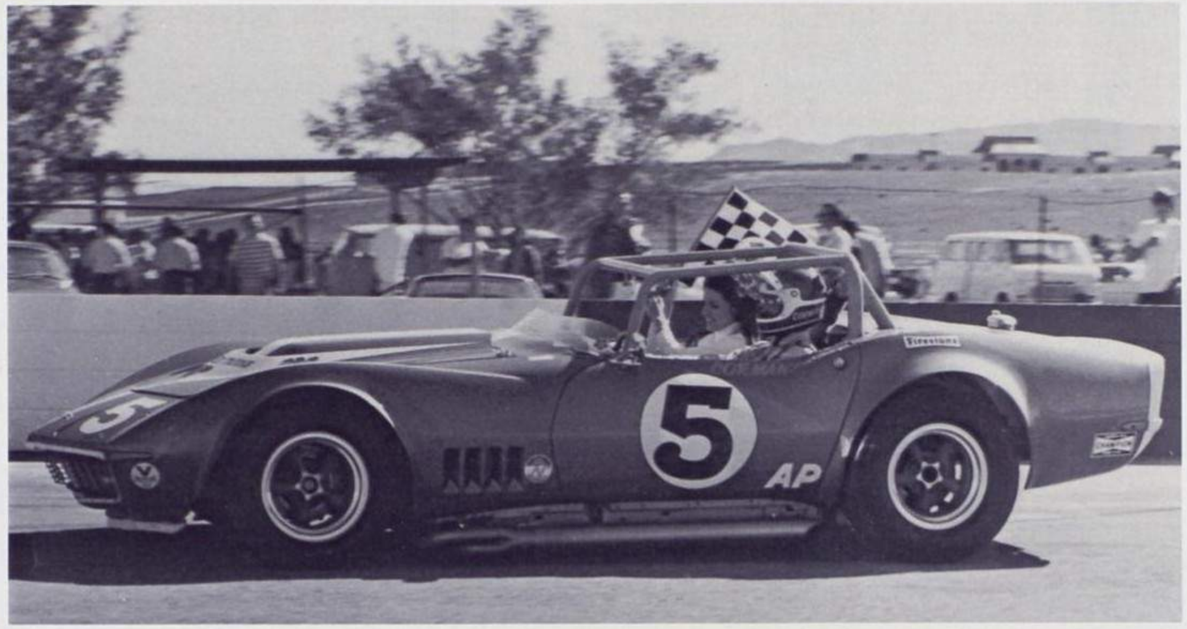
all wrapped up in auto racing, playmate phyllis coleman has turned a pit crew into a thing of beauty

WINNER!

"I TAKE THE ATTITUDE that he's more likely to be killed driving on the freeway than on a race track with professional drivers," says Phyllis Coleman of David Cormany, her man *and* her boss, a promising young driver on the Trans-American racing circuit. For many years she studied for a ballet career, but when Cormany bought one of actor James Garner's Corvettes and decided to try for the pro circuit, 23-year-old Phyllis took over the publicity for his team. She didn't realize she was getting into what turned out to be a round-the-clock routine, but her love of the sport—and her fondness for Cormany—makes it rewarding. "David and I match up on and off the track," says Phyllis, who lived in New York and Illinois before settling in California. For several days before a race, she must help him prepare mentally for the competition. "He can't have a normal relationship with

August Playmate Phyllis Coleman, in the pits at Riverside, California (right), has more than a vested interest in keeping her boss, David Cormany, in one piece: He's her guy. Phyllis handles all the public-relations chores for Cormany's racing team.

Phyllis helps strap Cormany into his car (above). Later she leans over the rail to show him he's leading the race, six seconds ahead of his closest rival (right). Afterward, she joins him in the 'Vette for a victory lap with the checkered flag (far right).



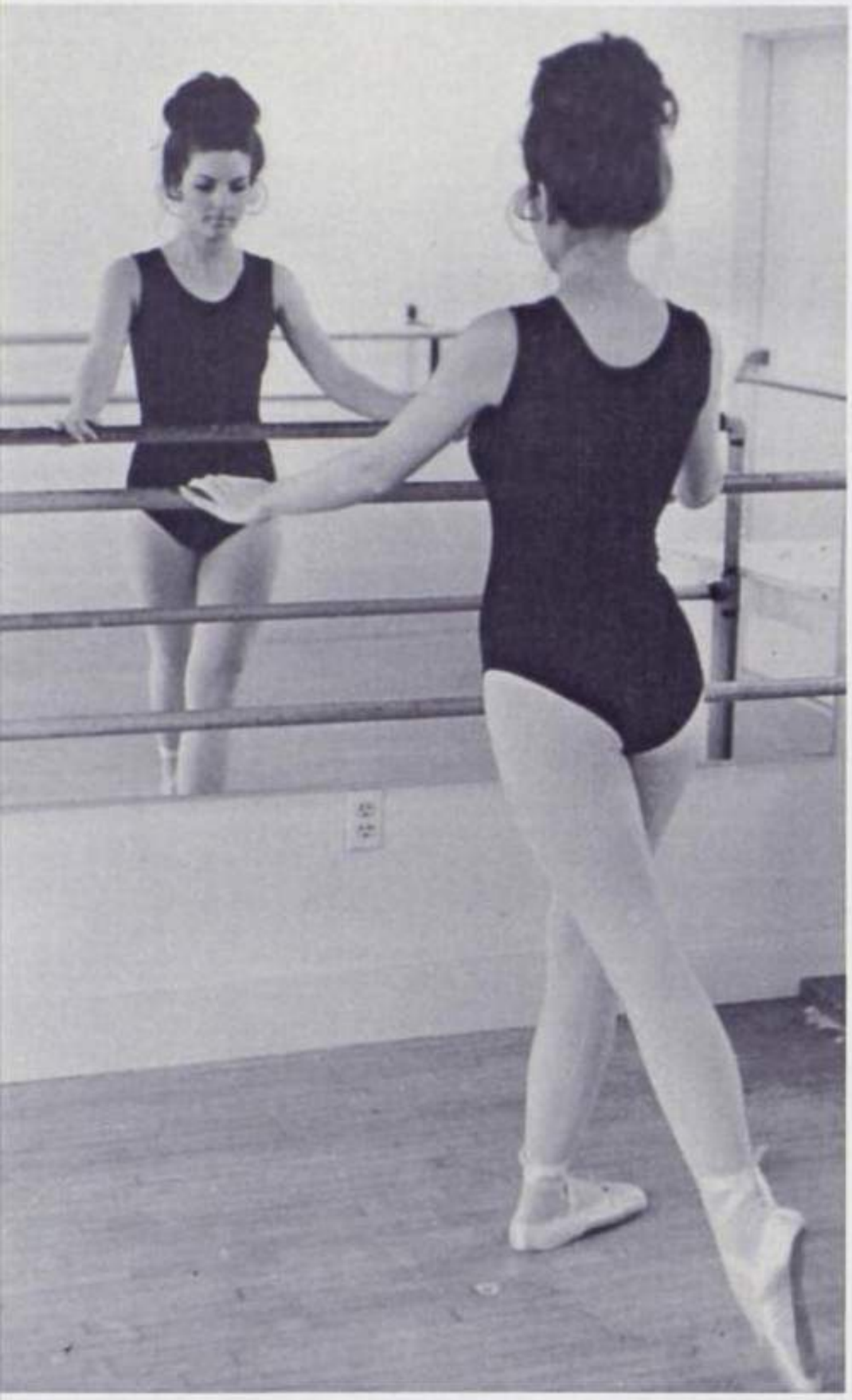
Although Cormany has done well in competition—he finished third in Atlanta's Race of Champions—Phyllis has been unable to find him a permanent big-name sponsor. "It's frustrating to see someone with potential not being able to realize it, but you just have to wait for the break, be in the right place at the right time and not give up." Below: Far from the racing world, Phyllis puts up her hair in preparation for ballet exercise.

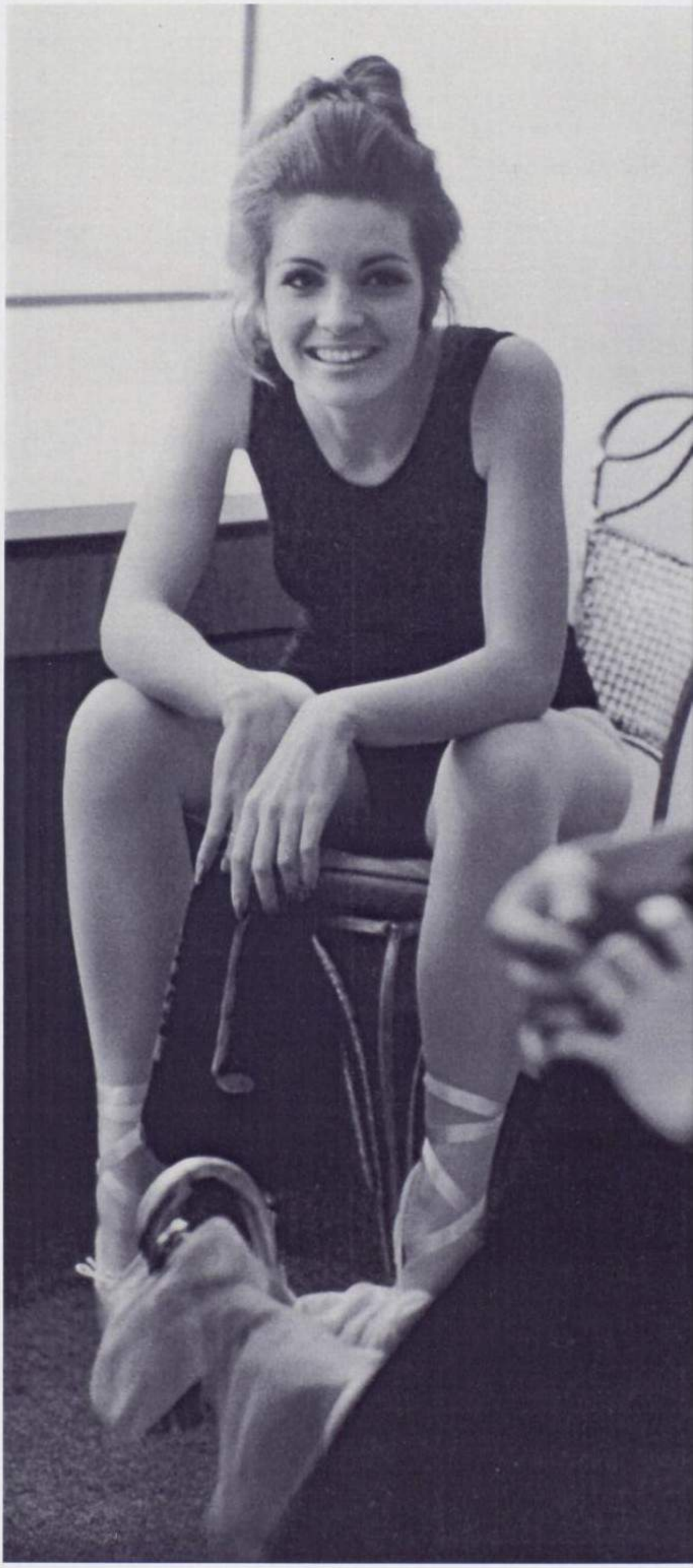
PHOTOGRAPHY BY THE FIGGES AND ED DELONG

anybody during this period," she says. "Little things upset him and he's very cold." On the day of the race, she acts as track hostess, escorting the team's sponsors if they attend the race. "You try to project a good image for their product, but you're just part of the package. It's strictly business." Some of that business is pretty far out: One church-group sponsor painted WIN WITH JESUS on Cormany's car. ("It just may have helped," Phyllis says.) She also has to keep watch on her preoccupied driver. "I have to make sure he eats. He even forgets that." After checking him out, she dons still other hats—writing notes, taking pictures, keeping up with how the other competitive teams are doing and maintaining liaison between Cormany and the chief stewards of the event—and between chores she bites her nails. After the race come more publicity tasks: first, shooting candids of the grime-covered car and driver, then, after Phyllis gives Cormany a rubdown, some more formal shots with pit crew and sponsors. Later she begins her hardest job: helping her guy wind down. "It relaxes him to talk about the race, so I rap with him for hours." Lately, Phyllis has been thinking about going into racing herself. "I'm not sure I could handle the pressure, but I think I've got as good a chance as the next woman." Any volunteers for a man Friday?

MISS AUGUST
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Phyllis does some preliminary work at the bar to loosen up for ballet practice. She says she isn't sorry she exchanged her dancing ambitions for Cormany's career. "Ballet is a more feminine discipline and racing a more masculine one, but they're similar in the concentration and dedication they demand. I admire those who have the courage and awareness of their bodies that both require."





PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The lovely gold-medal-winning swimmer was amorously indisposed when her bedside phone rang one evening. Since she'd been waiting for a talk-show call, she answered it. "I'm the sports director of the Y. W. C. A.," the caller said, "and I was wondering if someone in your position could possibly teach our youngsters the proper swimming techniques."

"I'm sorry," the girl passionately squealed, "but anyone in *my* position would drown!"

It's rumored that the trademark people in Washington are in a quandary over an application from an electrified-dildo manufacturer to register the term Good Vibes.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *nudist colony* as a place where sun worshipers hang out.

A golf pro manually guiding a shapely pupil through her swing somehow managed to entangle the back of her skirt in his trousers' zipper. Try as they might, they simply weren't able to separate the two garments, and the fellow and the girl were the object of amused looks from other golfers as they lock-stepped in some embarrassment toward the clubhouse for assistance.

Just as they reached it, a large dog came racing around a corner of the building and dashed a bucket of water on them.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *vagina* as the tunnel of love.

Of course not!" exclaimed the voluptuous young thing. "I'm not that kind of girl! Also, Momma said I shouldn't. Besides, the grass is damp. And anyhow, ten dollars isn't enough."

Seeking to turn his kingdom into a gay paradise, a homosexual despot summarily banned all heterosexual activity and forced his male and female subjects to live in separated communes. After a period of increasing frustration, most of the males formed a mob and began rioting at the palace gates.

"Your Majesty, heed the mob!" implored his frightened chancellor. "Those men are crying for broads!"

To which the king replied, "Let them eat cock!"

My daughter has some sort of crazy desire to lose her hair," the worried mother declared to the family doctor.

"How so?" asked the medical man.

"Well, I overheard her on the phone the other day telling her closest friend that she hoped she'd be bald soon."

Three men pooled their funds to make a policy bet. Since they couldn't agree on a number, they decided to select one on the basis of the respective natural lengths of their penises. The first fellow to unzip measured close to six inches, the second tallied about four and the third came in at just over two and a half. So they put their money on 643 and could hardly believe it when it turned out to be a winner.

"It's lucky," said the first, "that I'm especially well hung, or we wouldn't have had a six in our number."

"And it's lucky," said the second, "that I'm pretty much of an average guy, or we wouldn't have had a four."

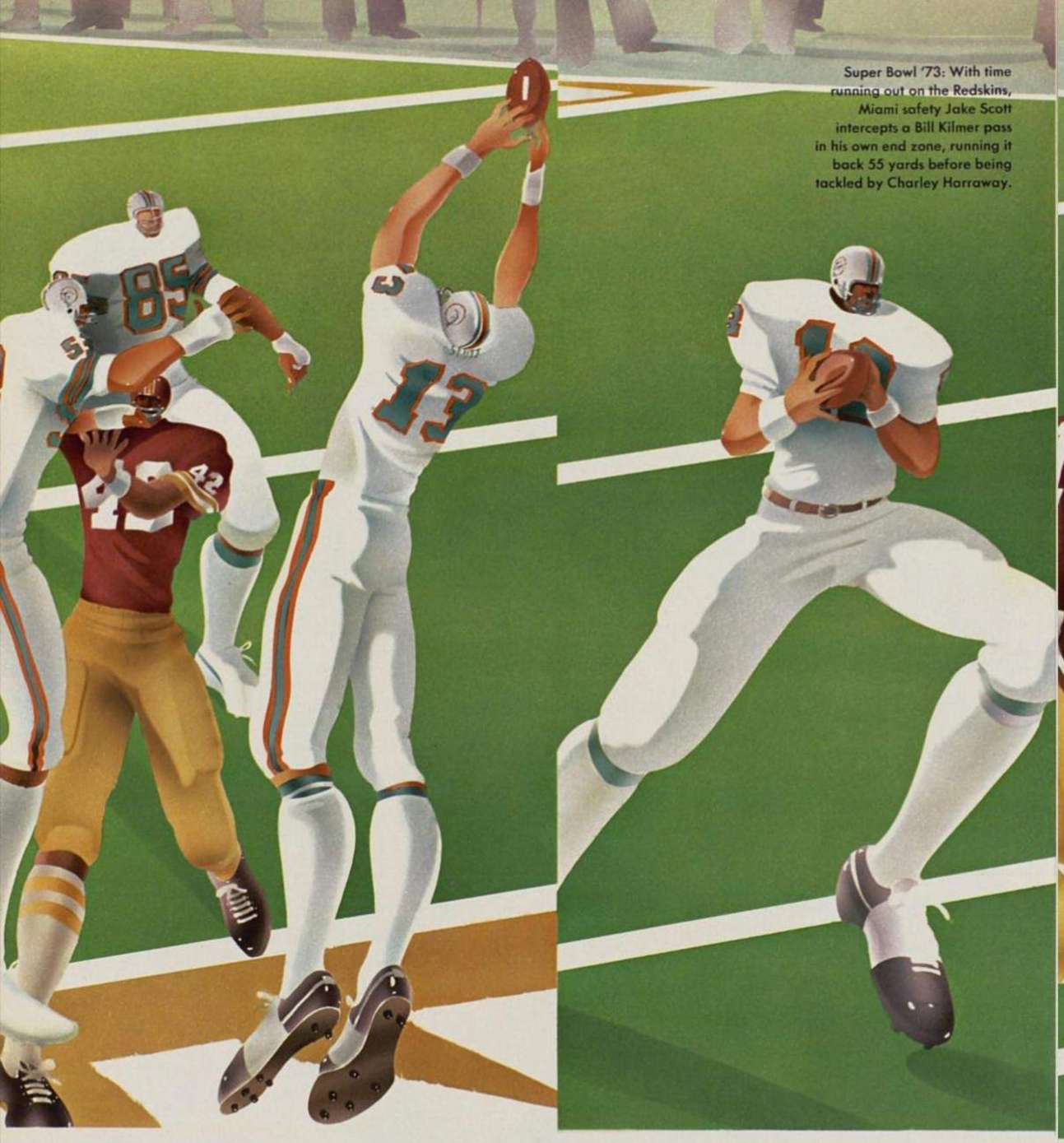
"And it's damn lucky," squeaked the third fellow, "that I cheated and concentrated on thinking about Raquel Welch just before we measured up!"

An elderly college professor became engaged to one of his students and immediately enrolled for restorative therapy at a nearby marital clinic. "We're very interested in your case," said his counselor after the final session on the day before the wedding, "and would appreciate your telegraphing us a brief coded report as soon as possible. If you simply feel generalized stirrings tomorrow night, word it 'Studying chemistry.' If you manage any sort of erection, make it 'Passed anthropology.' And if you score, by all means telegraph 'Received A in physics.'" The oldster agreed.

Two mornings later, the message arrived. It read: "FLUNKED EVERYTHING EXCEPT FRENCH."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. $50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"Look at my side, dearie. Where would I be if I went about givin' it gratis to every bloke what calls himself Jack the Ripper?"



Super Bowl '73: With time running out on the Redskins, Miami safety Jake Scott intercepts a Bill Kilmer pass in his own end zone, running it back 55 yards before being tackled by Charley Harraway.

PLAYBOY'S PRO FOOTBALL PREVIEW

an early line on the teams and players in both conferences of the n.f.l.

SPORTS BY ANSON MOUNT THE LETHARGIC DAYS of mid-July arrive, and while many citizens are sipping gin and tonics on shady lawns or driving air-conditioned campers into the hills, some 2000 muscular young men are traveling to such exciting places as Hattiesburg, Mississippi, and Hiram, Ohio, to sweat and grunt and batter one another in professional football training camps. By mid-September, about half of them will have been sent home.

The start of the season, once an emotional high point for fervid football fans, has been drained of much excitement by a half-dozen pre-season games played in packed stadiums before full TV coverage. The climax of the season, the Super Bowl, has in recent years suffered from such dull play that it has become anticlimactic, leaving one yearly event that fans still seem to get increasingly excited about—the college draft. Interest in the draft is such that we anticipate the N. F. L. will soon hold the annual choosing rites in the Astrodome and sell tickets.

A major reason for the intense fascination with the draft is that many football enthusiasts have only in the past few years become aware of the enormously sophisticated and exhaustive research with which teams (with the possible exception of the Washington Redskins) prepare for the big day. As a result of all this, much of the

THIS SEASON'S WINNERS	
AFC Eastern Division:	Miami Dolphins
AFC Central Division:	Pittsburgh Steelers
AFC Western Division:	Oakland Raiders
AFC Play-offs:	**Pittsburgh Steelers**
NFC Eastern Division:	Washington Redskins
NFC Central Division:	Minnesota Vikings
NFC Western Division:	San Francisco 49ers
NFC Play-offs:	**Washington Redskins**
SUPER BOWL:	**WASHINGTON REDSKINS**

guesswork has been taken out of the player selection, especially in the later rounds. Years ago, a large proportion of players selected on the first two rounds were glamor players from large colleges. "In those days," says Dallas Cowboy chief scout Dick Mansperger, "any knowledgeable fan with an idea of his team's needs could have conducted a pretty good draft, at least through the first few rounds." But no more. The beginning rounds of the draft are now likely to have a heavy population of unknown names from obscure schools and the first player chosen in each of the last two drafts was neither an All-American passer nor a flashy runner. In both years, he was a defensive lineman, and that pattern will likely continue next year with the selection of Ed Jones from Tennessee State.

The Cowboys, of course, are the consummate practitioners of the science. Last season 45 athletes originally signed by Dallas were playing with other teams. Two players who started in the Pro Bowl (defensive end Coy Bacon and safety Cornell Green) were originally signed by Dallas as free agents. Twelve of last year's rookies drafted by the Cowboys made other N. F. L. rosters. The frustration in Dallas is that, given a 40-man limit, the Cowboys are sometimes beaten by teams filled with talent they have drafted and been forced to trade away.

Last year, however, there was more than enough talent to go around, so let's look at the teams and see how this year's unprecedented number of quality draftees will affect prospects for the 1973–1974 season.

THIS SEASON'S TOP ROOKIES
(In approximate order of immediate value to their teams)

Charles Young	Tight End	Philadelphia Eagles
John Matuszak	Defensive Lineman	Houston Oilers
Jerry Sisemore	Offensive Tackle	Philadelphia Eagles
Joe Ehrmann	Defensive Lineman	Baltimore Colts
Wally Chambers	Defensive Lineman	Chicago Bears
John Hannah	Offensive Tackle	New England Patriots
Steve Holden	Wide Receiver	Cleveland Browns
Ernest Price	Defensive Lineman	Detroit Lions
George Amundson	Running Back	Houston Oilers
Brad Van Pelt	Linebacker	New York Giants
Cullen Bryant	Defensive Back	Los Angeles Rams
Paul Seymour	Offensive Tackle	Buffalo Bills
Sam Cunningham	Running Back	New England Patriots
Dave Butz	Defensive Lineman	St. Louis Cardinals
Greg Bingham	Linebacker	Houston Oilers
Greg Marx	Defensive Lineman	Atlanta Falcons
Gary Huff	Quarterback	Chicago Bears
Terry Metcalf	Running Back	St. Louis Cardinals
Rich Glover	Defensive Lineman	New York Giants
Darryl Stingley	Wide Receiver	New England Patriots
Edesel Garrison	Wide Receiver	Houston Oilers
James Thomas	Defensive Back	Pittsburgh Steelers
Bert Jones	Quarterback	Baltimore Colts
Pete Van Valkenburg	Running Back	New Orleans Saints
Jackie Wallace	Defensive Back	Minnesota Vikings
Barry Smith	Wide Receiver	Green Bay Packers
Burgess Owens	Defensive Back	New York Jets
Isaac Curtis	Wide Receiver	Cincinnati Bengals
John LeHeup	Linebacker	Buffalo Bills
Billy Joe DuPree	Tight End	Dallas Cowboys

EASTERN DIVISION
AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Miami Dolphins	11–3
New York Jets	8–6
Buffalo Bills	7–7
New England Patriots	5–9
Baltimore Colts	3–11

It is foolish to tinker with a machine that is running faultlessly, especially when none of the parts show much sign of wear. That is why neither the Miami Dolphins' approach to the game nor the team roster is likely to change perceptibly this year. Despite the enthusiasm of player-personnel director Bobby Beathard after the draft last winter, the only rookies who have much hope of making the final 40-member squad are utility offensive lineman Chuck Bradley and quarterback Don Strock. Wide receiver Bo Rather, who reminded scouts of Paul Warfield, may have a chance. So the only eventualities that could keep the Dolphins from retaining their division championship are a high number of injuries and player complacency, and the latter isn't likely on a squad with such emotional leaders as Larry Csonka and Nick Buoniconti.

The New York Jets' fortunes seem hinged to four gimpy knees and two head coaches. The first set of problems is medical, the second is psychological. When Weeb Ewbank announced that this would be his last season, the New York press anointed defensive coordinator Walt Michaels as heir apparent. But Michaels, despite his popularity with the players and the press corps, never had the inside track and it came as a surprise to no one within the Jets' organization when Charley Winner, the late and largely unlamented head coach in St. Louis, was named to succeed his father-in-law in '74. Michaels then departed for a job with the Eagles. What effect, if any, all this will have on the always elusive attitudinal factor is anyone's guess.

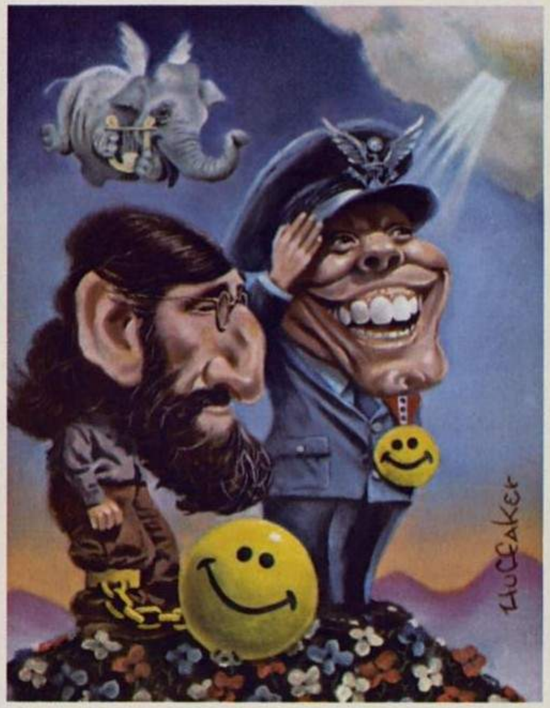
The four fragile knees belong to linebacker Paul Crane (one), runner John Riggins (one) and, of course, Joe Namath (two). Doctors insist that Namath's are

(continued on page 128)

HEROIC NONSENSE

how to blur two moral issues with one white house speechwriter

opinion **By LOUDON WAINWRIGHT**



AGES AND AGES hence, social historians will agree that 20th Century Americans refined a high native talent for fooling themselves and often, in fact, chose as leaders precisely those unrare men who would speak to them of things as they really weren't. Surely Mr. Nixon is the perfect President for an electorate requiring a comfy level of self-delusion to keep away the blues. He abolishes trouble by saying it's on the run. "We are closer today than ever before," he said in a slippery address that indicated big trouble for poverty programs and much tougher "quality control" in welfare payments, "to the realization of a truly just society, where all men—and all women—are equal in the eyes of the law."

His reference to women, of course, is as blatant and sexist as a wink in a smoker, but it's no more outrageous than his prideful announcement in another radio chat that things were getting better in the cities. Mr. Nixon is a dazzling prestidigitator with empty words and mushy ideas and the swollen clichés he constructs with them. He stupefies us with the glimmers that we are a happy, thoughtful and generous people when we have every reason to believe that we are somewhat less. Cozening us about the present, he somehow robs us of the future.

White House consultant Patrick J. Buchanan is almost as adept as his boss at this kind of sleight of truth. Sometimes he displays a certain frantic lack of finesse on the attack, like a commuter who has suddenly discovered that his newspaper is on fire; but when it gets right down to the business of meaningful distortion, he delivers.

In the palmy days before the Watergate broke, Mr. Buchanan materialized in the pages of *The New York Times* to rough up the press for *its* distortion —distortion of statistics about draft evaders and deserters who have left the country. Actually, I thought his claim was plausible that the numbers of such men have been exaggerated by "otherwise competent American newsmen [engaged] in inexcusably sloppy journalism."

But having once achieved a righteous superheat, Mr. Buchanan couldn't stop. He went on to link these American exiles with the prisoners of war, who were at that very moment beginning to head home. Earlier he had listed some of the crimes with which U. S. deserters and war resisters were charged in Sweden and pointed out that an analysis of the group showed a high percentage of "malingerers, opportunists, criminals and cowards." His ducks nicely lined up with that ugly catalog, Mr. Buchanan closed: "As one watches the genuine heroes of our age and time debark at Clark Field, to hear the boys who ran away to Toronto and Montreal and Stockholm lionized as 'moral heroes' is—obscene."

What that windup really amounts to is bullshit. In a predictable spasm of ambition, Mr. Buchanan has attempted to lock up several propositions with one flatulent and fraudulent sentence—that a lot of journalists are dupes or liars or both, that amnesty for a bunch of runaways is unspeakable and that both of these matters have something to do with the P. O. W. s. Mr. Buchanan is entitled to his cruel opinion about amnesty, I suppose, however sneakily he tries to assassinate the morality of all those who decided not to serve. But it's his characterization of the P. O. W. s as "the genuine heroes of our age and time" that strikes me as inexcusable, to use a modifier he likes. Wrapping the prisoners in that charged terminology, he cynically exploits the strong feelings of all Americans who are relieved and grateful that this little band of brave and tormented men finally made it back home.

The Buchanan usage is not without support in *Webster's*, where one meaning of hero is given as "one that shows great courage." Obviously, many prisoners qualified as that. But his use of this term implies something more, a grandeur of purpose and accomplishment that Mr. Buchanan would attach to the entire enterprise in Vietnam and to our disengagement from it. And the prisoners, or at least a great many of them, don't consider themselves genuine heroes. Most of the returnees from Hanoi are military professionals; as pilots and officers, they had been knowingly engaged in a dangerous activity whose risks in the line of normal duty included capture and hard confinement. They endured much, including torture, without complaint, and many made sacrifices for the rest. Yet basically the prisoners are modest men who would count themselves fortunate to have survived a war that took the lives of tens of thousands of their countrymen, maimed many more and destroyed countless Vietnamese.

The prisoners remain victims of a very special kind. They are men deprived of time, and for many of them rehabilitation will require much more than heartfelt welcome and gaudy descriptions of their heroism. The latter might even slow their recovery, since it's inevitable that the prisoners will quickly learn the depth and nature of the divisions in America over the war. Accepting their status as heroes, they might find especially shattering the speed with which indifference replaces the enthusiasm of homecoming.

The smarmy redefinitions spun off by Mr. Buchanan and, more importantly, by Mr. Nixon, demean us all. The grandiloquent creation of heroes makes real human courage cheap, and facile praise for our alleged goodness denies us the right of honest self-discovery. That is—obscene.

1

1. *Petrifier: Harry's New York Bar, Paris.*

Great Bars/Great Drinks

storied concoctions from a pantheon of the world's most famous watering holes

By **EMANUEL GREENBERG**

WITH THE POSSIBLE exception of sex, drinking is the only human endeavor in which fact and fancy are so intertwined and where myth inevitably becomes mystique. Guzzling legends persist, nourished by sentimental tipplers who grow misty-eyed recalling the time Toots Shor vanquished Jackie Gleason in a *mano a mano* drink-off at the former's West Side temple of palship. "Let the bum lay there," growled Toots, as the Great One slid to the floor, helpless as a beached whale. Another perennial chestnut concerns the afternoon Hemingway put away 15 Papa Dobles at La Florida Bar in pre-Castro Havana, consoling a *jai alai* player who had blown a crucial *partido* and, incidentally, *mucho dinero*. That's a heap of consolation for one afternoon, since a single Papa Doble takes four ounces Bacardi rum, plus a *pro forma* squirt of lime juice and grapefruit juice, shaken with ice and poured unstrained into a double old fashioned glass.

Then, of course, there are nostalgic yarns of incomparable watering holes of the past—The Stork, Sheaphard's and the old Metropolitan Hotel Bar, where Professor Jerry Thomas nightly concocted his death-defying Blue Blazer before cheering throngs. The burden of all this being that bars and bartenders ain't what they used to be.

Baloney. Many of the storied bars are still going strong. And there are some dandy *(text continued on page 122)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON AZUMA

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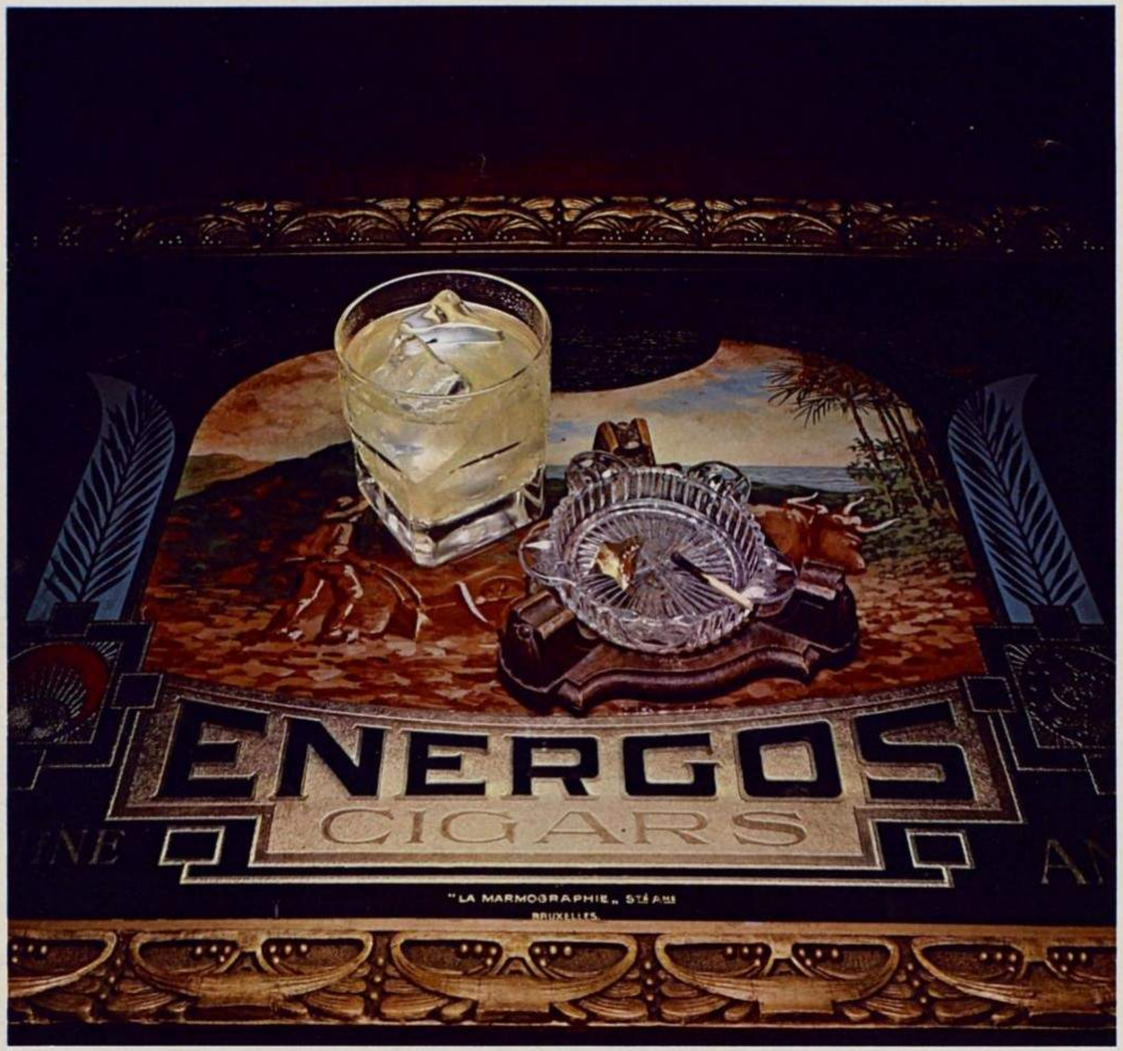
2. *Moon Walk: Savoy Hotel, London.* 3. *Cesar's Rum Punch: Grand Hotel Oloffson, Haiti.* 4. *Ritz Special: Hotel Ritz, Paris.* 5. *Amber Glow: Pied Piper Bar, San Francisco.* 6. *The Suffering Bastard: Sheaphard's Bar, Cairo.*



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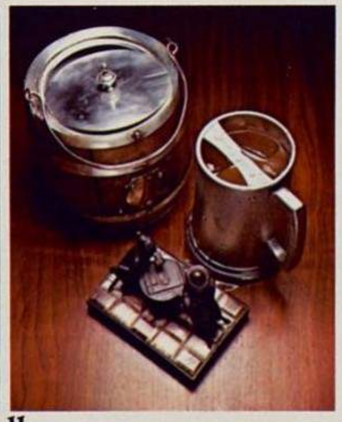

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7. *Papa Doble: La Florida Bar, Havana.* **8.** *Mauna Kea Kiaha: Batik Bar, Hawaii.* **9.** *Bellini: Harry's Bar, Venice.* **10.** *Irish Coffee: Buena Vista Bar, San Francisco.* **11.** *Handlebar: Oak Bar, Manhattan.*

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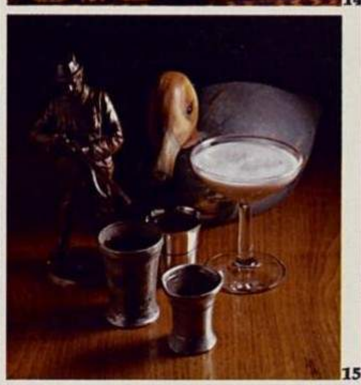

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12. *Green Monkey: The "21" Club, Manhattan.* **13.** *Cou-Cou-Comber: The Four Seasons, Manhattan.* **14.** *Afrodiziak: Dean's Bar, Tangier.* **15.** *Yellow Fingers: Bull and Bear Pub, Manhattan.* **16.** *Polo Dream: Polo Lounge, Beverly Hills.*

newcomers, run by deft, innovative bartenders, where conversation, ribaldry and heroic drinking bouts abound. None is more internationally renowned and admired than The "21" Club, a Prohibition-era speak-easy housed in a converted brownstone on West 52nd Street in New York. At the stand-up mahogany bar lining the south wall of "21's" main-floor dining room, drinks are served in eight-ounce stemmed wine goblets, unstrained and unadorned, unless garnish is specifically requested. President Eisenhower's regular was a bourbon old fashioned without sugar—just bitters and a lemon twist. He never took more than two, according to Bru Danger (nee Bruno Mysak), former Marine and movie cowboy, now "21's" full-time bartender. Bruno, still a performer at heart, enjoys creating drinks "to match the personality of the customer." Case in point—the Honeychile, formulated for Countess Honeychile Hohenlohe: a Scotch sour sweetened with honey instead of sugar. The drink has become a standard at "21"—popular with laryngitic warblers and thespians, as a sore-throat remedy. Other enticing Mysak variations on standards—a Jack Rose cocktail made with calvados and a tequila collins, which he calls the Eddie Collins, after a friend. The Green Monkey is a Mysak original—one ounce Galliano or Roiano strained or over ice, topped with one half ounce Pernod and garnished with a wedge of lime. Give Bruno a clue and he'll whip something up to *your* personal taste.

The staid Oak Bar of Manhattan's Plaza Hotel is quite another cup of usquebaugh. In all the recent upheavals, the adding of Green Tulips, Oyster Bars and *discos*, not a hair of the Oak Room's Edwardian head was touched. It still has the broody Renaissance shadows, ornate ceiling, leather armchairs, turn-of-the-century Everett Shinn murals and old-money ambience. Tables still bear the complimentary bottle of spring water, and even the pretzels are a throwback. Today, however, the mostly male clientele (in pre-lib days, women's hours at the Oak Bar were restricted) subsists largely on vodka martinis. About 3000 of these tranquilizers slide across the mahogany every week, usually with a twist. The Oak Bar's specialty, created by the talented Mose Peracchio, is served in a bona fide 1890s-style mustache cup. Naturally, it's called the Handlebar—one and a quarter ounces Scotch, three quarters ounce Drambuie, one half ounce Rose's sweetened lime juice, shaken with ice.

Another former male refuge, The Waldorf-Astoria's Bull and Bear Pub, reflects its previous incarnation in the deep-toned woods, burnished brasses, hunting prints, carved decoys and old fowling pieces. Years ago, Buffalo Bill Cody was a regular at The Waldorf Bar. Admirers frequently invited the colonel to join them in a blast, an offer that, apparently, he couldn't refuse. His invariable response was, "Sir, you speak the language of my tribe."

Head bartender Louis Pappalardo, who goes back 40 years with the Bull and Bear, is a thoroughgoing pro. He may zip up your martini with a few drops of Scotch or shake some triple sec into a gimlet. Louis recently grabbed first prize in a bartenders' contest for his Yellow Fingers—one sixth banana cordial, one third blackberry brandy, one third imported gin, one sixth *fresh* whipping cream, shaken and strained into a low-ball glass. Nothing you'd stay with all night but pleasant as a change of pace.

A tipple that *should* have won a prize—for saving lives the morning after—was created at Sheaphard's Bar, Cairo, by bartender Joe Scialom during World War Two. Originally named The Suffering Bar Steward, it was conceived as a hangover cure for the valiant British Seventh Hussars then quartered at Sheaphard's. The quaff was instantly rechristened The Suffering Bastard by the fun-loving hussars, as staunch at the bar as they were at the front. Swirl a 14-ounce collins glass with two or three dashes Angostura bitters and toss off the excess. Half fill the scented glass with ice, add an ounce each of gin and brandy, one teaspoon Rose's lime juice and cold ginger ale. Decorate with slices of lime, cucumber and orange and a sprig of mint.

Sheaphard's is long gone, but Scialom is alive and doing rather well at the Four Seasons in Manhattan. No two places could be less alike than the warm, red-plush-and-gold Victorian elegance of Sheaphard's and the sleek, metal-curtained austerity of the four-sided Four Seasons Bar. But neither decor nor geography inhibits this Mozart of the mahogany. His latest whimsy is the Cou-Cou-Comber—one and a half ounces vodka, one teaspoon Pernod, juice of one half lime and one teaspoon sugar, shaken well and presented in an unpeeled, hollowed-out cucumber. You sip the drink and chomp on the cucumber "glass" for an hors d'oeuvre. Scialom has an unusual background for a barman—he's a trained pharmacist, and it shows in his approach. "I dig tastes like a painter digs colors. They're part of me—inscribed on my senses." He finds American bartenders better mechanics, Europeans better hosts.

The closest thing to a movie-type Hollywood bar is the Polo Lounge of the Beverly Hills Hotel—truly a star watcher's heaven and the site of Sinatra's better bouts. On any given day you might catch Diana Ross, Elliott Gould, Ali MacGraw, Raquel Welch, a Gabor or two and perhaps a pride of prowling starlets in the pink-and-green main room or the lushly botanical patio. Those burly, cold-eyed types are bodyguards, and the bodies they're guarding are likely to be working on the bar's popular margarita—one and a quarter ounces tequila, one quarter ounce fresh lime juice, three quarters ounce triple sec in a salt-rimmed stemmed glass. The proportion of liqueur is higher than usual, and the drink is blenderized, so it comes up creamy and a touch sweet—which seems appropriate to the habitat. Polo Loungers are also partial to the Polo Dream, inspired by the stylized gold-leaf mural of an ancient Persian polo match over the bar—one and a half ounces bourbon, one ounce orange juice, three quarters ounce orgeat, shaken with ice and strained into a cocktail glass.

Angelenos and San Franciscans compete on every level—food, sports, theater and architecture—but when it comes to drinking, there's no contest. San Franciscans are serious about their tippling, and nowhere more so than at the Buena Vista at Beach and Hyde, one of the world's great hangout bars. The notable decorative accent is wall-to-wall people, from the ten-A.M. opening to the two-A.M. closing. Someone described an experience at the Bee Vee as "getting loaded in a New York subway." Pretty close. But to be fair, one must add the unbearably beautiful view of the Golden Gate Bridge seen from the Buena Vista's front windows at sunset.

The place claims to have introduced Irish coffee to the States. Fill a warmed Irish coffee glass to within an inch of the rim with hot black coffee. Sweeten to taste. Pour in one and a half ounces pot-still Irish whiskey. Stir. Top with a collar of lightly beaten heavy cream by pouring it over the back of a teaspoon. Another Buena Vista favorite is also an import, the Bee Vee's version of the historic Ramoz Fizz—in a blender, buzz one tablespoon lemon juice, three dashes orange-flower water, half an egg white, one and a half ounces heavy cream, one and a half ounces Old Tom gin and one third cup crushed ice. Top with a splash of cold club soda.

For another vision of old San Francisco, there's the Sheraton-Palace Hotel, with its towering lobby, marble arches, glass-domed Garden Court and Pied Piper Bar, dominated by the Maxfield Parrish Pied Piper of Hamelin mural. The long mahogany counter, where Bet-a-Million Gates rolled dice for $3000 a throw, still draws the wizards of finance. Today, the betting is likely to concern the precise number of kiddies trailing after Parrish's Piper. The bar serves a Pied Piper original, the Amber Glow—one ounce gin, one ounce light rum, one ounce lime juice, one teaspoon grenadine, over ice in a highball glass, topped with club soda and a stick of pineapple.

During the roaring Twenties, when Americans were dry-gulched by Prohibition, tourists and expatriates discovered the great Continental bars. None was more intriguing than the fabled Paris Ritz, where Hemingway handicapped the ponies in the morning and later toted up losses, over a martini or two. In later years,

"Come out immediately, Linda—I know you're in there!"

he switched to the lighter *cassis vin blanc* —white Burgundy tinged with currant liqueur. Frank Meier, overseer of all the Ritz bars, is credited by some with inventing the sidecar—equal parts of brandy, triple sec and lemon juice. Not true, says Bertin, Meier's successor. One of Meier's protégés, Bertin, perfected his skills at the Ritz's Petit Bar, then for ladies only. Today, Le Petit Bar is a clubby, wood-paneled and leather-upholstered sanctum open to all, and Bertin is serving the drinks. He has his *patron*'s touch. The Ritz Spécial is a Bertin creation—one sixth crème de cacao, one sixth kirsch, one sixth sweet vermouth, one half cognac, shaken with ice and strained into a cocktail glass. Like all who excel at their work, Bertin takes great pains, varying proportions ever so slightly for each individual. He feels a cocktail should be "candid" —not overly complex, with an appeal to the eye and a pleasant aftertaste. He importunes trainees to "never remember certain things you heard and never accept a drink while working."

Harry's New York Bar, Paris, can drop more big names (Scott Fitzgerald, Jean-Paul Sartre and Simone de Beauvoir, Gene Kelly, Jeanne Moreau, the Beatles) and more original cocktails than the Ritz. It also claims to serve the driest martinis in town and to be the place where the all-time chugalug record was set: two and one tenth quarts of suds in 11 seconds, by Princetonian J. H. Cochrane, a veritable tiger. Harry's was founded by two Americans, jockey Tod Sloan and a café owner named Clancey. The Stateside influence is evident in Ivy League pennants, which combine with English college colors and antique bank notes to give Harry's a unique look. Harry's son (yes, there was a Harry), Andy MacElhone, takes credit for the aptly titled Petrifier, which contains a paralyzing eight-and-a-half-ounce pay load of liquor. Into a large tankard with plenty of ice, pour two ounces vodka, two ounces cognac, two ounces gin, two ounces triple sec, one half ounce Grand Marnier, three dashes Angostura, juice of one lemon and grenadine to taste; stir; fill with ginger ale and garnish with a cherry, slices of lemon and orange and a mint sprig. They allow only one to a customer, which seems a heartless interdiction for your average two-before-dinner imbiber. Harry's White Lady offers an interesting commentary on taste trends. The first version called for equal parts of white crème de menthe, triple sec and lemon juice, shaken and strained. Gin was later substituted for the crème de menthe.

Britain stood shoulder to shoulder with France in the humanitarian mission of slaking Prohibition-parched Yankee throats. Around 1922, the Savoy Hotel, London, made two unprecedented moves. It imported the premier American bartender, Harry Craddock, and declared it would always have ice on hand at its American Bar. Craddock's advice to his British disciples was succinct:

1. Ice is almost always an absolute essential for any cocktail.
2. Never use the same ice twice.
3. If possible, chill your glasses before using them.
4. Shake the shaker as hard as you can: Don't just rock it. You are trying to wake it up, not put it to sleep!

Craddock also admonished customers to down cocktails quickly, "while they're laughing at you." The current vogue for pouring on the rocks would have distressed him. A technician rather than an innovator, Craddock nevertheless admired creative work, as his loving description of Professor Jerry Thomas' Blue Blazer shows. "Put three ounces Scotch whisky into one mug and three ounces boiling water into a second. Ignite the whisky with fire, and while [it's] blazing, mix both ingredients by pouring them four or five times from one mug to the other. If well done, this will have the appearance of a continued stream of liquid fire. Sweeten with one teaspoon of powdered white sugar and serve in a bar tumbler with a piece of lemon peel."

Craddock's successor, an affable Orangeman named Joe Gilmore, handles the half-English, half-foreign Savoy clientele capably. He believes in the beneficence of ice, even to prechilling the gin, vermouth and pitcher before mixing a martini. He's added a couple of commandments to the master's dicta: "A good cocktail should be simple, perfectly made . . . and ready when the customer arrives."

As soon as Gilmore sights a client approaching, he starts preparing the man's usual. When timed properly, drink and customer reach the bar simultaneously. Unlike his mentor, Gilmore is an indefatigable inventor, creating new cocktails at the drop of a jigger. When our astronauts walked on the moon, he devised a Moon Walk Cocktail—one ounce fresh grapefruit juice, one ounce Grand Marnier, a dash of rose water, in a champagne glass, with iced champagne added to fill. Moon Walk makings were dispatched to the astronauts in Houston and elicited "grateful and sincere" thanks. A drink honoring Harry Truman's state visit, the Missouri Mule, was politely declined by the President, who wanted his bourbon with just a splash of branch, thank you. Gilmore may have reached the summit with his Paperback, a drink celebrating the soft-cover edition of the *Savoy Cocktail Book*. It takes equal parts of gin, *framboise* and Lillet. Stir with ice, strain and serve with a twist of orange. Noble.

The Gritti Palace in Venice is a bona fide 16th Century *palazzo*, now converted into a hotel. Every effort has been made to preserve the palatial elegance—heavy draperies, exotic Oriental carpets, gilded mirrors and antique furnishings. The two inside rooms of the Gritti Bar reflect this lavishness, leaning to candlelight, luxuriously comfortable armchairs and sofas, dominated by pale-green murals and Giuseppe Fontana's smile. *Signor* Fontana is the Gritti's accomplished barman, who shares the trait common to all the good ones—remembering what you ordered last time. But, if the vibes are right, he may tactfully offer one of his own concoctions, such as the Gritti Special—one third Campari, one half Cinzano dry vermouth, one sixth Chinamartini, over ice in a highball glass. Punt é Mes or red vermouth can be substituted for the Chinamartini. For afternoon sipping, Fontana suggests his Gondolier, a sort of Venetian Kir—three ounces dry white Soave, one tablespoon Cin, a twist of lemon and a splash of soda, all over ice in a small highball glass.

It wouldn't do to call Harry's Bar, just off the Piazza San Marco, the *other* great Venetian bar. Not with all the kings, *contessas* and newsworthy names who've made it their headquarters in Venice. Those who ponder such problems will tell you a charismatic clientele can make a bar overnight. According to Harry Cipriani, charisma has nothing to do with it. Put out generous, civilized drinks, in a pleasant atmosphere, and people will find you. "Most bars try for twenty-four drinks out of a bottle," he says, "so no one ever gets a decent drink. We don't take more than seventeen." Harry's main room is darkish, wood paneled, with a long mahogany bar. There's also a small downstairs—maybe a dozen tables. The action is lively, just good clean backbiting, except when someone's caught with the wrong partner. They still talk about the time a poodle jumped from a lovely lady's lap, ran up to a stranger and licked his hand familiarly. The gentleman hasn't explained that one to his wife yet.

Harry's serves terrific martinis, swirling each gently in an oversized brandy snifter "so as not to bruise the gin." People who want something unusual try Harry's captivating fruit mixtures: a Bellini—puréed ripe peach and champagne; a Titiano —grape juice and champagne; or a Roger—gin with a combination of three juices, peach, lemon and orange. Hemingway drank there and mentioned Harry's in *Across the River and Into the Trees*.

James Joyce is to Dublin bars what Hemingway is to their Continental counterparts. Many of them imply a connection with either Joyce or his works. One that doesn't, and doesn't need to, is the Shelbourne Hotel's Horseshoe Bar, once the parlor in the Victorian home of Lord de Montalt. A U-shaped mahogany counter juts into the center of the room, but blue cut-glass dividers at strategic intervals provide reasonable privacy for stand-up swiggers. Worn leather

(concluded on page 201)

ILLUSTRATION BY MARCIA MARX

parody **By MARSHALL BRICKMAN**

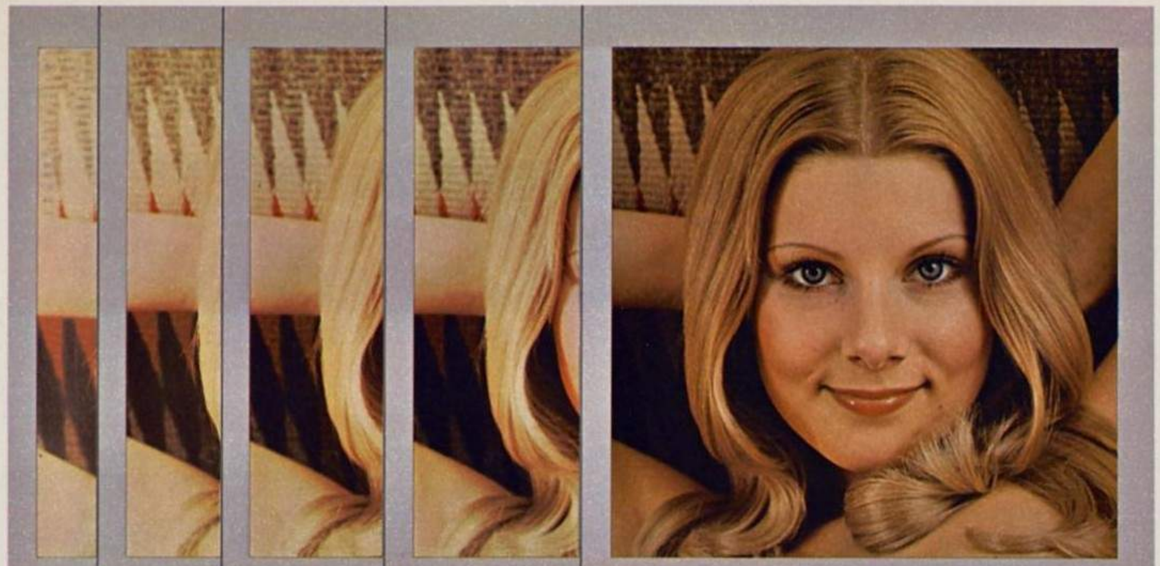
SAMUEL PEPYS IN FUNNE CITY

zounds! the noted diarist of 17th century london be alive in newe york towne—if ye call it living

JUNE 1, 1973. Praise God and the simpler antibiotics, my ailment now having gone away, I do vow to be more selective henceforth in the matter of sport with maydes, and to comport myself with restraint and not run amuck, except when necessary. My own situation now quite handsome, with lodgings near the Central Park, and me in good health generally, saving a tendency to twitch in elevators with Muzak. The condition of the towne is this: Bands of youthes do roam abroad and inscribe their name and street upon every surface, thus: "Taki 183," or "José 174," or a personal message, viz.: "Ayn Rand is effeminate," which are called graffiti and an eyesore. I saw one legend on a wall, "Ichabod 79," but it lacked authority, methought. The Mayor do oft appear in

(continued on page 208)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BILL ARSENAULT



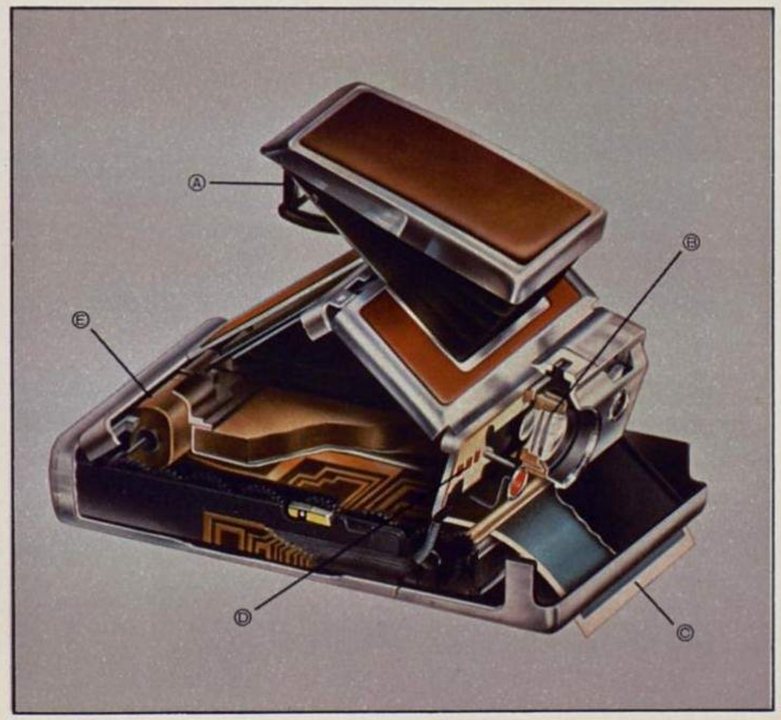
Film pops from Polaroid's SX-70 one and one half seconds after you shoot—and the image materializes while you watch.

an eye for the future

from the now-you-don't-see-it-now-you-do geniuses at polaroid comes the mind-boggling sx-70 camera, a 21st century development you can buy today

modern living

POLAROIDS COME and Polaroids go. There are models for taking big shots and small shots, square shots and color shots. And now comes Dr. Land's dream machine—the SX-70—a Polaroid so advanced you've almost got to see it in action to believe it. With the SX-70, the film pops out one and one half seconds after you shoot—and develops in about five minutes right before your wondering eyes. There's nothing to pull or peel, crackle or pop. But that's just one of the new features of this $180 miracle worker. The four-element lens system permits focusing on objects from 10.2 inches to miles away; what the user sees through the viewer is exactly what he'll get in the finished print—thanks to a complex of mirrors; and a G. E. flash bar, with a 20-foot range, permits flash pictures every one and a half seconds. Can Polaroid do *anything* wrong?



Some of the little organs that make the SX-70 what it is are (A) the magnifying eyepiece, a genuine hair counter; (B) the four-element lens system; (C) the film, which pops out immediately and develops itself, with nothing to peel off or throw away; (D) the circuits (there are three, which do the job of 300 transistors); and (E) the 12,000-rpm motor.

PRO FOOTBALL PREVIEW

(continued from page 116)

healthier than they have been in years, which isn't saying much. Riggins' knee is on the mend also, but the best news is the return of Crane, who, when he was injured last season, was playing at the peak of his ability.

The Jets' prime need is a strengthened defensive line and Richard Neal, a lineman with awesome potential obtained in a trade with New Orleans, could provide a one-man solution. Neal and rookie defensive back Burgess Owens, who looks nearly as good as Willie Buchanon, will likely be the only new defensive starters. The Jets' offense, as always, is sound, the only probable new starter being wide receiver Jerome Barkum. This could be the year when the Jets once again put it all together.

The completion of two important construction jobs will help lift the gloom in Buffalo. The first is a gleaming 80,000-seat stadium in suburban Orchard Park, which will open August 17 with a preseason game against the Redskins. A second, and far more impressive, development will be the unveiling of an adequate offensive line. Buffalo fans are a loyal and long-suffering group (last year they thrilled with a 4-9-1 season that included close losses to Miami and Oakland), but only the hardiest among them can remember when the Bills last had an offensive line that was good enough to be called mediocre. Coach Lou Saban had assembled an adequate one before last season opened, but six knee injuries wiped it out. All the crippled now seem healthy and Saban's first draft pick, Paul Seymour, will add depth. Center Irv Goode, obtained during the off season from St. Louis, will also help make life more pleasant for the Bills' heavily talented but shell-shocked offensive backfield. So look for more Bills' scoring.

Saban probably won't be able to mend the defensive line, last season's second most acute weakness, unless defensive end Walt Patulski, top draft pick in '72, begins to fulfill his potential. The early blooming of rookie John LeHeup could give the defenders a big lift. LeHeup, a big, tough South Carolinian, looked great in spring rookie camp. He was drafted as a middle linebacker but, at 6'1" and 240 pounds, may develop into a premier defensive lineman.

The New England Patriots' new head coach, Chuck Fairbanks, arrived in Foxboro from Norman, Oklahoma, last winter and gave a superb impersonation of Patton taking command of the Third Army. "We're going to build a winner, and I'm the architect," he announced. "I am unaccustomed to losing. Anyone who doesn't fit my standards will be axed," he told his players at spring orientation camp. Some of the Patriots, obviously, are in for some interesting new experiences, because they are as accustomed to losing as Walter Mitty. They have fielded one championship team in 13 years, and that was in 1963.

Fairbanks inherits a superb quarterback in Jim Plunkett, a group of good receivers and not much else. As a result, as many as nine draft choices have a good chance to become first-string players by the middle of the season. The first three, offensive lineman John Hannah, runner Sam Cunningham and wide receiver Darryl Stingley, are certain starters even before the season opens. If Fairbanks has some luck, the Patriots will be a little stronger this year.

Rarely, if ever, has a pro football team changed so radically from one season to the next as have the Baltimore Colts. General manager Joe Thomas evaluated the veteran squad he took over last season and decided to clean house; since then, the off-season exodus has become a stampede. When this season opens, Colt fans may have to search for familiar names on the roster. Much of the discarded manpower brought high draft picks in return, a fortuitous noncoincidence in a year when the college draft was rich. The Colts' selection, therefore, was of bonanza proportions. At least five rookies could be starters: defensive linemen Joe Ehrmann and Mike Barnes, offensive tackle Gary Palmer, linebacker Jamie Rotella and running back Bill Olds. Baltimore's first pick, quarterback Bert Jones, needs only a little experience to be a top professional quarterback and could take over before the season is out. But all this talent is raw and the '73 Baltimore team will be a shadow of its former self. Thomas apparently wants the Colts to be known as "the team that Thomas built." If many of the new pieces fail to fall into place, it may be known as the team that Thomas destroyed.

CENTRAL DIVISION
AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Pittsburgh Steelers	9–5
Cincinnati Bengals	7–7
Cleveland Browns	6–8
Houston Oilers	4–10

Like Miami, the Pittsburgh Steelers will be a nearly identical version of last season's team, and for similar reasons. Only retired tackles Ben McGee and John Brown will be missing, but good replacements are available. Since the Steelers have no real weaknesses, the only rookie who has a chance to break into the starting line-up is cornerback James Thomas.

The most significant fact about the Steelers is that last year's emergence was performed by a squad with 28 players who were 25 years old or younger. This season, a large number of first-stringers will be third-year starters. Only three will be over 30 years of age. So the Steelers will be even stronger this year than last, if for no reason other than accrued maturity.

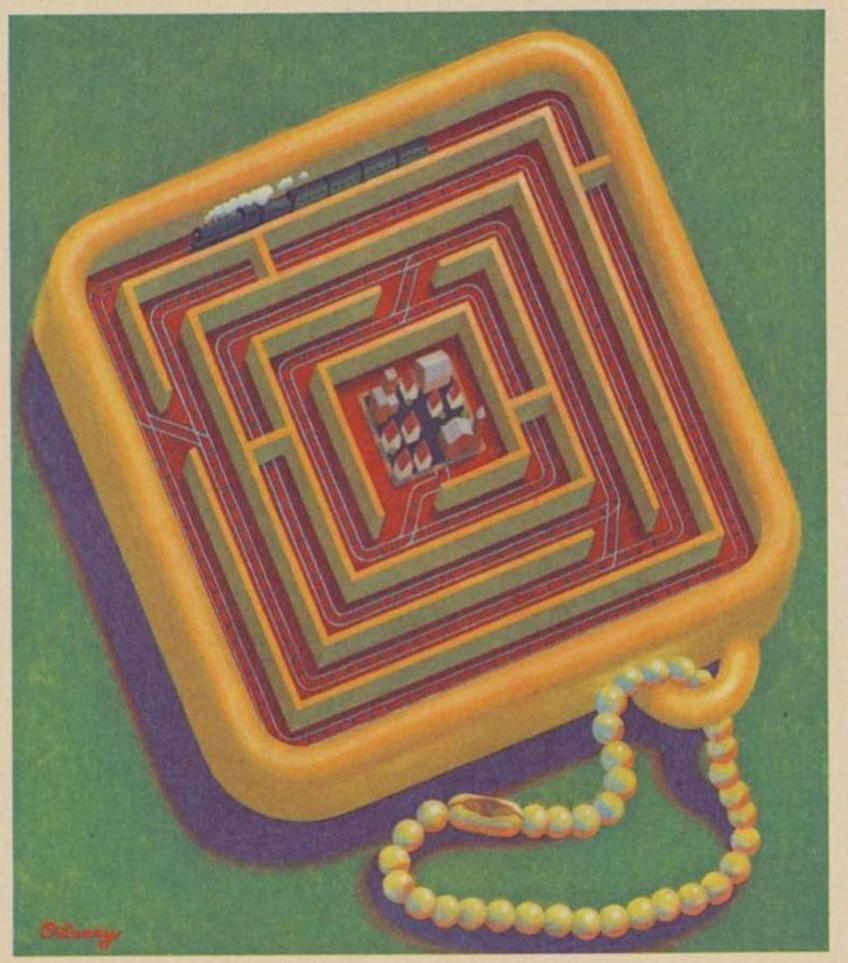
Cincinnati is a stable squad. Its looming question, as it begins pre-season drills, is whether or not quarterback Greg Cook, who led the A. F. L. in passing in 1969 as a rookie, and hasn't played since, will finally have recovered from his shoulder injury. If he should find his old form, the Bengals' passing attack will be dazzling, because their first three college picks are fine pass catchers who will join an already talented receiving corps. Top draft choice Isaac Curtis is probably the fastest man in football, and Al Chandler has the makings of a premier tight end. Another rookie who could help immediately is guard John Dampeer. The Bengal defense is solid. If they can avoid the avalanche of bad breaks that has buried them the past two seasons (bones in '71, baroque ball bounces in '72), the Bengals will fight Cleveland and Pittsburgh for the division title.

For Cleveland Browns fans, last winter's draft was the most exciting in memory. The Browns' perennial success on the field has, over the years, left them with poor draft position. Moreover, the past two years their first choices were defensive backs. They were needed, and they were good, but fans don't get ecstatic over new cornerbacks. This year, however, coach Nick Skorich had two first-round and two second-round choices, thanks to some perspicacious trading, and he went looking for some prime offensive talent to pump vigor into a unit that was sadly inept most of last season. He got Steve Holden, a wide receiver with blazing speed, who was rated by the Central Eastern Personnel Organization, a scouting combine, as the finest all-round athlete among college seniors. He also got offensive lineman Pete Adams and meteoric outside runner Greg Pruitt. All three should be starters. Holden and veteran Frank Pitts will give Cleveland the spectacular wide-receiving threat it's been missing since Paul Warfield was traded away. The Browns also have Mike Phipps at quarterback, who at last gives them a passer who can throw 60 yards. Another new offensive threat could be fullback Hugh McKinnis, who has spent the past three years playing in Canada.

Don't look for much improvement in the Houston Oilers. A rebuilding job of the dimensions required in this case will take at least three years. They may have just the man for it, though. New general manager Sid Gillman, at 61, is a maelstrom of enthusiasm, working 18 hours a day, even during the off season. "He's the fiercest competitor and the most dedicated football man I ever knew," said an amazed Oiler executive. How Gillman will get along with owner Bud Adams is a matter of fascinating speculation. Adams

(continued on page 202)

NEXT TRAIN TO WARSAW?



fiction **By RICHARD LOURIE** *the world is a war and you're on one side or the other—unless you're clever enough to play it both ways*

TWICE MY SLEEP HAD BEEN INTERRUPTED by men in uniform. When they flashed on the lights and shook my body awake, it took me a minute to understand what was going on. An instant before, it seemed that I had contacted the kingdom of the dead and was speaking with both rage and tenderness to my father. My father said he was released only when someone dreamed of him. I tried to engage him in a discussion, but nothing was important to him. Nothing but walking among people and talking with them, feeling their nearness, even if they were only other waves of consciousness colored with memory. My eyes smarting from the light, I couldn't understand how I could no longer be with my father but, instead, in a metal room with a dumpy, balding man in a khaki uniform with maroon epaulets, grumbling in a strange language. For a second I thought it might be just another dream and all I'd have to do was wait for the next development. Then I understood. The crumpled newspaper on the floor, the suitcases in the racks, the stubble on his face. It was real. As I was dreaming of my father, we had arrived at the border and now

I had to present passports for myself, my wife and my son.

The second time was just as strange as the first. I was dreaming again. But it was hard to remember exactly what. Bubbling dreams, the kind that froth away when you awake. Again lights, again men in uniform, again passports.

The next time was natural enough. I opened my eyes and I was in our compartment filled with the bright, energetic light of early morning. I glanced out the window from my berth. Peasants were already in the damp meadows. The animals were already grazing. I watched a man at a station waiting for the train to pass so he could cross the tracks. Though he wasn't moving yet, I could feel the readiness to move in the way he stood. I turned my head and watched him begin to trot across the tracks.

The main road swelled into sight. In wooden wagons rigged up with automobile tires, peasants were bringing fruits and vegetables to market. They did not look like peasants in books of national costume. They all wore old suit jackets, shirts buttoned to the top; they all had cigarettes stuck in their mouths and they looked like nothing could ever surprise them.

My son was confused and could not understand why pictures of the world were racing by the window. Then he was completely awake.

"Almost there," I said.

"Where?" he asked, yawning his question.

"Warsaw," I said.

He didn't say anything but just put out his arms for me to take him. I held his warm body and smelled the freshness of his hair and yesterday's jam congealed on one cheek.

"Look at the tracks," he said, pointing out the window. "Sometimes they come real near and then they jump away again."

We stood huddled together, watching the rails whip, glisten and diminish. Though he is only six, he is infected with my mania for travel. For us, maps and travel posters and the names of cities are prurient. They arouse desire, dim reason and create a strange mood, half exhilaration, half dissatisfaction. We were both born under the sign of Sagittarius. The newspaper column I read every day says that we are fond of travel and philosophy, enjoy sports and animals, speak bluntly and are generally cheerful. When he began asking his questions again, I hushed him, telling him to keep his voice down because his mother was still sleeping.

Sleeping, although she doesn't particularly like sleeping on trains. Especially this one, which is taking her someplace she most definitely does not want to go. For her, the train is a moving prison where she is held captive by my travel mania. "It's a wrong move, we can't afford it," she told me many times. I never agreed with her, arguing that I wanted to see the country where my father was born, of which he had spoken so little and so guardedly. Perhaps, I conceded, it wasn't entirely practical as far as the money was concerned, but money, after all, wasn't everything. Life was more than bookkeeping. But secretly I was troubled. She is both more practical and more oracular than I, and there was a disturbing prophetic resonance in her voice every time she said, "It's a wrong move." But I am very pigheaded and when my mind is made up, only a guaranteed catastrophe can make me reconsider. So, in the end, I put it very bluntly:

"Listen, I'm going anyway. You can stay in California if you want to, but I'm going."

So we went. But I didn't want to wake her yet. There was no need to bring her back to something she'd never wanted any part of. And besides, for her, sleeping and dreaming are something very special, something both mysterious and ordinary, like gardening. All kinds of strange and exotic hybrid dreams that live only half a minute and scatter but a single seed blossom in her sleep. Others are perennial and return in accordance with their own seasons. Perhaps that is why she is so sensible when she is awake; at least that's what she claims.

We started to feel the approach of the city, even though we were still about 20 miles away. Strong cities radiate into the space around them like strong personalities. My son felt it, too. For him it was like entering a city he already knew, because the houses had chimneys and smoke came from the chimneys, just as it always did in his drawings. There was a sky and birds. Cars drove on black streets. I'd better get my wife up, I thought. It's bad enough without rushing.

But we ended up rushing. The train slowed down and sleepy-eyed people began bumping around in the corridors with their suitcases. Suddenly, we realized that nothing was properly packed yet. A suitcase opened and things fell out. A plastic bottle rolled under the lower berth and vanished. My wife was trying to put on her make-up and comb her hair in front of a small triangular mirror and had to keep tilting her head from side to side like a bird. My son was taking six minutes to pull on one sock.

The train stopped and everybody got off. Everybody but us. We were still jamming things into suitcases, although yesterday everything had fitted in quite easily. I could feel the tension starting to jump along our nerves. We kept finding things and having to reopen the suitcases while barking at our son to get on his other sock.

Then, after some harsh words, panic and weak smiles, we were descending the steep set of steps that led from the sleeping car to the ground. Men in some sort of faded blue uniforms with BAGAŻ written on the bands around their caps stood around, looking daggers at anyone who might have been foolish enough to ask them to carry his baggage. The look worked. Everyone carried his own.

"Let's carry our own," I said, and we moved off, crippled by suitcases, toward the distant terminal. My son asked why we had left Prague on track seven and our train was now on track three. I thought of all the words it would take to even begin to explain it to him and told him to wait till later.

There was an enormous line for taxis. The people already in line stood without talking or moving. I could see they were used to it and preferred to blank out rather than try to make the best of it. The sky above the city was overcast and as grim as a hangover from cheap vodka. All the buildings seemed to be made from that sort of poured concrete that looks weather-beaten in a month. It was the kind of city, I decided, that looks best at night or from an aerial view. I could feel its heaviness justifying every inch of my wife's pessimism. It wasn't the Virgin Islands, but I knew that before we left and had told her so. I started on an inner monolog of *(continued on page 148)*

"One Executive Special, à la carte—heavy on the French!"

PORNO CHIC

hard-core theater parties are the latest fashion for middle-class thrill seekers—and brigades of cops with padlocks

pictorial essay

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

LATE LAST WINTER, while an angry New York judge was pondering the moral depths of *Deep Throat*, groups of a dozen or more dithery suburban matrons in mink stoles and flowery bonnets would show up from time to time in front of Manhattan's World Theater on grubby West 49th Street. "They looked like they were on their way to a matinee of *Fiddler on the Roof*," says 27-year-old manager Bob Sumner, eyes and ears of the World. "We'd always stop them at the box office and ask if they knew exactly what kind of movie *Throat* was. And they'd always say why, certainly, all their friends out in Westbury or Westchester hardly talked of anything else." Of course, the ladies were merely taking a cue from gossip columnists, socialites and such trend setters as Truman Capote and Mike Nichols. According to Sumner, one of *Throat*'s more vehement supporters was Johnny Carson's TV side-kick, Ed McMahon: "He came with six guys and a case of Budweiser and stood out front afterward, chatting about the movie to passers-by for half an hour." Hardly what a *New York Times* writer had in mind when he strove to fix a label upon this curious social phenomenon and came up with "porno chic."

With or without a catchy tag—despite court orders, audible gasps from the Silent Majority and a menacingly cold wind from Capitol Hill—the sexual revolution is reaching every nook and cranny of America, and those censorial skirmishes that used to concern racy dog-eared novels are now focused on films. From Nashville to Des Moines and Milwaukee, from Portland, Oregon, to a drive-in theater in Georgia, moviegoers who might be hard pressed to identify Tuesday Weld are flocking to see *Throat* star Linda Lovelace, whose tour de force of fellatio drew $1,300,000 during a 39-week run at Manhattan's World and is breaking box-office records wherever it plays, for an estimated total gross of well over $5,000,000. Considering *Throat*'s $25,000 production budget, the returns are staggering. In the whole history of dirty movies, there has never been anything quite like it.

So far, the law's agitated response to *Throat* has served mainly to dramatize a tremendous cultural chasm between official attitudes toward hard-core—as a peril to the nation—and the general public's genial and fairly sophisticated tolerance of it. The contradictions were underscored when *Throat*—after being declared not obscene by a jury in provincial Binghamton, New York—was closed and unequivocally condemned in New York City by

Threatening to overtake the top-grossing *Deep Throat* as the porno-chic movie to see is *The Devil in Miss Jones* (featuring Harry Reems, above). *Devil* was reviewed by everyone from *New York*'s Judith Crist to *Screw* magazine's Jim Buckley, who "peter-metered" it at 100 percent.

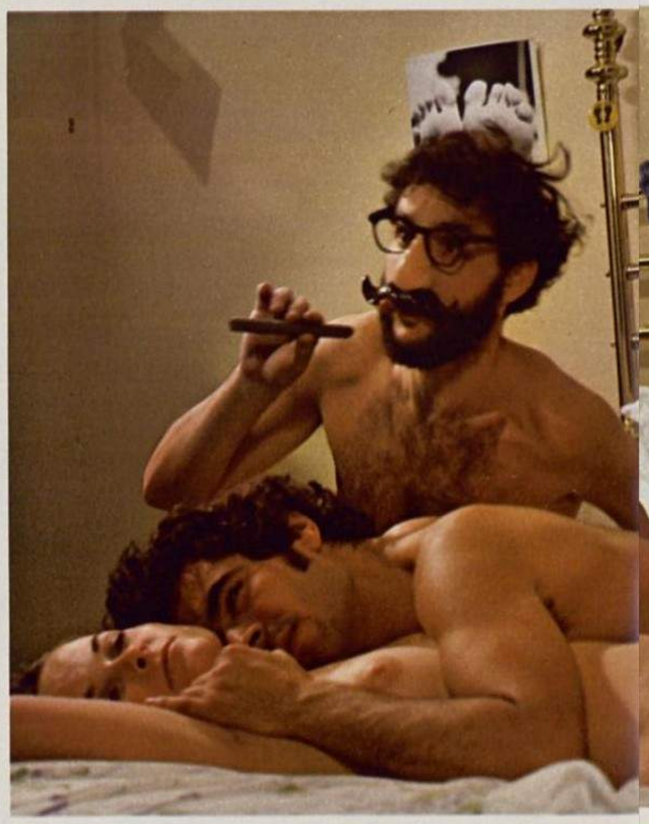
Deep Throat heroine Linda Lovelace pouts in this scene with a wacky shrink, played by the ubiquitous Harry Reems (below). The doctor has just discovered the root of Linda's seeming frigidity: Her clitoris has been anatomically mislocated; it lies just south of her epiglottis.

Sex and the Stars (above) uses astrology as a premise for its arty—but hard-core—footage. *Illusions of a Lady* (below) is about a female psychiatrist who helps her patients shed their inhibitions—here by utilizing bananas, cucumbers and the like for everything but salad makings.

Eduardo Cemano's *Madame Zenobia* (above) features Elizabeth Donavan (background) in the title role. Here Zenobia is treating a client, a young widow called Marcia—played by Tina Russell—who seeks the mysterious madame's help in a ritual to bring her dead husband back to life.

Symptomatic of the trend toward bigger budgets for (and higher profits from) hard-core films are the comparatively lavish sets and costumes devoted to such epics as *Teenage Cowgirls* (below), in which John C. Holmes's 13-inch weapon brings new dimensions to Westerns, and *Devil's Due*, which adds a satanic twist to the hoary old theme of small-town-girl-gone-wrong-in-the-big-city (bottom).

One of the newer wrinkles in triple-X film fare is its acquisition of a sense of humor. Zany raunch characterizes the trapeze act of "the Flying Fucks" in *Screw*'s film feature *It Happened in Hollywood* (top right) and the Groucho Marx–style routine (right) included in *Wham Bam, Thank You Ma'am!*—which may be the first musical in which the production numbers end in ejaculation.



Judge Joel J. Tyler, who also slapped a $100,000 fine on the World Theater for contaminating Fun City fleshpots with such filth. Soon afterward, a Chicago jury was unable to arrive at a judgment about the alleged obscenity of *Throat* and split six to six, provoking the judge to declare a mistrial. It's a pattern that's been repeated with variations in courtrooms from coast to coast: Prosecutors have found the odds heavily stacked against winning hard-core convictions in the face of public apathy or even forthright opposition. In Escondido, California, for example, a self-styled Citizens' Decency Association trying to close the Ritz Pussycat Theater took a full-page ad in a local newspaper—and found nearly half the attendees at its first public rally outspokenly pro-Pussycat.

Clearly, despite official holding actions, the descendants of our Puritan fathers have begun to close the gap between private and public morality, admitting at last that the American dream may prove expansive enough to make an inalienable right of those liberating sexual fantasies we used to conceal as smut. Gone are the days when most pornography was imported from abroad; with the porn explosion abating overseas, the U. S. has become the world's top producer and consumer of erotica. Chief centers of film production are New York, Los Angeles and San Francisco, where several hundred feature-length hard-core movies are made and distributed annually to something like 1500 exhibitors across the country (though the number of theaters showing 16mm and 35mm sex films is at best an educated guess, highly variable in response to the militancy of local law-enforcement bluenoses). And one California motel chain is revamping its facilities to offer sex films on closed-circuit color TV, along with mirrored walls and water beds.

Even those who haven't seen a hard-core film must know by now that the audiences include more women, more dating couples and young marrieds than ever before. But what is it they go to see? Hard-core by definition means actual rather than simulated sex, and few porn films leave room for doubt about the difference. The obligatory hard-core scenes are genital close-ups: the so-called wet shots (or "cum" shots, as they're known in the trade) that seem almost religiously bound to observe the sanctity of *coitus interruptus* in order to show the penis ejaculating. Equally obligatory are penetration shots that show male and female connecting at close range and from any angle an adroit cameraman can manage without fogging his lens; the oral-genital shots, more often than not of a female going down on her male partner in the manner—if not to the degree—made classic by Linda Lovelace; and what are sometimes called "tunnel" shots, those vaginal vistas that leave a viewer with the odd sensation of being either a first-year student in gynecology or a skier schussing down *mons Veneris* in the giant slalom. All in all, it's not a formula that promises much in the way of enduring art.

There thrives today, however, a whole new breed of porn-film makers doing what they can to dissociate themselves from the stigma of smut. They are the easy riders of a new wave that began to swell in the late Sixties and early Seventies, when Bill Osco's *Mona* and Alex de Renzy's *History of the Blue Movie* broke through public resistance to the exhibition of hard-core in comfortable main-stem theaters. In several respects, the porn-film scene of 1973 is strikingly reminiscent of Hollywood during that pioneer era when making any sort of movie was considered disreputable—when actors, writers and directors cranked out primitive two-reelers under assumed names, lest their colleagues in legitimate theater or publishing circles accuse them of prostitution. It all changed, of course, with the emergence of Griffith and Chaplin, Mabel Normand and Mary Pickford—talent that bloomed overnight in a wasteland of mediocrity.

Let's stop short, however, of dubbing Linda Lovelace the Mary Pickford of porno; to claim such distinction for *anyone* from the ranks of hard-core would be hasty, if not downright idiotic, at this juncture. Yet the past achievements and present aspirations of many blue-movie makers are summed up by writer-director Gerard Damiano—creator not only of *Deep Throat* but also of a notable erotic psychodrama titled *The Devil in Miss Jones* (reviewed in last month's PLAYBOY) that may well become a landmark in the evolution of sex films from wall-to-wall f & s (fuck and suck) to palpable quality. A stocky, gray-bearded man in his 40s, Damiano was a hairdresser in Queens until six years ago. "My first three years in this business, I made three hundred dollars and went through everything I had—three beauty salons and a wig store," says Damiano. "But people make sex films because they want to make *films*. Sex films now are to moviemakers what the Borscht circuit was to comedians—the only place you can learn outside the restrictive unions. It's the best schooling."

Damiano took the usual route from soft- to hard-core in the early Seventies by making *Marriage Manual, Changes* and *Sex U. S. A.* in the bogus documentary style then deemed acceptable, which meant that they would be relatively immune from censorship. "Six months after *I Am Curious (Yellow)*, we came out with *Marriage Manual*, the first time we did real sex. But there was always a doctor telling you this could help your marriage. In *Sex U. S. A.*, too, we gave them the old socially redeeming values. By the time of *Deep Throat*, though, I had decided to do what *I* liked. How can you convince people that what you're doing is

legit if you don't believe in it yourself?"

Damiano believed in *Miss Jones*. "It's always a shock, even to me, seeing hard-core blown up twenty times bigger than life, so I thought of doing it soft-core, then decided hell, no, the time had come for a good pornographic art film. I hoped audiences were ready to take us seriously if we stopped making fun of our sexual problems. Why can't we just look at sex as sex, and not think we've always got to make people laugh in order to justify it? The movies have been masculine fantasies up to now, exploiting women because you played to the male audience. But the audience today includes women, and I consider *Miss Jones* a totally feminine film. It's the males who become meat, reduced to objects of her fantasy. And it's the penis she's in love with, not the man." Though some people might call *that* a typically male fantasy, Damiano doesn't expect to please everyone.

He can work up some heat in response to questions about obscenity laws and the holier-than-thou attitude of establishment film makers. "Hard-core would die a natural death in six months if they let us alone. *Deep Throat* had just started to peak out in New York when they busted it and made it a household word. People in the film business will do whatever makes money, but they gloss over movies filled with violence. I believe there can be as much appeal in watching two people make love as in watching one person slice another person's head off.

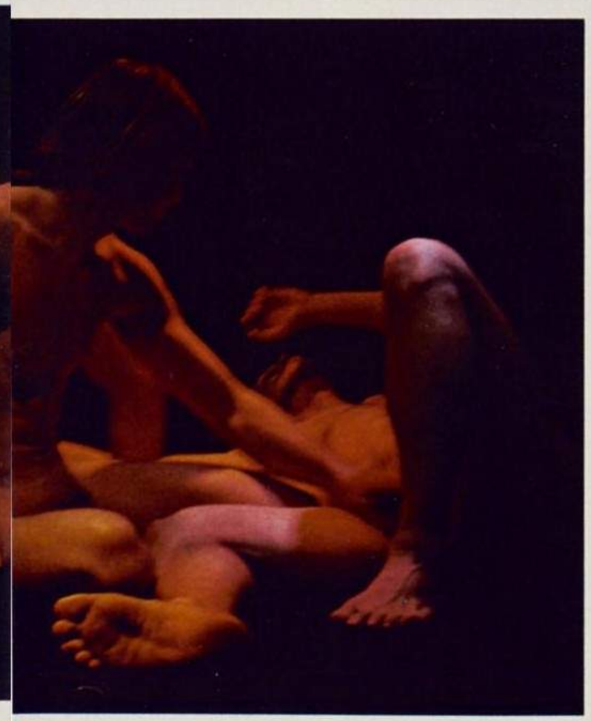
"The moral values of your average sex-film maker are ten times higher," Damiano adds, "than those of people making TV commercials. They are the *real* pimps and prostitutes. And the girl in a sex film doesn't usually have to ball the producer and director to get a role. She does her balling in the open. If we get rid of censorship, all this is going to take another form. Look at Jane Fonda in *Klute*; hard-core sex belonged in that picture. *Belle de Jour* needed hard-core to make it real. And *Last Tango in Paris* has tremendous significance, is important because it's a fine picture. I'm just sorry that Brando and Bertolucci copped out. In *Last Tango*, I would have added a few insertions and cum shots."

Damiano's emphatic views echo and re-echo through conversations with blue-movie makers on both coasts. *Last Tango* impresses them, almost without exception, as indicative of the way in which hard-core and traditional story films are moving into contiguous orbits, and not so slowly at that. Some point out that Francis Ford Coppola, director of *The Godfather*, made a sexploitation flick called *Tonight for Sure* in 1964. A surprising number of optimists mention militant feminist Jane Fonda as the actress they would most like to cast in a $1,000,000 sex epic. Such daydreaming might have sounded insanely unrealistic a couple of years ago, when hard-core sex was still treated by critics in all media as if it were nonexistent. Now *Variety*, *The Hollywood Reporter*, large metropolitan dailies, *New York* magazine's Judith Crist and many other reviewers cover the field regularly, however gingerly. *Throat*, of course, has had the kind of press usually reserved for a triumph in space, which perhaps it is.

One of the reasons hard-core has begun to be taken seriously is offered by San Francisco's Mitchell brothers, both in their 20s and hard-core veterans with ten features, over 300 short "beaver" films and 35 police busts behind them since they entered the business in 1969. "We're into the wide world of sex, not just into fuck films," says Jim. Owners and operators of the O'Farrell Theater, the Mitchells widened their aesthetic horizons with *Behind the Green Door*, based on a porno semiclassic by "Anonymous" and starring blonde, willowy Marilyn Chambers—who resembles Cybill Shepherd and is indisputably pornography's answer to Miss America. Catnip to young couples, *Green Door* is a trip film, a kind of sexual *Space Odyssey* about a girl abducted into a bizarre sex show—a sustained, strangely beautiful erotic fantasy with some of the holding power of hypnosis.

In somewhat the same bag is Wakefield Poole, a former dancer whose lyrical, penny-elegant *The Boys in the Sand* (budgeted at $8000) and *Bijou* ($22,000) made gay films acceptable to sophisticated straight audiences as well as more popular with homosexuals, and thus far show a profit of $65,000 apiece. "I was among the first to give up the traditional cum shots," says Poole. "I was criticized for that, yet one critic compared *Bijou* to *Steppenwolf*. When we first opened *Boys*, there were ten cities in the U. S. where you could play gay films. Now there are twice that many." (On this circuit, theaters tend to serve a dual purpose as social centers—thus, at Manhattan's leading gay show place, the doorman says, "Most of the action here is in the john. . . . *I* have to use the ladies' room.") Aiming to achieve "the most beautiful erotic movie ever made," Poole is at work on a $35,000 heterosexual mini-epic titled *Wakefield Poole's Bible*, which will uncover the creation, Adam and Eve, Samson and Delilah, and more.

Deep Sleep won the Audience Award for best picture at the second annual New York Erotic Film Festival (perhaps in no small part because of memorable sex scenes in a coffin and a hammock), but brought young Alfred Sole—a former interior decorator going into blue movies for the first time—more profit than honor in Paterson, New Jersey, his home town. Some of Sole's suburban neighbors were not amused; neither was a state senator whose home appeared briefly in the background of one shot. Though New Jersey's anti-obscenity laws were struck down as unconstitutional last year, a Passaic



Anything Goes, Cole Porter lyricized in 1934; it's doubtful, however, that he visualized public entertainment in which it's almost obligatory to show scenes of orgies (sex documentary *All About Sex of All Nations*, left), interracial encounters (*Lunch*, above), male homosexual groupings (*Bijou*, one of Wakefield Poole's trail-blazing entries in the something-for-the-boys field, bottom left) and Lesbian couplings (*The Resurrection of Eve*, below, latest contribution from San Francisco's prolific Mitchell brothers).

Making a blue movie (below, from top): Girls audition for parts in the wide-screen epic *Pornorama;* director sets scene for *Power of Love,* a chastity-belt misadventure; and cameraman shoots *Loops,* tale of a stag-film maker.

County judge is bringing Sole and his two leading actors to trial under an all-but-forgotten fornication law that went on the books in 1796.

A prolific California film maker who calls himself Jack Armstrong is a law school grad who produces Catholic and Protestant religious films part time. The rest of his time since 1970 has been given to turning out 35 hard-core features, including *Sex and the Comics, The Story of O* and *Act of Confession* (the last, never shown publicly, a self-therapeutic effort concerning an unholy order of nuns and priests so preoccupied with carnal knowledge that a group of horrified Eastern exhibitors offered to buy the master print —and burn it). Among the iconoclastic Armstrong's current projects are *Suckula* (vampires in Southern California), *Sabbat* (sexual witchcraft) and *AWOL* (in which a Marine makes it with his mom—another sex-film first).

The hard-core woods abound with men who have given up lucrative careers in TV and magazine advertising to make movies. Eduardo Cemano's films—*The Healers, Fongaluli* and *Madame Zenobia*—are being marketed abroad by a veteran distributor who calls them "tasteful and fairy-talish, in a surrealistic Cocteau style of eroticism, not the usual head-giving chicks with pimples on their ass." Adds Cemano: "I'm doing trip films for youth, not for the old geezers. I'm into the metaphysical aspects; I want to become the H. G. Wells of sex." Bearded, 31-year-old "Milton Vikkers," who uses a *nom de film* because his father is eminent on Wall Street, gave up top money as a still photographer to make such hard-core fare as *The Whistle Blowers* and *White Slavery: New York City* (both featuring Kim Pope, a pert blonde porn star facing trial in New Jersey for her performance in Sole's *Deep Sleep*). Vikkers says, "I deal with sex but try to avoid exploiting it. I'm a film maker, not a pornographer. I'd call people like myself the logical result of the sexual revolution and the film generation —sex and movies coinciding."

Earnest, ambitious film makers such as these, of course, are still outnumbered by bleary pornographers grinding out f & s schlock for a fast buck (which isn't to imply that the ratio of serious artists to commercial hacks is measurably higher in Beverly Hills). The trend, however, seems to be toward not only the kind of erotic mysticism of Cemano but also spoof comedy of the type immortalized by the broad, raunchy and sophomoric *It Happened in Hollywood,* produced under the auspices of *Screw* magazine, which generously awarded it 101 percent on the "peter meter," though *Screw* editor Al Goldstein candidly calls *Hollywood* "high-class garbage." Even in such unserious efforts, it's evident that those involved are attempting to appeal to more than purely prurient interests by developing deeper characterization, stronger stories with a social or psychological slant and the superior production values that are a concomitant of higher budgets—away from the lowly "one-day wonders" that usually cost a few thousand dollars to produce and seldom attempted more than a conventional clocking of the old in and out between doctor and patient, housewife and plumber, businessman and baby sitter.

The profit margin in porno often comes out pitifully small. If he finds a distribution deal instead of selling his work outright, a moviemaker collects perhaps 60 percent of film rentals, less the cost of prints and advertising. Which can mean that an out-of-town exhibitor rents one picture for $500 a week, rips off extra prints for his five other theaters and later trades the copies with friends in a distant city, who send him prints they've ripped off someone else. Always vulnerable to the law, few victims are in a position to cry thief.

In fact, the fear of legal action—heightened by the unknown effect of imminent decisions on obscenity from the U. S. Supreme Court—explains the increasing tendency of hard-core-film makers to go soft. A striking example is the return of Linda Lovelace in a movie currently titled *Deep Throat II,* with a new director and said to have been shot hard-core but repruned for an R rating under the Motion Picture Code (though a *Throat* without hard-core sounds rather like a *Lassie* movie without the dog). It's a prospect that moves Linda herself to a pretty pout of disapproval. Dining at a beach-front restaurant in Malibu with her boyfriend and manager, Chuck Traynor, Linda voiced very definite opinions with the shy diffidence of a schoolgirl. "*Throat II* will be a backward step if they take out the hard-core. I don't want to back away, and I'm not looking for a big Hollywood career. I'm a porno star. I just want to be Linda Lovelace."

Being just that seems sufficiently chic and socially acceptable to make Linda an *Esquire* cover girl as well as the subject of an interview in modish *Women's Wear Daily* and an occasional guest on the talk-show circuit. Recently, her arrival in a Rolls limo created a minor sensation at the *Last Tango* premiere in Hollywood, where press photographers mobbed her. ("Carroll O'Connor," Chuck interjected, "was the only big name who had balls enough to shake hands and offer congratulations.") *Last Tango* itself was lost on Linda. "Just disgusting," she says, "and the sex scenes weren't a bit believable. Hollywood should stick to comedies and Westerns and stay away from sexy romantic stories."

The first authentic superstar to emerge from sex films—once considered a dead end for actors—Linda can now demand a

(text continued on page 153)

In the hard-core-movie business today, the greatest art may be not so much in filming a feature as in gauging the market—and the judicial climate. *Goin' Down on the Other Side,* a story about a wounded Union soldier who moves in on a group of Southern belles during the Civil War, was shot as hard-core, then sold to a distributor who planned to clean it up. At last report, *Goin' Down* was to be issued in two versions. *Flesh Gordon* (below), on the other hand, was re-edited for general release and submitted to the M.P.A.A.—which will probably give it an X anyway.

Jason and Tina Russell (above) may have seemed like any average couple to neighbors before publication this summer of Tina's book, *Porno Star*, detailing capers on- and offscreen. Calvin Culver, alias Casey Donovan (below), is switching from gay films to straight stage/screenwork.

Prominent members of the porn-star community include California's heroically hung John C. Holmes, also known as Johnny Wadd (top left); Rick Cassidy (top right), a former Mr. Nude America who's been seen—fully clothed—on network television's *Sonny and Chér Comedy Hour* and other shows; Michelle Magazine (above left), who's a featured performer in *Illusions of a Lady*; New York's Marc Stevens (above right), a veteran of 300 hard-core flicks and Holmes's nearest East Coast rival for anatomic honors; and René Bond (below), who says she's trying to work her way up from *Teenage Fantasies* and *Pornorama* to more conventional roles in standard Hollywood productions.

Super sex stars: Marilyn Chambers (above) of *Behind the Green Door*; Harry Reems (below), champion stud of *Deep Throat*, *Meatball* and 200 other hard-core pictures; and, at right, America's first authentic hard-core queen, who has provocatively titled her just-out memoirs *Inside Linda Lovelace*.

"I guess you were right, Morgo—that wasn't their death agony."

fleas in bed from *The Tinker of Turvey*, 1630

Ribald Classic

THE FRIARS AUGUSTINES of Canterbury were endued with great livings from the king, but the richest of all was their prior, who had great revenues and so lived like a potentate. Pampered up with delicates and idleness, those two nurses to lechery, he would pass through the city glancing his eyes to find some handsome trull who might be his paramour. Many he saw and liked, but one day going by a smith's forge, he spied a proper tall woman. She was meanly dressed, after the poverty of her husband, but her face was so fair and her body so pliant as she came through the doorway of her house that the prior's blood bubbled and he went home casting in his mind a hundred ways how he might gain her.

Two days after, the smith was called to the priory to tend the prior's horse, which had cast a shoe and gone lame. He amended all that had gone amiss and was received with great courtesy by the prior, who invited him to breakfast. As they sat afterward, making away with some strong drink, the prior praised the smith that he was so cunning with horses and told him he would be content to make him farrier to the priory. The smith was pleased at this favor and gave thanks. "Nay, more," said the prior. "Dost thou not have a wife who might be our laundress for the priory?"

Perceiving by the weathercock the way the wind blew, the smith smiled, shook his head and made a jest of it. "I am not the shepherd who sent his sheep to pasture among the starving," he said.

At this, the prior laughed and answered, "I meant not that she should fetch or carry the clothes here, but I should send the scull of the kitchen to do that task. Dost thou fear a scull?"

"It is only your breechless yeomen that I fear," said the smith. Upon this they agreed and the smith went home to tell his wife.

The next morning early, the scull came with a load of foul linen and found the smith already at his anvil. "Welcome, good fellow," said the smith. "Carry the clothes above and instruct my wife. She is still abed, I think."

When the scull had gone into the chamber and put down his load, he said, "Mistress, the prior prays that these clothes be done by Wednesday next." The smith's wife sat up in bed, holding the sheet to her breasts. "And," said the scull in a low voice, "his worship bade me give you this gold ring in secret to show his admiration." The wife had never touched a gold ring before, and when she put it on her finger, it seemed to warm her whole body.

Home went the scull and soon the prior asked for him and inquired the news. The scull related all that had happened, finishing with, "Sir, she put your token on her finger, sighed, observed that her husband was a watchful man, sighed again and said that all would be in readiness Wednesday next."

"Tom," said the prior (for so was the scull's name), "thou art a broken scholar, flung out from the university, and thou owest thy salvation to me."

"You are foremost in my prayers," said the scull.

"Then ask forgiveness for the frailty of the flesh," said the prior. "And, on Wednesday, if thou shouldst see me wearing thy clothes, with my face besmeared, carrying a basket and setting off, keep silence about it."

And so it came about early on Wednesday morning. Scarcely glancing up from his work, the smith said, "Go up the stairs, fellow. My wife is yet in bed, but the linen is washed and ready."

Entering the chamber, the prior found the wife in a sweet sleep. He put his hands under the covers, on her nakedness, and kissed her. With that, she awakened and said in surprise. "How now, Sir Sauce, this is no linen you are clutching!"

"Be content, good love," said the prior, "neither is this Tom Scull, but the prior who sent thee the ring and who burns for thee." He kissed her again and so conjured her that she readily brought him into the bed. And thus it was while the smith at his anvil was hammering heartily, his wife and the prior were pounding just as lustily to forge him a forked headpiece.

The game went on for a month and, just as the blind man eats many a fly and much water runs by the mill that the miller wots not of, so the smith went on suspecting nothing. One morning, however, the prior was ill, and so Tom Scull was sent to carry the linen. As he walked to the smith's house, he thought what a fair woman the smith's wife was and he envied his master. When he arrived, all passed as usual and Tom went quietly up the stairs to the half-dark chamber. She was still asleep. He put his basket down, took off his clothes, boldly slipped into bed without a word and shared the prior's commons. Then, still silent, he dressed and hurried away.

The next Wednesday morning, the wife asked the prior, "Why did you come and go so silently when last you were here?"

The prior knew at once that the scull had cut a slice of his bread. "Sweetheart, I heard a noise and I thought thy husband was climbing the stairs," he said. Then he hurried home to give Tom Scull a beating that almost killed him.

As soon as he had recovered somewhat,

HOLLAND

Tom went to the alehouse and waited for the smith to appear. No sooner had he come in than Tom took him aside and revealed the matter, keeping back only his own part in it. "By the holy rood of Rochester," swore the smith in smoky anger, "I will teach that prior to hate the sin of lechery worse than the six others!"

The next Wednesday, all went as usual until the prior, in Tom's ragged clothes, had gone to the bedchamber. Whereupon the smith, with his two brawny knaves, hied up the stairs and seized the prior in bed. "And now, Sir Scull," he roared, "I will learn you that you are no Mars to make a Vulcan out of me!" So saying, he and his men thrust the prior into a great chaff sack, tied the top and carried it into the street. The smith made his wife put on her petticoat and come also into the street, where he thrust a flail into her hands and bade her beat the sack as hard as she could.

He stood behind her with a great carter's whip and, when she stinted her blows, he gave her a lash that fetched blood through the petticoat. Soon many people gathered in the street, marveling at this antic, and asked the smith what he was about.

"Killing of fleas," quoth the smith. "The dirty linen from the priory has brought foul fleas into my house and they have jumped into my wife's bed."

In the meantime, Tom, curious to know what was happening, put on the prior's robes, with the cowl over his head, and went to the smithy. And just then, the new abbot of Saint Peter's, as yet unacquainted in Canterbury, was passing by with his men and stopped to inquire what all the uproar was about.

"My Lord Abbot," said the smith, "yonder comes the prior of Saint Austin's—his fleas are the cause of the trouble." Tom saluted the abbot gravely in Latin and professed to know nothing of any fleas.

Whereat the smith unbound the sack and flung the prior out, he being so smeared and bloody that he could not be known. "Oh, it is my scull!" said Tom. "Thou notable knave to bring such dishonor on our house!"

Then the abbot, feeling sympathy for the prior and pity for the scull, took Tom by the arm in a friendly way and asked that the punishment go no further. By this time, many of the friars had arrived to join the crowd and all were amazed when Tom lowered his cowl and showed his face. But, beginning to guess the truth of the matter and seeing Tom so warmly received by the abbot, no one was zealous to start more trouble or to endanger his rich living.

And so the secret was kept. Tom Scull became the prior of Saint Austin's and he governed wisely for many years, holding to the motto *Caute si non caste*: "If you can't be good, be careful."

—Retold by Jonah Craig

THE WATERGATE TAPES

ANOTHER PLAYBOY EXCLUSIVE! FOR THE FIRST TIME ANYWHERE, THE TRANSCRIPTS THAT MITCHELL, EHRLICHMAN AND HALDEMAN RISKED EVERYTHING FOR! (DON'T DROOL ON THE PAGE)

May 30, 1972, 3:02 P.M. E.S.T.

(Dialing sounds. Clicks.)

FIRST VOICE (male): Goddamn it. I'm trying to get an outside line.

SECOND VOICE (neuter): This is a recording. The number you have reached is not in service at this time. If you need assistance——

FIRST VOICE: Jesus H.

SECOND VOICE (garbled): ——on the line and an operator will answer.

FIRST VOICE: Christ.

THIRD VOICE (female): May I help you?

FIRST VOICE: Operator. I'm calling Harvey's Pizzarama, 31st and M Street. We've got about two hundred hungry campaign workers here and——

THIRD VOICE: Would you spell that, please?

FIRST VOICE: Harvey's Pizzarama. H-A-R——

THIRD VOICE: I can spell Harvey, sir. Just the last name.

FIRST VOICE: Pizzarama, damn it. P-I-Z-Z-A-R-A-M-A.

(Pause of several seconds.)

THIRD VOICE: I have several listings under Pizzaro, sir. I have a Javier, a Julio S., but no Harvey.

FIRST VOICE: Operator, for God's sake, it's a pizza parlor!

THIRD VOICE: Oh, well. Let me consult. . . . (Pause of several seconds) The number is five-five-five, oh-five-five, five.

FIRST VOICE: But that's the number I just called. I got a recording.

THIRD VOICE: The number is in service. Please hang up and dial again.

(Clicks. Dialing sounds.)

SECOND VOICE: This is a recording. The number——

FIRST VOICE: Jesus, Mary and Joseph.

(Conversation ended. Time: 3 minutes, 7 seconds.)

• • •

June 2, 1972, 3:45 P.M. E.S.T.

(Ringing sounds. Click.)

FIRST VOICE (female): Democratic National Committee.

SECOND VOICE (male): Julia?

FIRST VOICE: No, this is the Democratic National Committee.

SECOND VOICE: It's not Julia?

FIRST VOICE: No, this is Miss Mills. May I help you?

SECOND VOICE: Miss Mills, you don't know me, and I'll bet you don't know what I've got in my hand.

FIRST VOICE: Sir?

SECOND VOICE: I bet you've got a nice body, Miss Mills—and do you know what I'd like to do? Tear off all your clothes and cover you with Russian dressing——

FIRST VOICE: Sir?

SECOND VOICE: ——pour it all over your hot yearning body. And then——

FIRST VOICE: Sir?

SECOND VOICE: ——whip you with a loaf of French bread until . . . yes, Miss Mills?

FIRST VOICE: Sir, we're awfully busy this afternoon. But my home number is three-five-five, five-five-five-five. . . .

(Conversation ended. Time: 3 minutes, 5 seconds.)

• • •

June 3, 1972, 10:17 A.M. E.S.T.

(Ringing sounds. Click.)

FIRST VOICE (female): Democratic National Committee.

SECOND VOICE (male): Good morning, Mrs. Committee, how are you this beautiful spring day? My name is Everett Humpf and I'm calling on behalf of the Greater Washington Boys' Club. As a nonprofit, charitable organization, we're offering you a chance to make a contribution which will, at no extra cost, bring you twelve issues of——

FIRST VOICE (over): Look, I'm afraid you've got——

SECOND VOICE (over): I understand perfectly. Perhaps if you could ask Mr. Committee to get on the phone——

FIRST VOICE: Oh, for Christ's sake.

(Conversation ended. Time: 43 seconds.)

• • •

June 5, 1972, 2:33 P.M. E.S.T.

(Ringing sounds. Click.)

FIRST VOICE (male): Democratic National Committee.

SECOND VOICE (male): Great. I finally got through. Listen, can you people tell me how to get in touch with John Connally?

FIRST VOICE: I'm sorry, sir, but according to our records, John Connally does not exist.

(Conversation ended. Time: 28 seconds.)

• • •

June 7, 1972, 2:13 P.M. E.S.T.

(Ringing sounds. Click.)

FIRST VOICE (female): Lawrence O'Brien's office.

SECOND VOICE (female): This is Senator Jackson's secretary calling. Could you put Mr. O'Brien on the line, please?

FIRST VOICE: Surely. I'll be glad to. Why don't you put Senator Jackson right on the line?

SECOND VOICE: Of course. But would you have Mr. O'Brien get on the line first?

FIRST VOICE: I'm awfully sorry, but I have instructions to put any outside party on the line before I buzz Mr. O'Brien.

SECOND VOICE: Look, miss. This is a Senator calling. I can't put him on the line to a secretary. Why don't you just get Mr. O'Brien for us?

FIRST VOICE: Mr. O'Brien is the chairman of the Democratic National Committee, and if anyone should get on the line first, it's painfully obvious that it should be the Senator.

SECOND VOICE: Who in hell do you think you are?

FIRST VOICE (agitated): Hey, wait just one minute there. I'm afraid you don't realize just who you're talking to. Now, I strongly suggest that you put Senator Jackson on the line first.

SECOND VOICE: I'll just have to put you on hold until I see what Senator Jackson has to say about all this.

FIRST VOICE: Well, I'll have to do the same.

(Lengthy period of static.)

(Conversation ended. Time: 16 hours, 14 minutes.)

• • •

June 9, 1972, 11:06 A.M. E.S.T.

(Ringing sounds. Click.)

FIRST VOICE (female): Democratic National Committee.

SECOND VOICE (male): Huh? Oh, yeah. That's good. I like that one. Look, Matty, I got one that's for real. Gimme a dime on Crop Duster in the first. And make it a nickel on Swim Suit in the sixth. I'm semisoft on that one.

FIRST VOICE: I'm sorry, you must have the wrong number. This is the Democratic National (continued on page 164)

Ghost of Martin Luther King

(continued from page 76)

"What happened then?" Mr. Green said impatiently.

"The sheriff started hitting us with his billy club," Clay went on. His voice was low and hoarse. "Some of the men ran. But I stayed and stood my ground with the rest. Then one of the deputies fired his gun. That's when I ran. I got in the car and took off. Just when I was leaving, I saw them drag Mr. George Stapleton to the sheriff's car. I think he was the only one they arrested."

Mr. Green got up and turned the light on. His face seemed drawn and gray. "I knew there was going to be trouble," he said. "That's why I didn't go when George asked me. Did your father go, David?"

"No, sir," I said. "We had dinner at the Alcanthia Inn."

Mr. Green nodded. "Well, you'd better go home and tell your daddy that George is in jail. Maybe he can do something about it tomorrow morning. It's probably too late tonight."

I said good night to everybody and started for home. It was late October and the road that led to the highway was covered with leaves. There was a blob of a moon in the sky, bright and misshapen, like a lopsided pearl. A blanket of stars winked and glittered in a dome of dark blue. The air was unusually chilly for that time of year and I pulled my jacket collar up around my ears and walked on to the highway. When I was a child, this had been harvest weather, the time of pumpkins and corn, of tobacco to be cut and cured and sold, of walnuts, hazelnuts and chinquapins to be hunted out in the golden woods. But now the land went to waste while farmers became factory hands and bought their food at the supermarket in Dillwyn. The fields were stark under the hunched moon's glare, as though the earth begged forgiveness for the evil that man was doing to himself.

I was thinking about that and about what Clay had said about the pickets. It made me feel strange, knowing that Uncle George was spending the night in jail in Alcanthia Courthouse. He was bigger and bolder than my own father; and I felt that he would be all right until we could bail him out the next morning. This was not his first time in jail. He had been locked up during the early voter-registration drives and the agitation for civil rights. And each time he had been freed, he had gone home angrier than before and more determined, as he put it, to get his rightful share of things. I admired Uncle George, although the violence in him frightened me sometimes, as I was sure it frightened my father and mother.

From far away, I could hear the yelping of dogs; and once again I thought about those movies I had seen of Nazi Germany and the hounds of fear. It was true, too, that in these same woods and fields, black slaves had once made their desperate bid for freedom in the years before the Civil War. There had been hounds then, too, slavering at the heels of frightened men.

Had so much changed since then? Was it true that America's Negroes had become the successors to Hitler's Jews? I walked on. The wind slid around my ankles and through the leaves, rustling and hissing like the angry sound of autumn snakes. I had come to the hickory grove where it forms a kind of arch over the road where it joins at right angles with the highway. And then I saw the ghost.

He was walking toward me, on the other side of the road. It was dark in the grove, with only a trace of moonlight falling through the trees; and at first I thought that the ghost was some neighbor carrying a lantern that illuminated him in a kind of ethereal light. But as he drew closer, I saw that it was Martin Luther King—the solid, almost portly build, the round head, thick lips, eyes cast down, with an expression of infinite sorrow on his face, as though he was looking for something on the way and not finding it. He was dressed in a black suit and white shirt and he came down the road at a solemn pace. Walking with almost military precision, surrounded by unearthly light, he was as real as anything I had ever seen.

My first impulse was to run. But the apparition did not seem to mean me any harm. It was deathly quiet in the hickory grove, as though all sound had been suspended inside a vacuum contained by the towering trees. But from the fields around me, tree frogs and crickets raised a cacophony of song that accompanied the specter in his ghostly walk.

Just as he neared me, my legs came to life and I dived off the road into some bushes. But the ghost paid no attention to me at all. Looking neither left nor right, he proceeded down the road to the end of the grove. And where the moonlight fell there in the open space beyond the last tree, he disappeared as completely as though he had not existed at all.

I walked the rest of the way home in a daze. All my life I had heard stories about ghosts, but this was my first time actually seeing one. The apparition had not frightened me; in fact, it thrilled me with a sense of excitement and expectation that I had never experienced before. And I wondered what had called forth the ghost of Martin Luther King from his grave. What ominous events did his appearance foretell?

When I got home, I told my mother and father about Uncle George's being arrested. My father sat down and wrung his hands. "I knew it," he said. "I knew it would wind up like this."

My mother agreed with him. "I think you showed great sense in not going yourself," she said. "It never pays to rock the boat." Her artificial breast was hanging at a grotesque angle in her dress.

I did not tell them about the ghost that night, because they were too excited about Uncle George's being in jail. Next day, I went to school with Roberta. All the black students were abuzz about the events at the factory; and I did not tell any of them about the ghost, either.

When I got home from school, Uncle George was there drinking coffee with my mother. She had gone to Alcanthia Courthouse to bail him out, so that my father would not have to miss a day's work.

Uncle George winked at me when I went in. He was big and burly and very, very black. "Hi, David," he said. I told him hello. My mother told me to go change my clothes, which was her way of letting me know that she'd prefer me not to talk to Uncle George about yesterday. When I went back to the kitchen, Uncle George was ready to go. He thanked my mother for bailing him out. Before he left, she asked him if he'd kill the white sow for us come hog-killing time. "I'd be glad to," Uncle George said. He went down the road whistling.

• • •

In the weeks that followed, I saw the ghost of Martin Luther King several more times. After the second occasion, I told my mother and father and found my mother afraid to believe that the dead can return and my father wanting to believe but fearing some danger if he did. So I confided in Roberta; but she, like everyone else in Burnside, was stirred by the continual agitation at the factory in Dillwyn. Every day, it seemed, there was new trouble there—name-calling, fistfights, long-simmering hostilities finally brought into the open as blacks tried to tear down the old barriers while whites did their utmost to maintain them. Then, near the middle of November, the blacks—who made up the majority of the work force at the factory—walked out in a general strike. The factory limped along for a few days, trying to stay open with a minority of white workers on the job; but finally it was forced to close down altogether.

Uncle George was elated. My own father, more through necessity than conviction, had joined the strikers; and he was somber and apprehensive, as was my mother. But it was clear that something more solid than Uncle George's rhetoric had fired the men and moved them to that drastic step. I went with my father to their meeting at May's, the black tavern; and underneath all their grumblings and protestations, as they bought beer with the last of their dwindling funds, it became apparent that their main complaint had to do with the fact

(continued on page 182)

CYCLING MAKES A SPLASH

mate bikelike maneuverability with a surfboard and what have you got? the unsinkable water ski-mobile!

YOU CAN SPEND $1395 IN A LOT OF HEAVY WAYS. A down payment on a used Ferrari. Two weeks in Marrakesh. Flying lessons. Scuba gear. Or you can invest it in one of the niftiest recreational vehicles to come along in a decade—the Water Ski-Mobile. Manufactured by the Power-Ski Corporation in Chicago, this seven-foot mechanized dolphin that's made of fiberglass, polyurethane and aluminum can do almost anything but submerge. To launch, just push it into the water and climb aboard solo—or with a friend riding tandem. The 20-hp motor housed behind the driver's seat operates on all-electric ignition; speed, stop and steering are controlled from the handle bars. There's really nothing else to do but jet about like an aquatic Buck Rogers. Even in choppy water, the Water Ski-Mobile can hit speeds upwards of 30 mph—and should you take a plunge while playing wave jockey, the machine's motor automatically stops. (The propeller is housed in a metal shroud.) Furthermore, the gas tank holds three and one half gallons—and on that you should cover about 50 miles. Still want to buy that scuba gear?

ILLUSTRATION BY ALEX MURAWSKI

NEXT TRAIN TO WARSAW?

(continued from page 130)

rationalization and reproach and, touching my chest in a gesture of mute sincerity, remembered the camera that had been hanging there since Frankfurt.

"Haven't you got the camera?" I asked her.

"No, don't you?"

"No, goddamn it, it must have gotten left on the train. You two stay here. Get in line. I'll run back and get it. Shouldn't take more than a minute. I remember the car."

I trotted back through the crowded station out to the now-empty yard, glad that my son had asked his question about the tracks, since it helped me remember which train we'd been on. But, looking at the long gray-green train, I realized that I was no longer sure which car it was, except that it was somewhere near the end. The only human being in sight, a BAGAŻ man, gave me a long reptilian stare as I puffed by.

I took the suggestion of the first open door and jumped on. I ran through smokers and first-class cars, through sleepers and second-class cars, but now they all seemed equally familiar and equally unfamiliar. When they had been filled with people, it had been easy enough to tell which was which. The army officer in the pea-green uniform meant I was near the car where the beer was sold. The man reading the German newspaper meant I was just two cars away from ours, and the three sullen old women dressed in black meant our compartment was three doors down. But now there was nobody at all, not even an abandoned *Frankfurter Allgemeine* to help me get my bearings. "Wrong move." I remembered her words. And the worst thing about a wrong move, I thought, is that it can lead to a second and a third and a fourth.

Then I felt something tug and shudder under my feet. It felt like the mild earthquakes I had gotten used to in California. But it wasn't. It was the train beginning to move. I was furious and panicky all at once. My fury blamed my father for having been born in this miserable country and for never having satisfied my stupid, bottomless, childish curiosity about it, answering my questions of what it was like there with such words as: "Dirty," "Awful," "Bad." Why couldn't he have described his house and his street and the school he went to and not left my imagination forever unsatisfied? Then I wouldn't have become so dreamy, wouldn't have wasted so many hours staring out the window at school, wouldn't be blowing the little savings I had on a fool's errand. The panic made me break into a sweat and run, still unable to decide whether to glance into the empty compartments for the camera or not. The train was picking up speed. The station and my wife and son were rushing farther and farther away and, since I was running in the same direction as the train, I, too, was moving, at my own rate, away from them.

Then I saw a little old peasant woman sweeping the corridor with a broom made of sticks and twigs. I had never seen a broom like that before.

"Have you seen a camera?" I asked her.

"Of course I have, sir. I may be just an old peasant woman, but I have seen many things in my time. Cameras, televisions, even the Blessed Mother of God once appeared to me."

"No, no, I mean have you seen a camera on this train, today?"

"No, sir, today I saw no camera, but as I was waking up this morning, I heard the voice of the Blessed Mother of God saying to me, 'Zofia, wake up now, there are only nine days left.' And you know what that means, sir. Well, I'm not afraid. Looking forward to it, to tell the truth. I'm old now and tired out. It will be a great relief to see my parents again and hear them tell me stories of when I was a girl."

The train was going at least 15 miles an hour. But I couldn't bring myself to interrupt her. After all, I myself had experienced similar feelings that very night, and life is not just a matter of getting on and off trains. So I let her finish and then, after a pause that could be considered one of minimal decency, asked her once more:

"A small black camera with silver fittings in one of the first-class sleeping compartments?"

"No, sir, I didn't see it, but I did find a little silver chain. It must have been left by accident. No one would leave such a beautiful silver chain on purpose. I'm sure of that. And you know what I'm going to do with it? I'm going to put my medals on it and on the ninth day, I'm going to put it around my neck and then put clean linen on the bed and then just lie down and wait to be taken. I am looking forward to it, sir, yes I am."

She smiled. Her creased face smiled and her eyes smiled right into mine, as if we had always known each other, had traveled together down the long road of life, and now the time had come for us to say farewell. Her eyes were the eyes of everyone I had ever known. I leaned forward and kissed her forehead.

"Can you tell me just one more thing?" I asked.

"Yes, sir, glad if I can."

"Is this train going somewhere or are they just going to back into the station on another track?"

"Oh, no, sir, no backing in with this train. We're going somewhere."

"Where?"

"A fine little town. My cousin Anya lives there with her husband. A very nice little town."

"How far is it from Warsaw?"

"Oh, not so very far."

"I mean, how many kilometers?"

"Oh, sir, that would be hard to say, now, but I would guess about forty."

"Thank you. Look, I've got to get going now."

"Then God be with you, sir. You'll need His help in this land, that's for sure."

I ran. When I got to the first door, I saw that it was already too late. A jump might have been possible if the tracks were not now separated by a low row of concrete poles that would have brained me if I were foolhardy enough to jump.

For a moment I thought I would go crazy. I thought of my wife and son standing in line for a taxi in Warsaw without a word of Polish, wondering what was keeping me so long. And yet as hard as I tried to focus their images in my mind, I could not obtain a clear picture of them. The old woman, the train had become reality for me and I could not think my way out of it. I felt my blood racing through me, a red-hot stick waving designs in the dark, and its power filled so much that anything else became less vivid, less important. There was nothing I could do. I had only two choices—be brained by a concrete pole or take the ride. Where had these choices come from all of a sudden? Just because you forget your camera, does that mean you have to either be brained or take a 40-kilometer ride? I couldn't understand such a choice. I, an American, raised on choice. Choosing candidates, channels, laxatives, drowning in choices, suddenly faced with two such idiotic selections.

And then a terrible thing happened. Before I could get my moral bearings, I realized I was enjoying it, that it was giving me some secret pleasure, that it was all somehow right. It was shameful to be laughing on a train rushing to a town whose name I didn't even know, it was shameful to be enjoying every minute of it, but it was too late, they were stranded and the train was racing and I was laughing and enjoying it and there was nothing, nothing anyone could do about it.

• • •

The train slowed down. With a hoot and a hiss of its air brakes, it came to a stop. All the great steam locomotives of the past have not rusted in scrap piles or been turned into toasters. Many of them are in fine shape, doing their job behind the Iron Curtain. I was no longer hysterical and quite rationally decided that losing a minute or two inspecting the engine could not make very much difference in the end. Haste is of the Devil, as one of my favorite expressions goes.

Coal-black sweat poured down the engine's enormous side that resembled the chest of an old-time wrestler. The seven wheels were stopped in the act of motion, from which point they would begin

"By gosh! It's nice to know the little woman missed me. . . ."

again when they were summoned. Steaming water was pouring onto the tracks like elephant urine. But I remembered that I had other, more pressing matters to deal with and so reluctantly took a last look at the engine that so much reminded me of the train set I had as a boy and would watch for hours with my head resting on the floor, until my ear would fall asleep.

It *was* a nice little town. All the houses were made of wood and had decorated shutters, window boxes and dark picket fences.

I estimated that the ride from Warsaw had taken some 20 minutes. If I could catch a train back within an hour or so, I could be back in Warsaw with the whole misadventure consuming no more than two hours. So the first order of business was to find someone who knew something about train schedules and get myself a ticket and, if there were time, some breakfast, since I had worked up quite an appetite from all that running around.

Right next to the small, apparently deserted station I saw a small kiosk. It looked the kind of place where you could buy tickets, or at least get some information. The kiosk was dark and gave off the odor of an animal's cage that hadn't been cleaned out for some time. Inside, an almost dwarfish man, barely visible in the shadows, was watching his own hand jitterbug across a stack of papers, stamping each one several times with violet circles. It looked as if he were unable to control his hand and had become fascinated by its autonomous movements. This impression was confirmed when I noticed that some of the sheets of paper were beginning to be ripped and torn by the violent stamping. My heart sank a little when I realized that without looking at me or speaking or making a single gesture, he had already let me know that he was fully aware of my presence and that he was patiently waiting to hear my request, but that his patience wouldn't last forever.

"I need a ticket back to Warsaw."

"What is your nationality?"

"I'm an American."

"How is it that you speak Polish?"

"My father spoke Polish."

"How is that your father spoke Polish?"

"He was born here."

"He must have been an intelligent man."

"Why?"

"He left."

"But about the ticket."

"Yes, the ticket. If you are an American, you must pay for your ticket in dollars, unless you have officially stamped receipts from government exchange centers. Which?"

"Dollars."

"Dollars. Now, let me see, in dollars that would be. . . . I better use a pencil. As you can see, I'm not a very intelligent man."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I'm still here, aren't I? Now, in dollars, two, five, carry the one, divide by seven, square root of nine and it comes to . . . sixty dollars."

"Sixty dollars! You must have made a mistake. That's completely ridiculous."

"Let me check it. Let's see; ah, yes, I'm terribly sorry, the exact fare is . . . fifty-three dollars and ninety-eight cents."

"Fifty-three dollars and ninety-eight cents! You've got to be kidding!"

"Why should I joke about such a thing?"

"Look, you see that train over there?"

"Yes, I see it."

"You know where that train is from?"

"Yes, from Warsaw."

"I was on that train."

"Hold it a minute; you were on that train?"

"Yes."

"But there was no conductor on that train. Who did you pay?"

"I didn't pay anyone. I was on the train by mistake."

"We must pay for our mistakes in this world, my friend. Now, the fare for that ride is going to be four dollars and eleven cents. Plus the fine for riding the state railways without a ticket, two dollars, and another three for illegally boarding a train, and you must pay a deposit of fifty dollars until we can determine that you have not engaged in any acts of hooliganism on the train, slashing seats, stuffing toilets, that sort of nasty thing. In total, if you give me, let me see, one hundred and thirteen dollars and nine cents, I can give you a ticket to Warsaw."

"Now, hold on just a minute. Let's get a few things straightened out here first. I want to know why it costs four dollars and eleven cents to get from Warsaw to here and fifty-three dollars and ninety-eight cents to get from here to Warsaw."

"Aha, so you don't know. Well, Warsaw to here is one thing, but here to Warsaw, that's something else again. You see, a place can be different, depending on whether you're coming or leaving."

"But why? Why? I don't understand."

"Well, you see, you are now on the going-away side of Warsaw. All trains leaving Warsaw go away on one side and all trains arriving come from the other side. And so if you want to go back to Warsaw, you must travel until you find yourself on the going-back side. I hope that is enough to explain the difference in price."

I saw that his honor as a railway man had been somewhat offended. Perhaps he thought I was accusing him of wanting a bribe and, although it is one of my rules never to offend the dignity of a man whose favor is essential to me, I couldn't help barking out angrily:

"That's the screwiest system I ever heard of."

"It has certain disadvantages, sir, and certain advantages."

"Give me an example," I hissed ironically.

"Number one—you know whether you're coming or going, which is more than you can say for your madhouse capitalist system. Number two—it stimulates travel. People see our beautiful countryside, they use our hotels and restaurants, peasants broaden themselves, the nation's level of culture and intelligence begins to rise, people realize their common purpose and behave as they should, and so the state gradually begins to wither away."

"All right, all right, I can see there are certain advantages. Just give me a ticket. Here's the money."

"Fine, sir. Now, where can we send the fifty-dollar deposit after we've determined there was no damage done to the train?"

"Send it to the American Embassy."

"Please just fill out this brief form. Every question must be answered and answered correctly, or else the form will be considered invalid."

"For Chrissake, how am I supposed to know my exact weight in kilograms when boarding and leaving the train?"

"Undoubtedly, sir, there are philosophical differences between us, but still I believe that we can discuss this matter as two moderately intelligent men. Here we believe in dialectical materialism, which teaches us that the universe is material and dynamic. So a man is his body first and foremost. Take away a man's body and what's left, sir? Not even a hole in the air. This I know from experience. During the war against the Germans, I was in the front lines. My friend Maciek was hit by a shell. I saw the explosion and the dirt fly. When I ran over, he wasn't there anymore. Of course, at that time I wasn't a party member, and so I didn't have any idea what had happened to him. Anyway, just estimate your weight. But you can see how, from our point of view, a man who doesn't even know his own weight must be looked at with some suspicion, at the very least."

"All right, a kilogram is about two point two pounds, so that would be about seventy-five kilograms."

"Very good. Now, don't forget to check something in the section marked 'Religious and/or Philosophical Preference.' "

The choices read: (A) Communist, (B) Catholic, (C) Both of the above.

"But I don't consider myself either a Communist or a Catholic."

"Now, that presents a problem. Perhaps it would help if you explained to me why you think you don't fit into any of our categories."

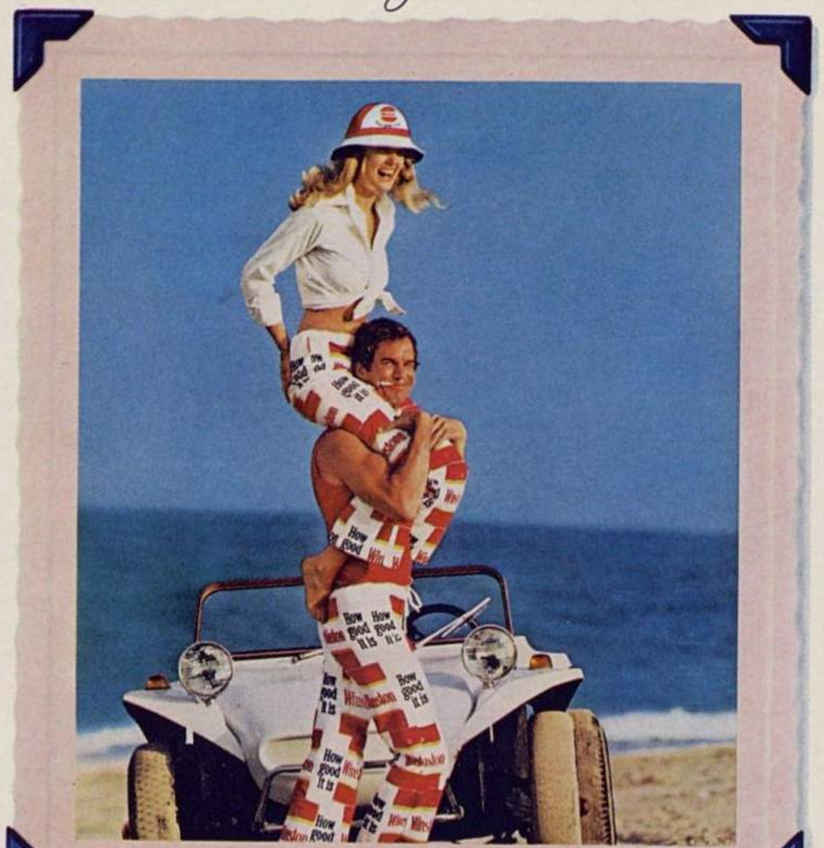
"Because I have not decided the important questions for myself yet."

"Oh, a freethinker, are you? Risky business."

"Call it whatever you want. I'm just trying to figure out the world for myself, thank you."

"Just you take it from a man who's seen

"Fancy Pants"



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Please send me the items indicated below. For each pair of Fancy Pants™ ordered I enclose $2.99 and 2 Winston end flaps. For each Happy Hat™ ordered I enclose $1.95 and 2 Winston end flaps.

FANCY PANTS ($2.99)
Quantity
Male
_____ Small (28-30 waist)
_____ Medium (32-34 waist)
_____ Large (36-38 waist)
Female (Jr. Sizes)
_____ Small (5-7)
_____ Medium (9-11)
_____ Large (13-15)

HAPPY HAT ($1.95)
Quantity
_____ Small (6¾-6⅞)
_____ Medium (7-7⅛)
_____ Large (7⅛-7⅜)
_____ X Large (7½-7¾)

I enclose a total of _____ end flaps from any size Winston Cigarettes for the item(s) I have ordered and the grand total amount of money $_____ (no stamps please).
IMPORTANT: Send check or money order and end flaps by first class mail. Make payable to: Winston Pants/Hat Offer.
I certify that I am 21 years of age or older.
Miss
Mrs.
Mr._____
(Please Print Plainly)
Address_____Telephone_____
City_____State_____Zip*_____
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quite a bit of the world, that's not the way it goes. The world is a war and you're on one side or the other, and that's all there is to it. Unless you're clever enough to play it both ways, which is why we have choice C. There's just no place for a man who believes in figuring things out for himself."

"And why not?"

"I mean, what good is he? Suppose he does figure it all out, what good does that do all the rest of mankind? So he'll write a book about how he figured it all out, and who'll read that book? Just a bunch of guys who'll say, 'Terrific, he figured it out, but what the hell do I care? I want to figure it out for myself, too.' So that's what it all comes down to, a waste of state resources in the form of paper. And, of course, these smart-alecks demand to be fed just the same as a coal miner or a railroad man."

"Speaking of being fed, is there any place around here where I can get a bite to eat?"

"Yes, sir, there's a little buffet in the station. But as far as all this philosophy business goes, let me add just one thing. I think all this freethinking is a result of all the decadence in the West and all the choices you have in your economy. Girls dancing around without anything on from the waist up, thousands of kinds of tooth paste, more kinds of tooth paste than men have teeth. It's no wonder you get all that nonsense into your head. I've even heard that there are certain night clubs where you go in and select a tube of tooth paste and give it to the waiter and then go to your table. Pretty soon out comes some half-naked girl with your tooth paste on her nipples and she comes right over to you and brushes your teeth. I hate to say it, but it must be marvelous. Would you mind me asking if you've ever been to such a night club?"

"No, I haven't. And as far as I know, there are no such places."

"They're probably only for big shots, that's why you don't know about them. And you call your press free."

"Look, for the sake of simplicity, I'm going to check Catholic."

"And why's that? You're no Catholic."

"I lean toward a belief in immortality. Not that I'm sure or anything."

"Well, if that's the way you lean, then it's Catholic you should check."

"All right, now give me my ticket."

"Just one moment."

His hand had a fit again. Purple blotches appeared all over tickets and sundry scraps of paper like an epidemic of measles. Finally, he was done and handed me an enormous stack of papers.

"Don't you lose a single one of them, sir, or else you'll find yourself in a pretty pickle."

"I won't. Now, tell me when the next train's due."

"Next train for Warsaw, about an hour, sir."

"And how long will the trip take?"

"Let me check on that. Let's see, here; oh, yes, well, taking into account the inevitable delays, and so forth, I'd say about six days."

"Six days! Why, in the name of God, six days?"

"Seems like you don't have any feel for the geography of these parts. Let me just show you a little map here. The train you must take goes south to Kraków, then cuts down through Czechoslovakia, then through the north of Hungary, back up through Czechoslovakia, and then across East Germany to Poland. Of course, for this trip you'll need a Polish exit visa, a Czech entry-and-exit visa, a Hungarian entry-and-exit visa, another Czech entry-and-exit visa and the same for East Germany—and I understand they're not so easy to get these days—and, of course, another Polish entry visa."

"Can you give me those visas?"

"Do I look like an ambassador or a consul? Hardly, sir, though I thank you for the compliment. No, such visas must be obtained directly from the consuls. And for each one, you will need six pictures of yourself."

"And where are these consuls located?"

"Why, in Warsaw, sir. Where else?"

The corners of his little mustache, which I hadn't noticed before in the shadows of the kiosk, now began to twitch. I didn't need a handbook to know that he wasn't laughing at me personally but at the laughable hopelessness of my position and the artistry with which it had been constructed. Probably he was something of a connoisseur in such matters and had watched many a fate sewn up by tracks and regulations.

"I know, I know," he said in such a sympathetic voice that my rage quieted. "It's hard at first, it takes time. After all that tooth paste and nipples, God save us, it must be quite a shock. So what I suggest you do is take this form and go on over to the buffet. Have yourself a little breakfast, fill out the form, and then I'll return your money to you. And, in the meantime, maybe we can figure out some other way of getting you back to Warsaw."

"All right, then, give me the form."

"I'm glad to help you, sir, because, you see, I've taken pity on you."

"Pity on me? Why?"

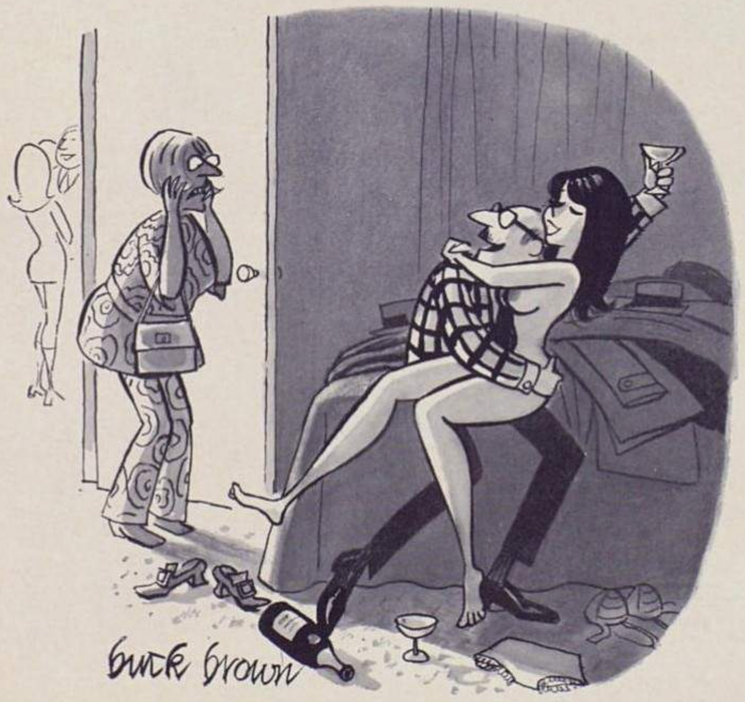
"Well, I can see how hard it is for a man like yourself."

"What do you mean—a man like myself?"

"I didn't want to come right out and say it, but what I mean is a man of no great intelligence."

"And how can you tell that I'm a man of no great intelligence?"

"Because you're here, sir, because you're here."



"Remember, dear, my triumphs are your triumphs!"

PORNO CHIC

(continued from page 138)

healthy cut of profits, plus a salary well in excess of the $100–$150 a day that amounts to good pay for all but the lucky few performers in hard-core. The lucky ones are becoming more visible and less embarrassed than ever before about their status in showbiz' sexual ghetto, where performers acquire new names and shed them as casually as underthings for an orgy. Several, Linda included, have recently written books about their careers in porno; hers, aptly, is titled *Inside Linda Lovelace.*

"Most aren't actors by any stretch of the imagination," says Damiano, though he himself did a lot to improve the image of sex stars when he gave the lead in *Miss Jones* to 37-year-old Georgina Spelvin, whose anonym masks her identity as a onetime musical-comedy trouper with solid credits both on and off Broadway. "I'd like to do *Hedda Gabler* hard-core," she says, only half joking.

There's no denying that part of the kick in watching these performers perform is to speculate about their behavior offcamera. Georgina keeps house with actress Claire Lumiere—her partner in private as well as in the Lesbian sequence of *Miss Jones.* "For God's sake," she cries, "don't call us bisexual. We're *sexual* people, that's all." Either way, or both, Georgina has made 16 sex films since last summer, playing Charlie Chaplin in a short and leads in *Well of Frenzy, Sexual Witchcraft* and *Memoirs of a Male Chauvinist Pig.*

Blond, handsome Calvin Culver, 29, appears to be fulfilling *Variety*'s prediction that he might be the first actor to make a clean leap from sex stardom to "legit" movies and theater. Though he first achieved recognition with the gay set (as Casey Donovan) in *Casey, The Back Row* and Poole's *Boys in the Sand,* Cal has also acted on Broadway with Ingrid Bergman, plays a strong straight part in Radley Metzger's *Score* and is front runner for a major role with Maggie Smith in the film version of Mary Renault's *The King Must Die.*

Of all the impressively endowed males laboring in the phallic wonderland of hard-core, none can match California's formidable John C. Holmes, known as Johnny Wadd or Supercock because his erect penis tops a foot-long ruler by one inch, according to Holmes's own calculations (a vital statistic checkable in *Teenage Cowgirls,* a porn detective series, and some 1700 other hard-core films of varying length). "When I was six years old, my cock hung down to my knees. I was embarrassed about it," says Holmes. Now in his late 20s, tall and lean, with a physique remarkable in only one respect, he offers no apologies for his fame as a fuck-film phenomenon—and hustler. "I was in Europe for six years, fucking a famous movie producer's old lady, who introduced me to people. That's how I got into films. Lately I'm also writing scripts."

Pursued with equal zeal by males and females who somehow secure his address or phone number, Holmes much prefers older, wiser and wealthier members of the opposite sex. "Women send me air fare and expenses. I've been to New York five or six times, and went to England once with a woman who was leaving her husband behind in Florida. You meet some nice people. I'm just me, doing what I do the best I can—I turn a few tricks and make fuck films. Hell, I know factories in California where they show fuck movies during the lunch break. My biggest following is in Hawaii. I spent six months in Waikiki with a stripper, doing a nude night-club show. The island was saturated with Johnny Wadd publicity. And there was a whole section devoted to me at the Porno Exhibit in Copenhagen in 1971. 'The Best from America.' "

The only East Coast rival to Holmes is New Yorker Marc Stevens (nine inches erect), who, as number two, presumably tries harder in *The Whistle Blowers, Deep Sleep, The Hypnotist* and *It Happened in Hollywood.* "I've been peddling my ass for twenty-seven years. I'm the only true exhibitionist in the business." Talking with Stevens tends to blur the line between uninhibited revelation and shrewd self-promotion by a superstud who claims to make "an outasight obscene phone call" and is hell-bent on becoming a male sex symbol. Regarding a sequence that may or may not remain in the final cut of the widely heralded sequel to *Deep Throat,* Stevens says, "Linda gave me a hand job and a mediocre blow job. I challenge her to deep-throat me in Madison Square Garden." (Inching way ahead of Stevens, Linda asserts in her book that she could deep-throat even Supercock, and says she'd welcome the chance to brave it in a future superporn epic.)

There *are* things, of course, that porno performers will not do for lust or money. Anal intercourse is ruled out by many actresses—especially with performers the size of Stevens. Perhaps half the men rule out homosexual scenes, and bestiality is a no-no for a majority of actors, as are sadomasochistic scenes, unless simulated. Doing anything whatever with a prodigy like Holmes is considered "horrible" by L.A.'s Cindy Hopkins, a busy body who—until recently, when she decided to quit the business—also danced nude at The Ball, a private club in Santa Monica where she offered absolute proof that California sex queens possess unbeatable physical assets. "All of us doing films out here are a very tight family," says Cindy, who worked with Holmes once and only once, in a movie called *Double Exposure.* "Lots of girls are crazy about him, and he's a very nice guy, but my *God*! Last year, I did a tour promoting *Teenage Fantasies.* I'd be in the theater lobby in Chicago or Indianapolis. It was really a groove, and touching, the way men and women from eighteen to eighty would tell you their sex hang-ups and ask advice."

New York's hard-core film colony consists of 30 to 40 performers who work together, ball together, talk shop together and call up to exchange tips about casting. Andrea True, Jamey Gillis, Kim Pope, Cindy West (winner of the Best Actress Award in the 1972 Erotic Filmfest), Mary Madigan and Davey Jones have appeared, individually and together, in dozens of hard-core features. But perhaps the steadiest-working actor of the lot is Harry Reems, most memorably cast as the teacher who schools *Miss Jones* in deviltry and as the doctor whose diagnostic tool is engulfed by Linda Lovelace in *Deep Throat. Village Voice* critic Andrew Sarris has compared Reems (an alias chosen to conceal his identity as a moonlighting member of the Screen Actors Guild) to

"The mile isn't the only thing he does under four minutes."

Marlon Brando in *Tango*, and gave Harry more points for "his superb performance of sexual swordplay without sexual swagger." Once named corespondent in a divorce suit brought by a man whose wife appeared opposite him in a porn picture, Reems expects to earn $50,000 this year from sex films—unless he defects to a major talent agency that feels reasonably certain his sex appeal can be exploited on a larger scale. According to Reems, most performers are valued for a specialty, his being that he can ejaculate on a 15-second cue and still keep track of where the camera is. "You need total concentration and involvement," he says, and finds a cum shot very little different from a scene that requires an actor to cry.

Jason and Tina Russell are a bisexual couple who live in a Brooklyn Heights brownstone and seem typical of urban young marrieds—except that both hail from small-town America and have not yet told their parents how they earn a living. The secret will be hard to keep after publication this summer of Tina's paperback, *Porno Star*, describing their sexual explorations onscreen and off. A 24-year-old brunette with finely chiseled features and a crisp Radcliffe air about her, Tina writes and speaks with total candor about the night she came upon Jason and a friend named Eric making love and decided to join them: "Friends *should* make love; it helps friendship to grow." About social diseases, a professional hazard: "People worry a little about vaginitis, because the guys can transmit it from girl to girl, but we seldom worry about V.D. because everyone knows everyone else. Anyway, there are only seven or eight people we're willing to fuck on film." And about marriage: "I never knew love could be so perfect until I met Jason. Whenever I have to fantasize in a movie, I relate it to him."

Tina has much in common with San Francisco's Marilyn Chambers, 21, who appeared in the soft-core *Together* and had a bit role in *The Owl and the Pussycat* before her spectacular hard-core debut in *Behind the Green Door*. Marilyn was also visible lately at neighborhood supermarkets on boxes of Ivory Snow, as a young mother obviously 99$^{44}/_{100}$ percent pure—a reminder of her modeling days and presumably an embarrassment to Procter & Gamble when the story broke in hundreds of newspapers. (Though P. & G.'s Manhattan ad representative, perhaps noting a climb in sales, later paid $1000 for a five-year extension of Marilyn's contract.) Happily married to a professional bagpipe player, Marilyn senses no real contradiction: "People expect me to be a horror, I know, but I feel I *am* the way I look, clean-cut and wholesome. I hate the expression 'fuck films,' and I'd be very hurt if my husband were unfaithful to me, and I'd be embarrassed to go to an orgy. But I've done everything I can think of with guys and chicks, and I feel it's made me a mellower person, taken the pressure off."

If the performers in hard-core sound like rebels, however diffident, against traditional moral standards, it's because that's just what they are, with few exceptions. Well aware that they are looked upon as freaks or perverts by the vast majority of middle-class squares, they risk a lot—personally, professionally and legally. One sign of significant social change, however, is that actors are generally much, much younger and substantially better looking than the battered harlots and paunchy studs in black socks who appeared in stag films a generation ago. Ugly people doing dirty deeds have little value in today's feature market. Sex is in, youth is in and—taken as a group—the young professionals who have put the two together seem as healthy, articulate, liberated, immature, idealistic, vain, headstrong and cocksure of themselves as a cross section of under-30 actors or students one might encounter anywhere else.

To collect testimony against them would be redundant and facile. In a society still monitored by vigilantes ever-ready to stem the rising tide of decadence, condemnation comes easy. Understanding is a bit harder. One who tries and frequently succeeds is Dr. John W. Money, medical psychologist and chief of psychohormonal research at Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore (also a witness for the losing side at the *Deep Throat* trial in Manhattan, where he said the movie "has a cleansing action that puts an egg beater in people's brains"). Dr. Money has used *High Rise* to punch up his lectures to med students and asserts that Marilyn Chambers and her kind are merely trail blazers for the new awareness: "They are defining new possibilities in arbitrary sexual relationships, breaking down the stereotypes as to what is male, what is female. This is the first generation of humankind which can separate its recreational sex from its procreational sex, and I find it very valid that people of this generation claim the freedom to expand their sexual horizons. Expansion beyond their parents' standards is a normal step. For the first time in history, young people are teaching lessons to the older generation, and that is what these movies are really all about."

If the kind of people who make them and perform in them are less inhibited than their mainstream counterparts, the casting and shooting of a fuck film involves the same endless waiting, long hours, short tempers, setting up of lights and general tedium as movie-making anywhere else. Unknown performers who apply for a role are usually asked to take their clothes off (only *Screw*'s doggedly outrageous Jim Buckley and Al Goldstein admit being raunchy enough to suggest that a girl demonstrate her proclivity for oral sex). Once the work begins, hard drugs are forbidden on most sets, though some unobtrusive grass smoking may be tolerated.

Last March, director Jonas Middleton, a camera crew, leading lady Andrea True and a supporting cast of six had $28,000 and a long Saturday-through-Tuesday weekend to spend making *Illusions of a Lady* at a rented beach house in Hampton Bays, New York. By the fourth day, the elderly French landlady, who padded to and from the kitchen in brunch coat and bedroom slippers, had grown accustomed to finding her paneled living room a clutter of cables, cameras, hot lights and heaving flesh. Middleton, whose only previous feature was a one-day wonder called *Cherry Blossoms*, had the actors on set running through a scene in which Andrea, as a freaky lady shrink, briefs some patients she has invited for a country weekend of encounter therapy.

"We're going to test the limits," she said, "and the first thing I insist on is that we *all* remove our undergarments."

Moments later, Middleton stopped the scene to have a word with actor Jamey Gillis. "We need your reaction shot, Jamey."

"What am I supposed to be reacting to?"

"She just exposed her tit. She just exposed her cunt, for Christ sake!"

Jamey broke up but was more than ready when his turn came to doff suit, tie and underdrawers. "Better wait a minute. I have an erection. Is that in the script?"

"No." Middleton had to call a break, in any case, while an aide went to silence a barking dog. "I tried to find really good people for this film," he said in a weary aside. "It's got SM, Lesbianism, rape, every sort of perversion going."

A subsequent fantasy sequence involved a girl-boy-girl trio—all nude except for extravagant eye paint—licking and fondling and probing one another with the contents of a fruit basket complemented by some light-red wine. All went well until a necessary erection failed to materialize. "*Cut!*" snapped Middleton. "Would one of you girls give him head until he gets hard again?"

Oral stimulation offcamera to prepare a male actor for a scene is a common practice in hard-core, and the job most actresses like least. The men's chief complaint is being asked to stand in and come for a tired, tense colleague who can't keep it up or bring himself to climax. Jamey, Mary Madigan and Davey Jones discussed both problems while they stood in a doorway watching Middleton direct a balling scene between a lissome blonde named Michelle and a muscular stud named Al, a former high school science teacher from Philadelphia.

"He's only semihard," said Davey. "I hope he makes it. I had to do a cum shot for him the other day. And, man, two or

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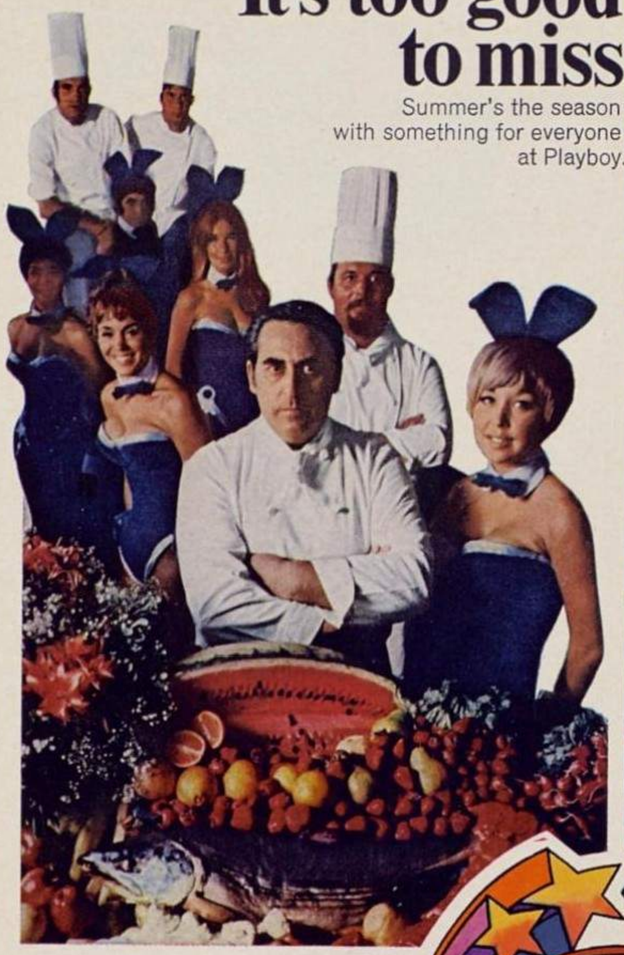

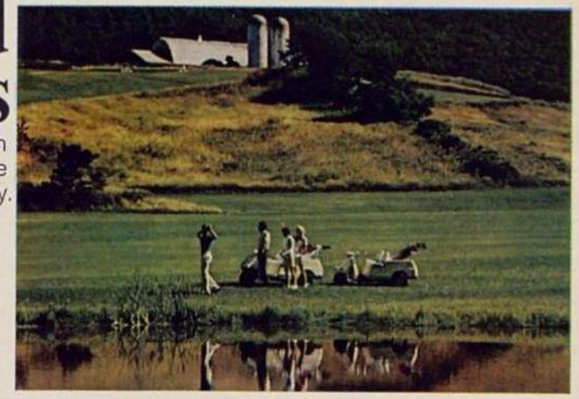

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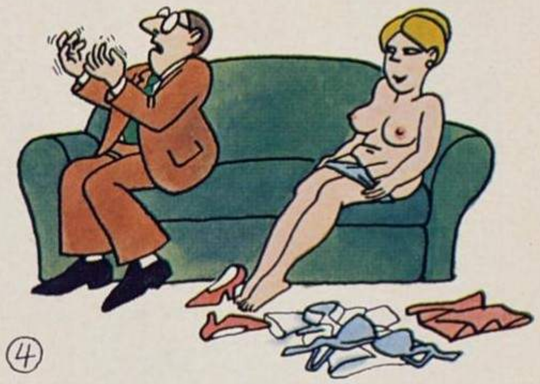

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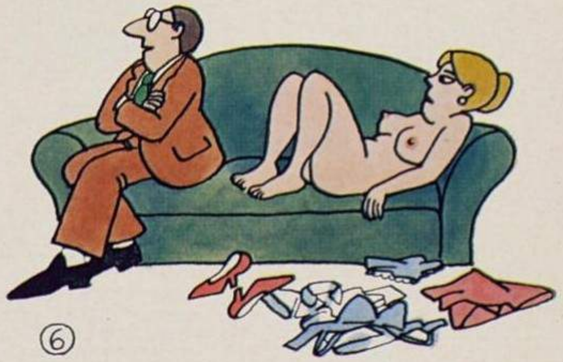

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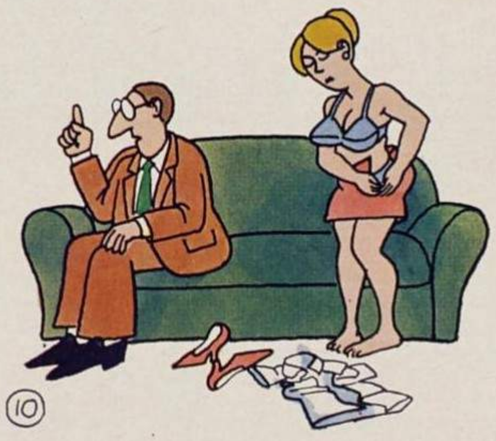

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"Not tonight, Howard . . .
I have a headache!"

three cum shots in a day gets to be *too* fuckin' much."

Jamey nodded. "Jonas is giving directions again. That makes it worse, when the director keeps talking at you."

Davey grinned. "Al must be wasted. He was in on the action at the motel last night. I had this chick with me, and when I came out of the bathroom, she was balling him. . . ."

On tiptoe, Mary tried to check the progress inside. "It gets to be really a drag to give head like that. A while back I had to work on a guy for forty-five minutes to do a five-minute fuck scene."

Inside, under the lights, Michelle arched her body upright, astride and facing her co-star. "I think they're OK now," said Jamey, "but she's not too good in that position. She always sits up at an angle that bends your cock over."

"Hey, he's gonna *make* it. . . ."

"Yeah . . . yeah!"

On the set, Middleton suddenly said, "Beautiful . . . *beautiful!* All right, *cut!*"

Their cheering section relaxed as Michelle went scurrying to the dressing room, followed by a somewhat sheepish Al, nude, still moist and semi-erect, a smile on his face. Jamey grinned back at him. "Nice going, Al, baby. You did it."

In a generally permissive social climate, with such footage accessible to any customer with the three-to-five-dollar price of a theater ticket, it seems logical to assume that there might be a corresponding decline in public demand for what used to be called stag films. As a matter of fact, the reverse is true. The stag market is enjoying a comparable boom, though the movies today are called "private films," "mail orders" or, more simply, "eights"—because 90 percent are 8mm and Super 8 shorts, 200-foot soundless reels of approximately ten minutes' running time, shot in color. Making and marketing them—across the counter in adult bookshops or through the mails—has become a multimillion-dollar growth industry. According to one busy distributor's estimate, 1000 new numbers are issued each year, up to half made in California. The rest are apt to come from New York, Florida, Denmark or even Colorado, and retail for $15–$50, depending on quality and content. With performers paid an average of $50 per film, the cost of making a new number runs $500–$700. The best are shot in 16mm, then reduced to 8mm to ensure good quality, and an enterprising director may broaden his profit margin by hiring a repertory company of olympic sex stars to grind out seven to ten movies in one day at a cut rate of something like $3000. If he's lucky, he may sell up to 500 copies of each at a wholesale price of eight dollars a print—a handsome total profit for a day's work, no matter how you figure it, even subtracting the considerable cost of copying film.

Private sex reels have been in circulation almost since movies began, but the current crop is markedly different from the classics of yesteryear. The heavily plotted story films of the Twenties are out—like traveling-salesman jokes and tales of the farmer's daughter—and so are the favorites of subsequent decades, usually photographed in grainy black and white and featuring rather sleazy types who appear to be shacked up in fleabag hotels. The trends of today, which began during the Sixties, are heading in bolder and kinkier new directions as buyers become less embarrassed to confide their interest in whatever subject may be their particular thing. For a contemporary collector, the essential requirements are simple: new and beautiful faces, with figures to match; top-quality color photography; sex in an identifiable social context, but without too much footage spent on storytelling; and at least one spectacular cum shot—preferably sperm splashing over the face, fanny or groin area of a partner of either sex. There are, after all, established limits to what a movie can cover in ten minutes.

Aside from Arabian oil sheiks, jet setters and movie stars, who buys 8mm sex films? "My best customers are doctors, lawyers, businessmen and ranking military personnel—people of above-average income with extensive social contacts," says the owner of San Francisco's House of Art, a leading mail-order company that sells through advertisements in *San Francisco Ball* and *Screw*, and only to buyers who swear in writing that they're at least 21 years old; most seem to be in the 30–50 age group. "These films are a very private thing, for a woman and a man, or a mixed group, some of whom aren't loose enough to go see movies in public. For others, theatergoing stimulates interest, and they want more far-out stuff at home."

House of Art's mailing list includes a number of tireless correspondents who aren't the least shy about spelling out their rather special needs. "I have some people in San Jose who keep saying they want to see a huge black guy with a tiny white girl. I also hear from a young, very successful doctor in the South. He and his wife belong to a swingers' club and want only anal films; they're all into ass fucking. He tells me about parties where they don't get even halfway through a film before the action starts."

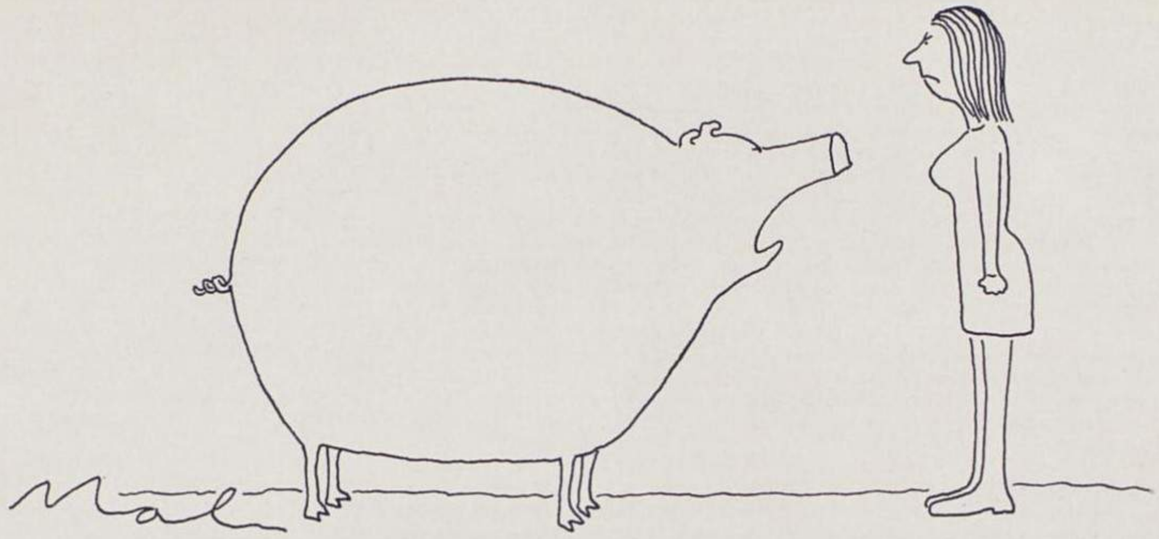
Screw reviews the available product in a weekly column called "Mail Order Madness," and also publishes *Sex Sense*, a consumers' newsletter that recommends "Safe Sellers" (your money's worth, maybe) and points the finger at "Dirty Dealers" (who take your money and run or peddle old movies with misleading new titles). Current and choice collector's items are any films starring John Holmes or Linda Lovelace, the biggest names in porno, bar none. "Without John Holmes, California porno wouldn't be what it is today," says a dealer who ought to know. One of Holmes's hot sellers, crudely spliced together from pieces of earlier Johnny Wadd films, has him doing eight cum shots with nine different girls. Linda's nine 8mm films, made in New York before *Throat*, include the titles *Dog-1* and *Dog-2*, and show this sexual wonder woman in the company of lusty canines.

Animal films are hardly new, but the Lovelace dog movies point the way to a rapid, widespread toppling of many long-cherished sexual taboos. To measure the relative frequency of such prosaic forms of deviation as fellatio, cunnilingus and sodomy would be meaningless in the 8mm film world, where just about anything goes. Though the taboos against interracial sex (particularly black men with white women) and against homosexual acts (particularly male) have long since passed, even dedicated swingers might find it hard to stomach—or fathom—the latest batch of 8mm raunch depicting bestiality, heavy bondage, teeny-bopper sex and sex with children.

Only a small percentage of such weirdo junk is produced in America, in the opinion of an anonymous young L.A. moviemaker whose own contributions include the currently popular "Pretty Girl" series. "Beautiful people fucking still can't be beat," he insists. "Bestiality and fetishism are not practical subjects, because the mass market will absorb only so many kinky films." That brand of rough stuff also invites considerable risk of prosecution in a shadowy corner of the hard-core market riddled with constant surveillance and persistent rumors of mob control.

The trouble with a boom, the high-riding launchers of hard-core have begun to learn, is that it's frequently followed by a bust. It can also be lowered on you, as happened in New York when Judge Tyler banned *Deep Throat*, officially declaring the work not merely obscene but "a nadir of decadence . . . this feast of carrion and squalor." Pending appeal to a higher court, the World Theater's wry riposte was an announcement on its marquee in giant red letters: JUDGE CUTS "THROAT"—WORLD MOURNS.

Much of the world, however, interpreted the decision as token of a backlash movement finding official and fringe-group public support at every level of national life. While the Supreme Court dallied over its long-delayed decisions on obscenity law, local cops and Federal agents were cracking down everywhere, with considerable help from outraged



"Yes, I'm a male-chauvinist pig . . . so what!"

citizen groups. In Lansing, Michigan, a garbage man refused to take trash from a theater chain exhibiting *Throat*. In Milwaukee, militant moralists tried to obstruct a showing of *Throat* by flocking to the box office with their pockets full of pennies. Some theaters received bomb threats. Though ruled not obscene in Binghamton, *Throat* was being busted or legally intimidated in Miami Beach, Dallas, Los Angeles, Chicago, Boston and a dozen other big cities.

Almost everyone connected in any way with hard-core has felt the heat, and most assume correctly that it is issuing from high places. The position of the Nixon Administration vis-à-vis porno became clear in 1970 when President Nixon personally disavowed the findings of a Presidential Commission on Obscenity and Pornography, whose distinguished majority membership declared pornography "a nuisance rather than an evil" with no measurable ill effects on society at large—and further recommended that "Federal, state and local legislation prohibiting the sale, exhibition or distribution of sexual materials to consenting adults should be repealed."

Nixon's reactions are predictably pious in areas unrelated to political espionage and sabotage. "American morality is not to be trifled with . . . smut should be outlawed in every state in the Union," he declared, rehearsing the righteous fervor he needed again when his own duly appointed commissions investigating campus violence and drug use told him still more truths he didn't want to hear. Vice-President Agnew put it more pithily, of course: "As long as Richard Nixon is President, Main Street is not going to turn into Smut Alley." (Though in wicked Hollywood, gossips report—or allege—that Presidential aide Henry Kissinger saw Bill Osco's *Harlot* at Jill St. John's house and that Agnew himself attended a private screening of *Throat* at the home of Frank Sinatra.)

The Administration found staunch allies in two porno-commission dissidents: Charles H. Keating, Jr., head of the militant Cincinnati-based Citizens for Decent Literature (CDL), and the Reverend Morton A. Hill, founder of Morality in Media. With such watchdogs among us, the FCC has begun wondering what to do about sex-talk shows on radio, and the FBI has gotten into the business of busting movies. "They have a hundred FBI men in New York investigating theaters, depots, terminals or anything to do with interstate shipment of films," says distributor Irving Dorfman, presently facing a Federal indictment for shipping *Little Sisters* and *Teenage Fantasies* to a theater in Washington, D.C.

Similar Federal charges are pending against the producers, distributors and/or exhibitors of *Deep Throat* in Chicago, Milwaukee, Burlington, Vermont, and Lexington, Kentucky; of *School Girl, Peep Freak, The Spy* and *Lust Cycles* in Memphis; of *Meatball* in Charlotte, North Carolina; of *The Blue Balloon* in Brooklyn; of *Tomatoes, Kitty's Pleasure Palace* and eight other films in Buffalo; as well as of *Hot Circuit* and *Distortions of Sexuality* in the Washington jurisdiction. The prospect of stiff fines and jail terms makes men like Dorfman understandably tense: "This mass move by the Government must cost millions, and toward what end? Stopping adults from seeing what they want to see. Look at the attendance figures. If they didn't want it, nobody would be in business. The FBI's *got* to have better things to do."

A Justice Department official, careful to preserve his anonymity, had this to say about the drive against hard-core: "Our last figures show at least fifty indictments and one hundred investigations in progress concerning transportation [of films] by common carrier. We have to go through highly technical, complicated procedures to seize a film, partly because of First Amendment protections, and because these people are very resourceful. . . . The policy we follow is in line with the President's response to the report on pornography, which he totally rejected, and also a reaction to the more aggressive practices of the people who produce and distribute pornography. There's been an abandonment of any inhibitions. At the moment, there must be a hundred copies of *Deep Throat* around the country, and each constitutes a separate offense. Under the law, those who accept a print are equally liable with those who send one. Moral standards may have deteriorated, much to our dismay, but not to the point of *Deep Throat*. A great deal, now, will depend on the Supreme Court."

Whether the Court will condone or condemn hard-core—or even clear up the confusion about it—remains to be seen. But a year or more of judicial deep-think on a docket of cases related to books, films, periodicals, nude dancing and laws of seizure may soon provide answers to at least two major questions: first, whether the state must provide an adversary hearing before it can seize materials alleged to be obscene; and, second, whether

allegedly obscene materials must be measured against a national or local community standard. If a relatively permissive national standard were upheld by the Supreme Court, hard-core films would be subject to few restraints beyond the sure-fire censorship indicated at the box office.

Ironically, the Court itself created a good deal of the current muddle about obscenity with a series of historic, but not very helpful, decisions dating back 16 years to the *Roth* and *Alberts* cases. In affirming the convictions of two mail-order dealers in porno, the Court found obscenity beyond the pale of First Amendment guarantees of free speech and free press. Through subsequent refinement in cases concerning *The Lovers, Fanny Hill,* Ralph Ginzburg and a man in Georgia who legally won the right to watch stag films in his own home (*Stanley vs. Georgia,* 1969), the laws were boiled down to the famous threefold test for obscenity: (1) *appeals to the prurient interest,* (2) *patently offensive because it affronts contemporary community standards* and (3) *utterly without redeeming social value.* The Ginzburg case also raised a "pandering" issue related to the aggressive promotion of obscene material, while *Stanley vs. Georgia* left a new legal loophole through which to slip the argument that a man who has a right to own dirty books or movies must have a prior legal right to go out and buy them. All in all, judges and juries have found themselves stumped. "The tests are explicitly vague," says obscenity lawyer Stanley Fleishman. "Nobody knows what prurient interest is, and no juror knows what anyone else in the community thinks it is."

Until the FBI began to show some muscle, obscenity prosecutions on a local level often turned out to be costly and semi-comic exercises in frustration for both sides. Compared with the staggering number of films seized, the record of convictions has been poor, though very few defendants found themselves amused at the time. Veteran L.A. moviemaker and theater owner Tom Parker, convicted with his son of "conspiracy to commit oral copulation" and "aiding and abetting oral copulation" (in *Erotique Boutique*), was given 90 days in the prison for "diagnostic study" by a judge who wondered aloud if Tom Parker was a "mentally disturbed sex offender." Fined $15,000 and now on five years' probation, they are forbidden to make movies unless they submit a shooting script to the probation officer ("or to visit homosexual bars," Parker observes wryly)—but were able to open *Bad Barbara* in L.A. with a gigantic klieg-light premiere.

San Francisco attorney Michael J. Kennedy, who thrives in the original heartland of hard-core cinema, has won so many acquittals in obscenity trials that local authorities seem ready to cry uncle. Two tough city detectives who used to bust his clients, then testify against them as expert witnesses (they saw so many sex movies), have been transferred to the pawnshop detail. More than 40 cases were dismissed from court within a month last spring, and the new assistant D. A. in charge of the vice squad cannot be coaxed into talking about sex films.

Young, handsome and quick-witted, Kennedy is known for his flamboyant courtroom manner and ability to handle juries. In one of his flashier coups, Kennedy challenged the prosecution to let the jury see eight hours of hard-core films. "They picked Johnny Wadd and all the raunchiest stuff, and played them to a packed house. Every off-duty cop was there; we could have made a million selling popcorn. What I wanted was to bore and surfeit the jury, and I did, though one woman nearly fainted when she first saw Johnny Wadd's shlong." The defendant was acquitted.

Kennedy's real secret weapon in court has been a public-opinion survey prepared by Field Research, California's equivalent of the Gallup and Harris polls. From a Field sampling of average Californians, fewer than three percent mention the graphic depiction of sexual acts in films or literature as an important issue. Three out of four say it should be available to any forewarned adults who want to see it, and fewer than 25 percent say it shouldn't be available to anyone under any circumstances.

Besides enlisting the FBI to pile up more indictments than a few shrewd lawyers can handle, the Administration has made other moves to stifle porno. The Reverend Morton Hill of Morality in Media was instrumental in organizing an anti-pornography brain bank known as the National Legal Data Center, opened earlier this year at California Lutheran College. With an initial two-year grant of $250,000 from the U. S. Justice Department's Law Enforcement Assistance Administration, the center plans to collect data on porno cases, enlist expert witnesses, conduct seminars, collect data on defense tactics—and, according to some sources, compile dossiers on defense witnesses and attorneys. Material from the center will be made available, of course, only to prosecutors. "We are not established to assist defense counsel," said center director Philip Cohen to a Los Angeles reporter. Added a Justice Department spokesman: "This will, in effect, be a nationwide clearinghouse for obscenity prosecutions."

Edging still closer to *1984* is an ominous bill placed before the Senate with Nixon's backing. Section 1851 of bill number 1400, a general revision of the Federal Criminal Code, spells out Justice Department recommendations for the prohibition of "an explicit, close-up representation of a human genital organ . . . any explicit representation, or detailed written or verbal description of an act of sexual intercourse, including genital-genital, anal-genital or oral-genital, whether between human beings or between a human being and an animal. . . ." Exceptions are stated, as usual, for sex "reasonably necessary and appropriate to the integrity of the product as a whole to fulfill an artistic, scientific or literary purpose." And a generous line of defense outlined in section 1851 OKs the private receipt of such sexual material if "authorized in writing by a licensed medical practitioner or psychiatrist." Unless the Senate and Nixon's Supreme Court see this legislated morality for the dangerous nonsense it is, there may come a time when a pornophile will have to obtain a doctor's prescription for *Deep Throat* and *The Back Row,* pretending he's after penicillin lozenges.

Hard-core's unpredictable future is weighed with mixed emotions by Dave Friedman, president of the Adult Film Association, who admits that hard-core-film makers—a small minority of its membership—have put soft-core in an economic squeeze. "They were always like bootleggers during Prohibition—but when people can't get hundred-proof bourbon, they'll drink three-point-two beer." Friedman views total freedom as another kind of risk. "If hard-core is legalized, we'll all be in trouble. Exhibitors are scared. And once the major companies get into this business, we're dead. Who will pay to see Linda Lovelace in a sex film if they can see Faye Dunaway? I told the pornography commission to legalize porno if they really want to be rid of it. The greatest of all products is forbidden fruit."

Evidence that major film companies may be eying the lucrative hard-core market is slight, but perhaps significant, fed by rumors of deals for *Deep Throat* and *High Rise* sound-track albums to be issued under impressive Hollywood labels. Meanwhile, pioneer hard-core director Gerry Damiano, at work in California on a soft-core "woman's picture," was considering a contract with MGM for a film costing upwards of $250,000, though Damiano adds dryly, "I can't fathom spending that kind of money."

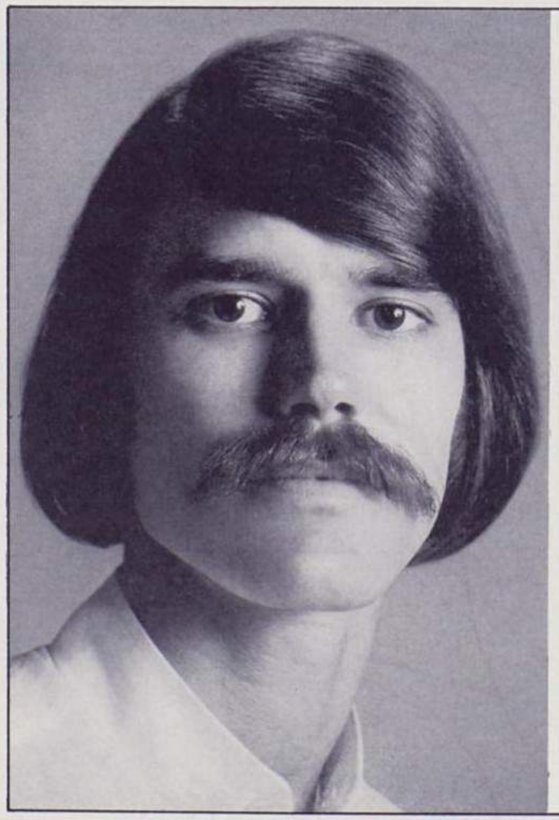
In the event of a setback from the Supreme Court, film makers who remain in the porno market are likely to proceed with caution. Many are prepared to excise cum shots and insertions for an overnight overhaul to soft-core, though that might divest most of their films of the only reason anyone goes to see them. Until that happens—and many hard-core moviemakers are gambling a great deal that it won't—audiences are going to be enticed with a variety of new dimensions. *Pornorama,* a 70mm wide-screen epic by two young L.A. film makers, Alan Roberts and Steve Michaels (who made *Censorship U. S. A.* and *Sex Clinic Girls*), promises the awesome spectacle of a mass orgy on a Pacific beach, filmed from a helicopter, as well as oral sex performed on a race-car driver blasting along the freeway at 150 mph. San Francisco's Charlene Webb (an apprentice on *Steelyard Blues*) has a female crew, financial backing from a female friend and a *femme* point of view to express in *Golden Rod,* "a comedy about a guy who gets it up and can't get it down." *Wham Bam, Thank You Ma'am!,* possibly the first full-blown musical comedy to include cum shots, was written and directed by Lloyd Kaufman (coproducer of the soft-core *Sugar Cookies*). And hold your breath for a Linda Lovelace series offering her further adventures in a far-out format borrowed from *The Perils of Pauline.* "Linda has not yet performed to the ultimate, or shown anywhere near what she can do," claims her manager. "There's a lot more to come." So to speak.

Fainthearts may cry "enough already," but bolder thinkers seriously doubt that the rollicking progress of hard-core can —or should—be halted. They question—as did Lenny Bruce—the priorities of a culture that allows its children to play with guns but frowns on their playing with themselves. "We have a taboo against the graven image of the groin," declares Dr. Money. "There is nothing to be gained by suppressing graphic depictions of sex and nothing to be lost by bringing them into the open. The ultimate obscenity is that overtly our society places a positive value on hate and violence—whereas the message about sex is that it's nasty and dirty, and don't do it except surreptitiously."

Strong testimony to the redeeming value of pornography comes from sexologist and Methodist minister Ted McIlvenna, director of the National Sex Forum, headquartered in San Francisco and linked to the educational arm of the Methodist Church. "We started out making instructional sex movies for paraplegics and quadriplegics. Ninety-five percent of these men claimed that, given a choice, they'd rather fuck than walk," says McIlvenna. Sex Forum now both collects films and produces many of its own documentaries—using staff members and friends as subjects to portray all aspects of human sexuality. The Forum services major U. S. medical schools, where up to a dozen movies depicting heterosexual, homosexual and masturbatory acts may be shown to audiences of laymen and professional therapists in a weekend film bash called *Fuckerama.* "We don't buy the voodoo concept that exposure to erotica is going to make you go out and ball pigs," McIlvenna adds, "nor do we buy the bullshit that women are not turned on by sexual stimuli. I think everyone should see a couple of sex films, and I'm very happy that people like the Mitchell brothers are making them.

"People are interested in what other people do sexually. It's that simple. We turned to films because they are the most effective educational tool in existence. We want everyone to *celebrate* their sexuality." The best of pornography, whether for fun or for profit, achieves precisely this desired effect. The worst of it, God knows, is dreary, tasteless, anti-erotic, expensive and excruciatingly dull—but seldom, if ever, compulsory. Hard-core sex for consenting adults has been called a crime, but no one has yet been able to identify its victims. Wise men are reluctant to try. So let wise men speak:

In 1966, U. S. Supreme Court Justice Potter Stewart (dissenting in the case of *Ginzburg vs. U. S.*) wrote: "Censorship reflects society's lack of confidence in itself. It is a hallmark of an authoritarian regime. . . . So it is that the Constitution protects coarse expression as well as refined, and vulgarity no less than elegance." And in 1973, Andy Warhol, the pop artist, social pundit and sex-film pioneer of the Sixties, said of the high fashion in hard-core he helped create: "We really wanted to be the Walt Disney of porn. But smut is no longer chic." Maybe Warhol knows something that only time and fickle public taste will tell.



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WELLA

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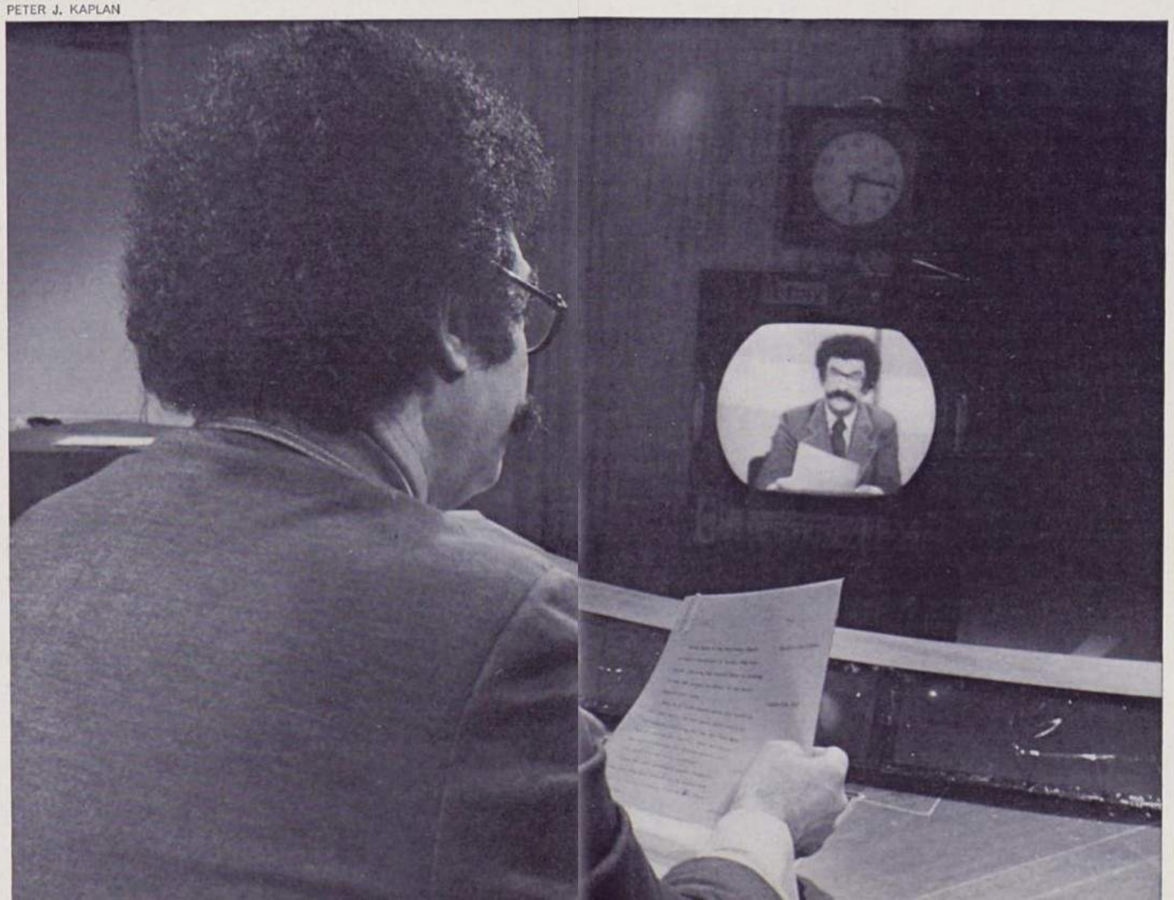
FRANCESCO SCAVULLO

BETTE MIDLER *hawaiian oy*

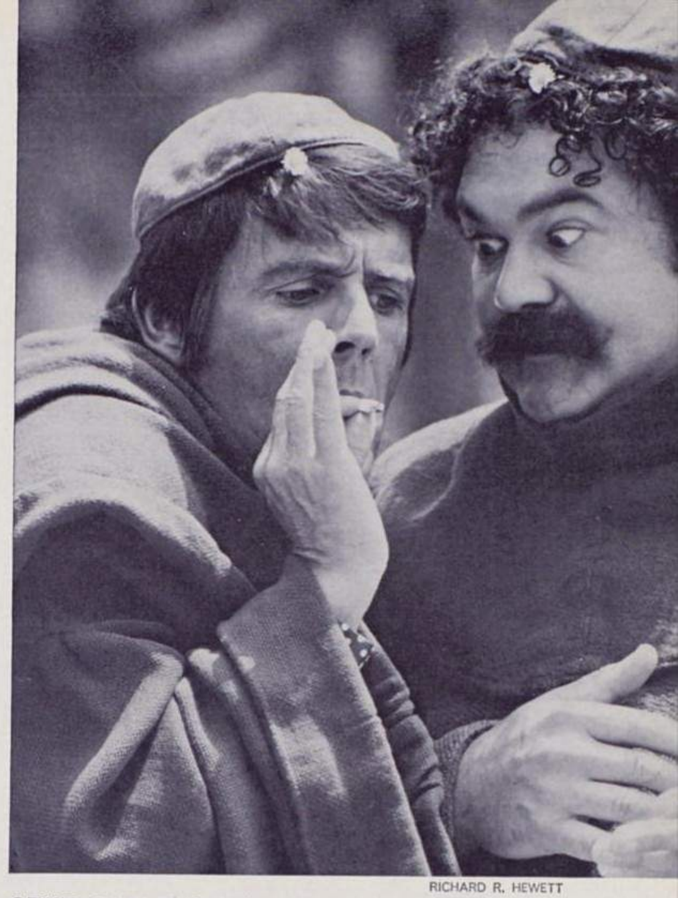
IF BETTE MIDLER did nothing but sing, she'd probably be a star. As it happens, she does more than sing, and she's more than a star—she's a kind of legend. Her concerts are time-spanning potpourris of music (pick an era and she does it), supercamp theatrical routines and Bette's outrageously comic raps: "I sent Tricia Nixon a man-eating plant for a wedding present—I thought she could learn something from it." Already, "the divine Miss M."—as she calls her bigger-than-life stage self—is being compared to such *grandes dames* as Edith Piaf, Sarah Bernhardt and Dorothy Parker. Her own story is likely to turn out happier than theirs, however, because she tries to keep her image and psyche separate: "I am the schizophrenic that you see, with all those little personalities—but I try to have some order in my life; otherwise, I would pretty much go mad." In Hawaii, where she grew up, Bette wasn't the most popular kid in school ("All the girls hated me because I had such big boobs"); but she discovered she could make people laugh, and in 1965 she went to New York in search of a showbiz career. After a year of auditions, she landed a part as a chorine in *Fiddler on the Roof*. That went on for three more years, after which she began moonlighting as a cabaret singer. Eventually, she caught the attention of Steve Ostrow, who booked her into The Continental Baths, his ultrachic (and admittedly gay) night club/steam bath. That gig led to a *Tonight* show audition and subsequent appearances with Johnny Carson, on TV and in Las Vegas (where "the highlight of my stay was the Flamingo sign; it looked like a big pink orgasm"). Currently in the works: her second Atlantic LP, another concert tour and a TV special. Miss Midler, who went into musical comedy hoping it would "open the doors to those great juicy dramatic roles," now gets acting offers all the time, but she's waiting for the right vehicle —maybe a biography of Bernhardt or Parker. If any playwrights happen to read this, that's what is known as a hot tip.

PETER J. KAPLAN



JACK BURNS & AVERY SCHREIBER *pure b.s.*

BURNS: "WANNA HEAR a funny story?" Schreiber: "Do I have any choice?" Burns: "See, these two Jewish guys——" Schreiber: "Why's it always hafta be Jewish guys?" Burns: "OK, two *Irish* guys are talkin' and one rabbi says to the other. . . ." The above is a shtick from one of the most special comedy teams around, Jack Burns and Avery Schreiber, with Burns as the ludicrously bigoted fare and Schreiber, the bemused cabby. In another bit, Schreiber plays a human computer who clicks and whirs over an audience-submitted question until Burns reads the imaginary—and ad-libbed—print-out plucked from his partner's tongue. Improvisation and social commentary: Combine the two and you get the brand of comedy invented at Chicago's famed Second City, where Burns and Schreiber first met. Schreiber, 38 and a Chicago native, was lured to director Paul Sills's comedy workshop in 1960 after graduating from that city's Goodman Theater. For his part, Burns, a 39-year-old New Englander, had to endure a hitch with the Marines, a couple of newscasting jobs (during one of which he interviewed Fidel Castro—before U. S.–Cuba ties broke off) and the failure of his first effort to form a successful comedy team—with George Carlin—before joining Second City in 1962. After three years of journeyman work with Sills, Schreiber and Burns left Chicago to make their television debut on the old *Jack Paar Show*. A rash of guest shots and night-club bookings followed until 1967, when they drifted apart. Burns stayed with comedy, writing for the likes of Glen Campbell, Flip Wilson and Julie Andrews: Schreiber directed and acted on television, in movies and repertory (he won the Los Angeles Drama Critics' outstanding performer award in 1971). But early last year they combined forces again, and a pair of best-selling comedy LPs and their current Saturday-night TV show testify to the public's reaction. "Right now's a good time to be doing comedy," says Burns. "The war is over and people are ready to laugh again." That's no b.s.



RICHARD R. HEWETT

GENE SHALIT *bright-eyed and bushy-headed*

"WHY DON'T YOU write a book about how everybody mistreated you just because *Love Story* was so successful?" said Gene Shalit rhetorically—and sardonically—to Erich Segal, his interview guest on NBC's *Today* show. Newest—and feistiest—regular on the show's panel, Shalit earned his job as Joe Garagiola's replacement by logging three years as that morning program's irreverent book editor. Though he protests that exposure "three days a week for 70 seconds was just about enough," Shalit now triple-threats for NBC—also serving as film reviewer on the 6- and 11-P.M. television news and as daily critical commentator on the NBC radio network. He's a columnist, too—writing on sports for *Sport* magazine and on movies for the *Ladies' Home Journal*; but it's for his acerbic film reviews that he'd rather be known. Recently, he panned United Artists' *Man of La Mancha*; in retaliation, the studio banned him from its prerelease critics' screenings. Shalit's comment: "Being excluded from U. A.'s films is like being deprived of rutabaga." Barred from the preview of *Last Tango in Paris*, Shalit was saved when a sympathetic *Today* viewer offered him her ticket. His judgment: "The only obscene thing about *Last Tango* is the five-dollar admission price." Some less generous fans abuse his man-on-the-street geniality. "People are forever stopping me to have private consultations about movies. They say, 'Gee, I saw your review last night. Did you really like that picture?' What do they think I do—lie?" Shalit started building his readership in the fourth grade in New York City, when he wrote and published his own paper. Twice he has been asked by national magazines to suggest a movie columnist; both times he recommended himself—and got the job. In his latest, thrice-a-week slot on *Today*, Shalit's rapidly becoming known as a kind of thinking man's Garagiola: Not only does he crack wise and cover sports, he also reviews books, talks knowledgeably about classical music—and boasts about ten pounds more hair.

WATERGATE TAPES *(continued from page 145)*

Committee Headquarters.

SECOND VOICE: Sure. Sure. Whatever you say. Just make sure I'm down. This is a live one.

(Conversation ended. Time: 47 seconds.)

. . .

May 24, 1972, 11:10 A.M. E.S.T.

(Dialing sounds. Clicks.)

FIRST VOICE (female): William Morris Agency.

SECOND VOICE (male): Let me speak to Mr. Gold, please.

FIRST VOICE: One moment, please.

(Tape is garbled.)

SECOND VOICE: Hello, Don?

THIRD VOICE (male): Yeah, Bill. How are you, boy?

SECOND VOICE: Can't complain. Listen, just wondering what you've been able to do about the paperback rights on my campaign book.

THIRD VOICE: Right. Well, look, Bill, there might be some problems. We got a good advance on hardcover and first serial rights, but it looks like everybody is going to be doing a campaign book this year.

SECOND VOICE: Jesus, Don. I've been on this [obscenity] campaign for almost a year now. If you knew the kind of [obscenity] I gotta put up with, I mean, if you knew the half of it——

THIRD VOICE: I know, I know. But look at your competition. Mailer, Vonnegut, Teddy White —Christ, there's always Teddy White—and now that maniac Thompson interviewing everyone in the men's room——

SECOND VOICE: Yeah, but Don! I mean——

(Conversation disconnected. Time: 2 minutes, 31 seconds.)

. . .

June 5, 1972, 5:15 P.M. E.S.T.

(Dialing sounds. Click.)

FIRST VOICE (female): Democratic National Committee.

SECOND VOICE (female and distraught): Stop joking, you slut!

FIRST VOICE: I beg your pardon. . . .

SECOND VOICE: I know he's there naked in bed next to you, laughing at me, mocking me! Let me talk to him, you wretched mother [obscenity]!

FIRST VOICE: The number for Republican National Headquarters is five-five-five, five-five-five-five.

(Conversation ended. Time: 34 seconds.)

. . .

June 6, 1972, 4:45 P.M. E.S.T.

(Ringing sounds. Click.)

FIRST VOICE (female): Hi, y'all. This is Martha Mitchell. [Cross-checking with previous tapes resulted in positive voice identification.]

SECOND VOICE (female): The anthropologist?

FIRST VOICE: Oh, you on the sauce, too?

SECOND VOICE: Whom did you wish to speak to, Mrs. . . . ah . . . Mitchell?

FIRST VOICE: Put John on, will you?

SECOND VOICE: I think you may have a wrong number, Mrs. Mitchell. This is the Democratic National Committee.

FIRST VOICE: Now, look, honey bun. Ole Martha never misdials. I know my husband has an extension there. He told me so. (Garbled.)

SECOND VOICE: Gee, Mrs. Mitchell, are you sure you're not thinking of Republican headquarters?

FIRST VOICE: All right, I get it. John's playing cute. Well, you just tell him I'm not interested in talking to him, anyway. I'm going to call U.P.I.

(Conversation ended. Time: 1 minute, 12 seconds.)

. . .

June 8, 1972, 12:06 P.M. E.S.T.

(Ringing sounds. Click.)

FIRST VOICE (female): Democratic——

SECOND VOICE (male): "Help me, information, get in touch with my Marie. She's the only one who'd phone me here from Memphis, Tennessee."

(Call disconnected. Time: 8 bars.)

. . .

June 12, 1972, 3:50 P.M. E.S.T.

(Ringing sounds. Click.)

FIRST VOICE (male): Democratic National Committee.

SECOND VOICE (male—unmistakably so): Aquarius, having been up all night fuggin' and drinking bourbon, he is, so, today particularly brilliant. From the night's metaphysical fistfight with himself he drew deep understanding wounds.

FIRST VOICE: May I help you, Mr. Mailer?

(Call disconnected. Time: 56 seconds.)

. . .

June 14, 1972, 4:15 P.M. E.S.T.

(Dialing sounds. Clicks.)

FIRST VOICE: Gary? Larry here. Listen, about the Pennsylvania delegation——

(Click!)

SECOND VOICE: Larry? What was that?

FIRST VOICE: I don't know. Thought it was on your end. It's probably just——

(Click!)

THIRD VOICE: Hrrrummmph.

FIRST VOICE: Gary?

FOURTH VOICE: Hey, Mac! Get off the line!

FIFTH VOICE: That you, Jeb? I thought I was on duty now——

FIRST VOICE: Gary! What's going on here?

(Click!)

FIFTH VOICE: Jeb?

SIXTH VOICE: No. Howard. Get off!

SECOND VOICE: Jesus Christ! Look, Larry, I'm gonna get Mank——

(Click!)

SEVENTH VOICE: Ay, cabrón. ¿Qué pasa aquí? ¡Viva Batista!

(Click!)

EIGHTH VOICE: Enough's enough! This is John speaking. I want everyone to clear the line.

FIFTH VOICE: John? Which John? I mean, we got John D——

(Click!)

NINTH VOICE: This is going too far. H. R. speaking—call me Bob—and I want all of you to——

FIRST VOICE: Gary?

(Click!)

TENTH VOICE: This is the operator. Sorry to break in, but the circuits seem to be overloaded here. My supervisor has asked me to request that——

NINTH VOICE: It's all right, operator, I have everything under control here.

SECOND VOICE: Who's got what under control? Who's out there?

FIRST VOICE: Gary?

THIRD VOICE: Jeb?

FIFTH VOICE: Mac?

SIXTH VOICE: John?

SEVENTH VOICE: Chinga tu madre.

EIGHTH VOICE: H. R.-call-you-Bob?

SECOND VOICE: Larry?

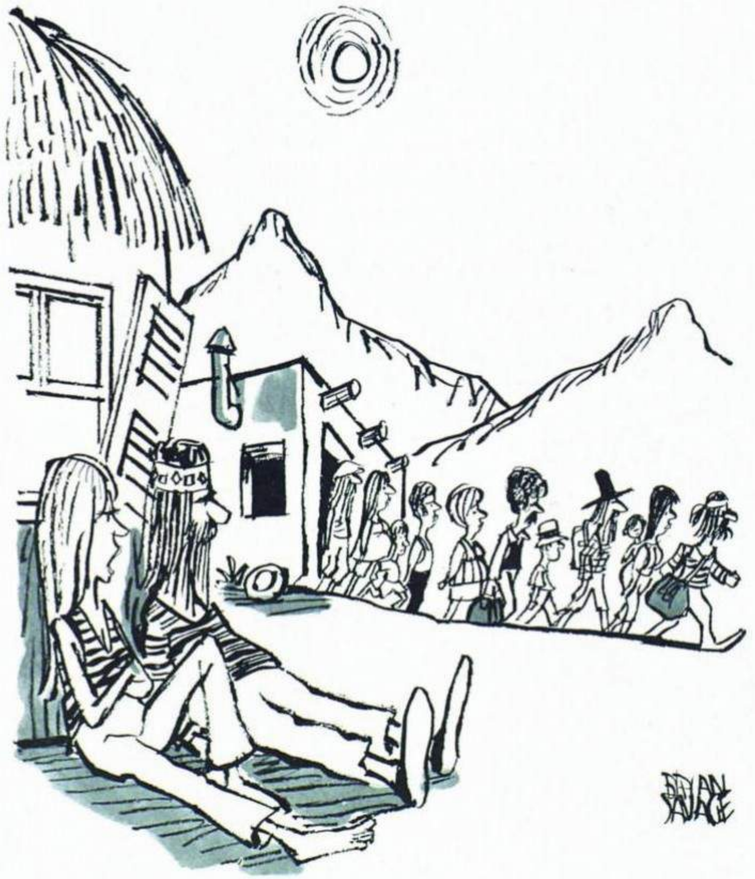
(Click!)

ELEVENTH VOICE: Now, let me make one thing perfectly——

THIRD THROUGH NINTH VOICES: Dick?

(Click! Click! Click! Click! Click! Click! Click!)

(Conversations disconnected. Time: 5 minutes, 24 seconds.)



"I told you their marriage wouldn't last."

"You know what I miss on a day like this? Running down the street, the wind in my hair, the sun behind me and the cry of 'Stop, thief!' echoing in my ears."

ORGANIZED CRIME (continued from page 94)

cost that both the new arrival and those who had sent for him would be forever at the bidding of the "honored society." They had been evil men, parasites, in Italy and Sicily, and they were evil men, parasites, in America, but there were few who would challenge them.

For the most part, the Mafia succeeded during these years in keeping its very existence a secret. But this was not always possible. The Mafia surfaced first in America in New Orleans in 1890. Antonio and Carlo Matranga, two members of the honored society in their native Palermo, arrived in New Orleans and promptly moved in on the Mississippi River docks, seizing control and extracting tribute before a freighter could be unloaded. But the Matranga dominance was soon challenged by the Provenzano brothers, also from Sicily and leaders of a rival Mafia faction. War broke out and murder along the docks became a daily occurrence. When regular police investigation got nowhere, New Orleans Police Chief David Hennessey got into it himself and quickly discovered blocks wherever he turned. His own police force, heavily Italian, had no leads and could not develop any; the entire Italian community shrugged and played dumb. Then warnings were sent to Hennessey ordering him to lay off. When that didn't work, he was offered bribes, which he rejected. Months of hard and searching labor finally paid off and Hennessey drew a picture of a Mafia war for control of the New Orleans waterfront. He requested a grand-jury investigation, but before he could testify, he was ambushed and killed by a shotgun blast.

Hennessey's murder enraged New Orleans' good citizens, and the grand jury went to work. On the basis of the evidence that the police chief had gathered about the Matranga-Provenzano war, the grand jury found that "the existence of a secret organization known as the Mafia has been established beyond doubt." And 19 Sicilians identified as members of the Mafia were indicted as principals and conspirators in the Hennessey murder. But the trial was a farce. Many of the 60 potential witnesses were intimidated and threatened by the honored society and the jury was bribed. Despite what observers at the time called overwhelming evidence, the jury acquitted all but three of the defendants and hung on those three cases.

There was a cry of public outrage and a mass meeting was held two days later. The protesters turned into a mob, several thousand strong, and marched on the jail where the defendants were awaiting release. The doors were battered in; two of the *mafiosi* were pulled out and hanged from lampposts; nine more were lined up against the prison wall and shot down with rifles, pistols and shotguns. In New Orleans, for a few years thereafter, the Mafia went underground, limiting its activities to its own community. When tempers had calmed and the events of 1890 had been forgotten, it emerged once again.

• • •

Though Nicola Gentile, a member of the society in his native Sicily, would find branches wherever he traveled in the United States after his arrival in 1903, few on the outside were aware of its existence. One who became suspicious, however, was New York City detective lieutenant Joseph Petrosino, himself a native of Italy. Assigned to the department's Italian Squad to investigate rumors of the Black Hand terror, Petrosino became convinced that the organization had its roots in Italy and Sicily and that many of its members were actually criminals in their native land, liable for deportation if caught. Early in 1909, he persuaded his superiors to send him to Italy to investigate and to seek the cooperation of local authorities. Petrosino sent back some early reports that he was making progress. Then on March 13, while on his way to the *questura* —the police headquarters—in Palermo, two men came up behind him, drew revolvers and fired four bullets into his head and back. The street at the time was crowded, but the assassins escaped. However, Don Vito Cascio Ferro, the Mafia's ruler on its home ground, was charged with the murder. But the charges against him were quickly dropped. A Sicilian political leader gave him an alibi and upright Sicilians came to his defense. The Petrosino murder remains unsolved.

• • •

Just as the Mafia lived off the Italian immigrants, so, too, did the Chinese tongs live off the Oriental communities in New York and San Francisco—though there was less secrecy about their existence and power. The tongs catered to every illicit appetite among the severely restricted and persecuted Orientals. Opium was freely available and there was hardly a block in any Chinatown that did not have several opium dens. (In white society, too, narcotics addiction was widespread at the time, though legal, with millions gulping opium-laced patent medicines. It was only with the passage of the Pure Food and Drug Act in 1906 and the Harrison Act eight years later that sale and use of narcotics were restricted and the underworld began, slowly at first, to move in.) Policy, pie-gow and other gambling games were rampant; protection was sold to Chinese businessmen and individuals. The rackets in the districts were all under the control of the tongs and the police rarely interfered, indifferent to what happened among the Chinese as long as it remained an internal affair not endangering outside society, and as long as they got their payoffs.

But in 1905 and on into 1906, a struggle for supremacy over the Chinatown rackets broke out between the rival On Leong and Hip Sing tongs in New York. In the great tong war, as it was called, bullets flew and more than 50 rival tongmen were killed and several times that many wounded. The struggle became so ferocious that the white middle class, which had often journeyed to Chinatown in search of exotic bargains and food and to marvel at the quaintness of the people, found it suddenly expedient to seek amusement elsewhere and to complain to the authorities that Chinatown had become a dangerous war zone.

Such complaints forced the authorities to take action. The New York criminal court was assigned the task of bringing peace, not by sending tongmen to jail but by arranging a treaty. Tom Lee, the unofficial mayor of Chinatown and leader of the On Leong Tong, and Mock Duck, boss of the Hip Sing Tong, were summoned with some of their followers to the court to listen to the peace terms. From that time on, the court ordered, no Chinese would carry weapons, the payoffs for protection and other favors would come to an end and neither tong would interfere with the enterprises of the other. To ensure peace, Lee and Duck each posted a $1000 bond.

Recognizing that the war was eating up all the profits, and being good businessmen, Lee and Duck did more than agree to keep the peace. By the middle of 1906, they had arranged a merger of their tongs. Both would keep their names and would share all income from all activities, but the real power would be vested in a new supergroup called the Kown Yick Tong, with Lee and Duck as joint rulers. "All of which," *The New York Times* commented at the time, "goes to show that mergers are convenient and harmful competition much to be deplored, even among Chinamen." It was a lesson that would take decades for the rest of the underworld to understand and appreciate.

• • •

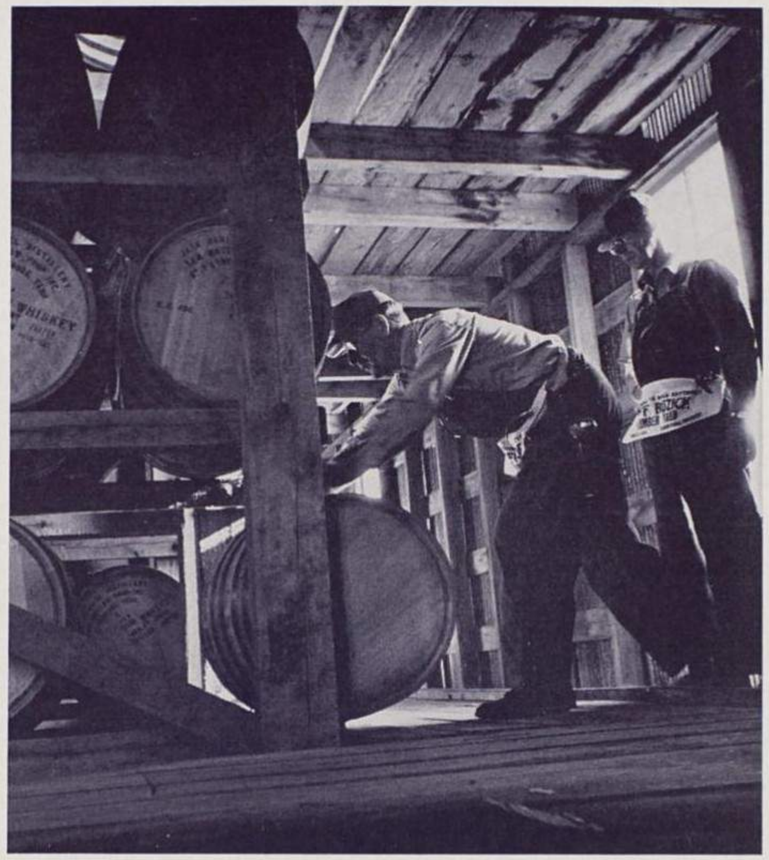
Even as the Mafia, the tongs and the others flourished within their own ethnic spheres, leaving the world outside to those who inhabited it, there were some who had come to see that the power of the organizations, of the gangs, could be used for purposes with a broadened social significance. It was an idea developed, probably, by the Irish in the cities where they settled, but only because the Irish made up the first massive wave of poor immigrants and because the Irish, unhampered by a language barrier, were, perhaps, more attuned to political action than other groups. A gang meant numbers and in numbers there was power. If violence or its potential were present in those numbers, then the power could be even greater. If at least some of the energy of the gangs could be channeled into politics, their power would be multiplied.

Thus, a bargain was struck that would remain a fact of urban existence, a bargain between corrupt political leaders and the underworld. The power of the gangs would be put at the disposal of the politicians to help perpetuate them in office and enrich them in the process. Through the utilization of violence, or its threat, voters could be dragooned to the polls and forced to vote the correct line; potential challengers and reformers could be cowed into submission. As payment, the power of the politicians would be put at the disposal of the underworld, to ensure its survival and prosperity without fear of arrest or official harassment. Each would be dependent on the other. Later, the politician would become the servant, on the underworld's payroll and at its bidding, with the gangster the master. But in the early days, the politician was the master and the hoodlum his servant, on his payroll and doing his bidding.

Through the years, the leaders of New York's Tammany Hall struck a hundred such bargains that, despite scandals, revelations and occasional setbacks in the form of an election loss or a prison term, permitted the Democratic machine to rule the city almost as a fiefdom. "Boss" William M. Tweed and Richard Croker were masters of the careful balance and deal. But perhaps it was best demonstrated in the arrangement struck at the end of the 19th Century between the machine's rulers, Charley Murphy and Big Tim Sullivan, and one Monk Eastman.

Born Edward Osterman in Brooklyn's emerging Jewish ghetto about 1873, where his immigrant father had set up shop as a kosher restaurateur, Eastman (in the early stages of his career, he was also known as Eddie Delaney, Bill Delaney, Joe Marvin and Joe Morris) soon proved himself adept in the violent, hectic, criminal streets of that chaotic borough. About the only gentle aspect of this squat, massive, muscular, bulletheaded, broken-nosed, cauliflower-eared thug was his love of cats and pigeons. At one time, he owned 100 cats and 500 pigeons and he usually traveled with a cat under each arm, several more tagging at his heels and a great blue pigeon that he had tamed perched on his shoulder. Once Eastman opened a pet store on Broome Street in Lower Manhattan, but more as a home for his animals than as a place to sell them, for he would rarely part with one. "I like the kits and the boids," he said often, "and I'll beat up any guy dat gets gay wit' a kit or a boid in my neck of the woods."

Leading a gang of 1200 hoodlums called the Eastmans—which even had a youth branch called the Eastman Juniors—Monk divided his time between private depredations and those done at Tammany's bidding or the bidding of a private client to whom he sold his services. The world of crime on the Lower East



WORKING in a Jack Daniel's warehouse has its rewards. In the summertime, it's the coolest spot in the hollow.

The barrels in our warehouse always rest cool, except for those up near the roof. So every now and then we move them around, making sure all of the whiskey ages and colors the right way. You see, we'd rather let our product age the old natural way Mr. Jack used. And besides, we like an excuse to cool off on warm Moore County days.

CHARCOAL MELLOWED DROP BY DROP

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Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc., Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee
Recognized by the United States Government as a National Historic Place.

Side, around Chrystie and Broome streets, was Eastman's province. He and his followers engaged in every kind of mischief for profit, from simple robberies and burglaries to protection, assault, muggings and murder. Most of the houses of prostitution, gambling dens and even the free-lance streetwalkers and hoodlums paid Eastman for the right to operate on his ground.

For Tammany, and for favored private clients, Eastman was always ready and available, in exchange for continued protection and for a fee. The Eastmans, in fact, even established a price list for their strong-arm work: "Ear chawed off: $15; Leg or arm broke: $19; Shot in leg: $25; Stab: $25; Doing the big job: $100 and up." But what Eastman did best for Tammany was to make sure that in his district the voters voted early and often and only for Tammany candidates. "He was the best man they ever had at the polls," a New York detective said some years later.

Eastman's diligence and efficiency were well rewarded. Arrested often, the charges against him were always dismissed. And his followers, because of his arrangements with Tammany and the police, rarely feared or expected trouble from the authorities. When a group of Eastmans assaulted and robbed a pedestrian on Madison Street in 1903, then took refuge in one of their nearby hangouts, a neighborhood poolroom, the victim led police to the door. It was slammed in their faces. As the newspapers of the time noted, the police "were told that if they did not go about their business they would get hurt. As they started to batter down the door, they were told that they would get in trouble with 'big fellows in politics.' There was then a fierce fight between the police and the gang members. As they waited for the paddy wagon, they laughed at the sorry sight of the bedraggled police and one said, 'Youse go to entirely too much trouble. The politicians'll bail us out. They don't want no one away at registration and election time.'"

Eastman's strong point was muscle, not brains. When he and his gang came into direct conflict with Paolo Vaccarelli, who went by the name Paul Kelly, another gang leader allied to Tammany, Eastman was doomed. Even his political masters could not—and no longer wanted to—protect him. A soft-spoken, well-dressed, educated and cultured man fluent in four languages—when his criminal days ended, he would become a real-estate broker and union business agent—Kelly was boss of the notorious Italian-dominated Five Points Gang and the Paul A. Kelly Association, supposedly a political club but actually much more than that. His sphere of influence, both criminal and political, roughly adjoined Eastman's on the Lower East Side, taking in Chatham Square, the Bowery and part of Chinatown. In the first years of the new century, sporadic warfare was common between Kelly's men and Eastman's along the border of the two provinces.

General war finally broke out when Eastman himself fell victim. One summer night in 1901, while strolling through Chatham Square, Eastman met six of the Five Pointers. Recognizing him, they attacked, with guns and blackjacks. Eastman, armed only with brass knuckles that evening, fought back, knocking three of his assailants to the sidewalk. But a fourth shot him twice in the stomach. Then the Five Pointers fled. Eastman struggled to his feet, closed the wounds in his stomach with his fingers and staggered to Gouverneur Hospital. For the next several weeks he lay critically injured, but, true to the underworld code (*omertà*, silence, is not the sole province of Italians), he refused to identify his attackers, saying only that he would take care of them himself.

Eastman was released and recovered. For the next two years, the Lower East Side was a battleground. There was hardly a night during which shots were not fired, during which some Kelly or Eastman operation, gambling game or even social affair was not broken up by attack from the opposition. The climax came in August 1903, on Rivington Street. A group of Five Pointers set out to raid a stuss game that was under Eastman's personal protection. But before they had gotten very far into Eastman territory, they were spotted by some patrolling sentries and shots were fired; one Five Pointer was killed. The others took refuge in doorways and around the pillars of the Second Avenue El, and both sides sent for reinforcements. Within a few hours, more than 100 gunmen were sniping at one another up and down Rivington Street. A couple of cops tried to intervene and were sent fleeing under a fusillade from both sides; after that, the police stayed away. The battle raged until dawn, and when the warriors faded back to their headquarters, they left behind three dead, seven seriously wounded and one slain pigeon.

For Tammany, which had always denied both the existence of any gangs in New York and any deals with them, the battle of Rivington Street was a major embarrassment. Peace was an absolute necessity if the public wrath was not to be felt. So Tom Foley, Manhattan sheriff, Tammany district leader and major aide to Big Tim Sullivan, the East Side Tammany boss and a prime protector of Eastman, arranged a peace conference at the Palm, a dive in Eastman territory on Chrystie Street. Kelly was guaranteed safe conduct. Foley told Eastman and Kelly that unless the war was halted, the power of the Hall would descend on both and destroy them and their gangs. With no choice, the truce was agreed upon and Foley gave a ball to celebrate it; Eastman and Kelly, as a sign of new friendship, stood in the middle of the hall and shook hands.

The truce lasted—for several months. Then one of Eastman's men was badly beaten by a Five Pointer and Eastman demanded the death of the assailant. Unless the man was handed over, Eastman sent word to Kelly, "We'll wipe up de earth wit' youse guys." It looked like war once again. But again Foley and other Tammany leaders stepped in and arranged the second Palm peace conference; again Kelly and Eastman were told that war would mean their destruction, for all Tammany support would be withdrawn and the police given free rein. Kelly and Eastman decided to settle the issue by a prize fight, with the loser to become the loyal servant of the victor. The fight took place in the Bronx, lasted two hours —Eastman's massive size and strength were offset by Kelly's science and experience; he had been a bantamweight fighter in his earlier days—and ended with both men collapsed on each other.

The issue was undecided and war seemed inevitable. But Eastman settled matters all by himself. At three in the morning of February 2, 1904, he held up a richly dressed young man, reeling from too much gaiety that evening, at 42nd Street and Sixth Avenue. Unfortunately for Eastman, the young man was the scion of wealth and his family had hired a Pinkerton detective to follow and protect him while he sowed his oats. The Pinkerton fired, Eastman fled—right into the arms of a policeman, who clubbed him into unconsciousness. When Eastman awoke, he was in a police cell, charged with felonious assault and highway robbery. Seeing this as the perfect way out of its bind, Tammany remained strictly aloof. Eastman was convicted and sent to Sing Sing for the next ten years. When he was released, all his power was gone. He became a lonely thug on the streets of New York; he enlisted in the Army in World War One, fought in France, returned to pick up his old ways and, on December 26, 1920, was found dead in a back alley of his old neighborhood with five bullets in him.

The passing of Monk Eastman did not, of course, sever the links nor end the bargain between the underworld and the politicians. Eastman was a brute and while corrupt politicians had need of and could always use a brute, the day of such men as a real force was ending as society became more complex. A Paul Kelly would have more success and last longer because he had more sophistication. More powerful still, at least for a time, would be the man who gave the orders rather than took them. A man like Charles Becker, whose friends called him Cheerful Charley.

A police lieutenant, personal assistant to the incredibly inept police commissioner Rhinelander Waldo, who placed him in charge of the department's special crime squad, and protégé of East Side Tammany boss Tim Sullivan, to whose throne he aspired, Becker may well have been one of the most corrupt policemen in the long history of New York police corruption. It was Becker who was in charge of the payoffs to the police and politicians from gamblers, prostitutes and other illegal entrepreneurs; who used both his squads of police and specially hired underworld thugs to enforce regularity and strict accounting in those payoffs; who provided the protection to those who paid and retribution to those who did not. But Becker's ambitions went far beyond the police department and the graft he could amass there. He saw himself as the new leader of the Tammany machine, or at least part of it. By 1911, Sullivan's powers were waning under the onslaught of advancing paresis. Becker was one potential candidate to succeed him on the East Side; the other was Tom Foley, protégé of boss Charley Murphy and himself the sponsor of another rising young Tammany district leader, James J. Hines.

For support, Becker turned to the underworld, which he knew well from his dealings and which owed him much. To ensure that the support for him would pour forth on primary and election days, he chose as his liaison man Jacob "Big Jack" Zelig. He gave Zelig strong-arm power to make certain that the graft from gambling and vice flowed in and flowed at an increasing rate. But Becker, through Zelig, made a major mistake. He put the squeeze too hard on a smalltime gambler, a notoriously unsuccessful one, named Herman Rosenthal. As it happened, Rosenthal was a longtime friend of Sullivan's, and that friendship, Rosenthal felt, gave him immunity from the payoffs assessed on other gamblers. Becker thought otherwise and when Rosenthal refused to ante up, his Hesper Club was twice raided and both times he was arrested and fined.

Still Rosenthal resisted. In mid-1912, Becker's personal press agent was arrested for murdering a man during a crap game. Becker set up a defense fund and assessed every gambler in the city $500. Rosenthal refused to pay and hoodlums in Becker's employ waylaid him one night, beat him and told him the beating would be repeated unless he came up with the $500. Instead, Rosenthal began to talk about his troubles wherever he went and his tale reached *New York World* reporter Herbert Bayard Swope, who recognized a major story when he heard one, and Charles S. Whitman, the Republican district attorney of Manhattan, who saw in Rosenthal a lever to the governor's mansion in Albany (which he would later realize) and perhaps beyond.

Though Rosenthal talked to both Swope and Whitman and fed them names, dates and details of the police–underworld ties and bribes, one of the things he lacked was discretion. He repeated his story in bars around town and the word got back to Becker, who became sure that his own safety and career depended upon closing Rosenthal's mouth. Zelig was then in jail charged with assault; Becker had him sprung, gave him $2000 and told him to use it to make sure Rosenthal stopped talking permanently. Zelig did just that. He hired a quartet of mobsters—Harry "Gyp the Blood" Horowitz, Louis "Lefty Louie" Rosenberg, Francesco "Dago Frank" Cirofisi and Jacob "Whitey Lewis" Seidenshner—to murder the too verbal gambler. A couple of attempts failed. In one, the four walked in on Rosenthal in a restaurant, surrounded his table, pulled out their guns, then didn't fire, because, they said, Rosenthal's wife was at the table and they didn't want to hurt her. The attempts, though, were enough to scare Rosenthal into silence. He sent word to Becker and Zelig that he had forgotten everything and wanted only to leave New York for safer climates. But he had gone too far and on July 16, 1912, the four killers cornered Rosenthal outside the Hotel Metropole on West 43rd Street. He had lost his final bet in a fusillade.

An investigation into the killing was ordered and, of course, Charley Becker was the man in charge. It was his final duty. Even he couldn't stop the police from rounding up the killers—whose identities were firmly established by eyewitnesses —though it took two weeks to do so. Once in custody, Horowitz, Rosenberg, Cirofisi and Seidenshner sang a long tune and Zelig was arrested; Zelig, too, decided that his only hope was to talk, and he implicated Becker, though this didn't save him—while on bail, he was gunned down as he boarded a streetcar. The killing of Zelig did not save Becker. He and his four hired killers were all convicted of the Rosenthal murder by Whitman and sent to die in the Sing Sing electric chair.

In the fall of Becker, Tammany boss Charley Murphy sensed the herald of new times. The day of the brute, as exemplified by Monk Eastman, had passed, and so, too, had the day of the official enforcer with political ambitions of his own and a power base in the underworld, as exemplified by Becker; he was just too much of a danger to the organization to which he belonged. The need for a continuing alliance with the underworld was just as great as ever and would remain so, for the gangsters could still control their districts, still bring out the votes, still provide the graft to make politicians rich. But the nation

"Competition among the airlines must be really getting fierce!"

was becoming less frenetic and more business oriented in these years just before World War One. Respectable companies were doing more and more business with government at all levels and were thus becoming a new vein of graft to be mined. What Murphy realized was that in this changing society, a new type of man was needed, someone between the politician and the policeman and their allies, a man who could deal with both the underworld and the world of business but who was neither complete gangster, businessman nor ambitious politician, yet who was known, trusted and respected by all. He would have to be a man who understood money and how to get it and how to use it; who knew the value and uses of graft and the bribe; who was in all respects amoral, not shy of using muscle when needed; but who yet had a suave and polished front.

Such a man was Arnold Rothstein, nicknamed by those who knew him The Brain. The second, and prodigal, son of a middle-class Jewish family, Rothstein was born on New York's East Side in 1882. The dominant emotion of his early years was a deep hatred of his brother Harry, two years older. At three, Arnold attempted to kill Harry with a knife and, when stopped by his father, gave as his reason only, "I hate Harry." When Harry proved a brilliant student with the dream of becoming a rabbi, and a faithful son, Arnold, potentially even brighter and something of a mathematical prodigy, took to hanging around the local pool halls and gambling dens. At 16, in 1898, he abandoned any deep religious commitment, all formal schooling and home itself to seek his fortune in the world. He had learned early, at home and in his extracurricular rounds, a lesson he would never stop preaching: Money breeds money, and the more you have, the more you can make. He was determined to make it with his talent for numbers and a seemingly golden touch at games of chance. But it didn't take him long to understand that there was even more money, and a lot safer money, in running the games and taking a percentage than in playing them (though he would never stop playing, never stop risking his own and other people's money in card games and at the tables). So he branched out and soon added loan-sharking to his enterprises, advancing money at first to those who were unlucky at his tables and then spreading it around on a wider scale. Few ever welshed on a Rothstein loan, for he employed a crew of collectors who made people glad to pay; among the collectors at times was Monk Eastman.

But Rothstein's ambitions went far beyond the world of smalltime gambling and loan-sharking. He dreamed not just of wealth but of power and respectability. Money could buy some of it, and more would come from the right kind of associates and the right kind of appearance. Carefully, he watched and listened and trained himself in speech, dress and manners to become outwardly a gentleman, soft- and well-spoken, conservatively dressed in only the best clothes from the best tailors, immaculately groomed at all times. He could have passed for a banker or a respectable sportsman. And he cultivated assiduously those in power—the politicians, the businessmen, the sportsmen, the rich—doing them favors, turning them on to sure deals. He became a familiar sight in the political clubhouses of Tammany, in the best restaurants and theaters, at the race track at Saratoga and at those social events to which he could wangle an invitation. Murphy and Sullivan, older than he, became his patrons in the world of politics, giving their protection to his gambling, bookmaking, loan-sharking and other illegal activities. Jimmy Hines, the rising star in Tammany's heaven, was a close friend. From the world of elegance, Rothstein numbered as friends and frequent companions Charles Stoneham, owner of the New York Giants baseball team (and, it later developed, Rothstein's partner in several undertakings), Herbert Bayard Swope, sportsman Harry Sinclair and many others. The world of Arnold Rothstein was a limitless one, reaching from those with power in the underworld—of all ethnic backgrounds, for he dealt with them all—to the police and politicians, whom he cultivated and paid for protection, and on to the world of business and society. He was, then, the ideal choice for Murphy as Tammany's liaison with both the under- and the upperworld, the man through whom the orders and the graft would be channeled.

The choice, however, gave Rothstein a power and a potential that neither Murphy nor anyone else could have comprehended at the time. In the nether region between the world of crime and violence and the world of politics and business, he ruled supreme in the years after Becker's fall. He was the fixer extraordinary, the man who had to be seen and to whom the money had to be paid before a business contract with the city could be made, if an arrest were to be quashed, if a gambling game or some other criminal enterprise were to be permitted to operate, if the politicians and the police were to get their fair share of the take. It all passed through Rothstein and the word from him was a necessity.

But the real world of A. R., as his business associates came to call him, was always the shadowy region of the underworld, the world of the search for the fast buck. Whenever there was a deal brewing, A. R. was the man to see—to get the OK and perhaps to cut him in for a share. And so his power and his horizons grew. He was, of course, the man F. Scott Fitzgerald called Meyer Wolfsheim in *The Great Gatsby*. "He's the man," Gatsby told Nick Carroway, "who fixed the world series back in 1919."

It was Rothstein, they all said (including American League president Ban Johnson), who put up the money and who was the mastermind behind turning the Chicago White Sox into the Black Sox, causing the great Shoeless Joe Jackson to *(continued overleaf)*

"'Honest'? I'm having a tough enough time finding a man who's straight!"

BADMEN AND LAWMEN

crime and violence on the american frontier

Crime is a legal concept. It didn't exist on the American frontier until settlers formed communities and banded together to protect themselves and their property by means of written laws and men designated to enforce them. Before the West developed formal governing institutions, it had, strictly speaking, no criminals—only robbers, thieves, swindlers, highwaymen, bandits, killers, violent drunks and other assorted hard cases, all ruggedly individualistic.

Criminal organization in its most primitive forms—cattle rustlers and bandit gangs—evolved in response to the increasing ability of ranchers and townspeople to defend themselves against the lone gunman, who sensibly decided he needed help to be a successful predator and was willing to share the proceeds. The Civil War abetted this. Social and economic chaos, unemployment, regional hatreds and many thousands of combat veterans, often homeless and bitter, produced the country's golden age of outlawry from 1865 to the late 1880s. William Quantrill's raiders set the example many others followed. To postwar banditry they brought their experience as soldiers and guerrillas who understood the value of organization, discipline and public relations, which in the Border States meant robbing in the name of an undefeated Confederacy.

The James and Younger gang earned its unrivaled place in American outlaw history partly because it thoroughly understood these principles, which Jesse probably learned while riding with Quantrill. To impoverished Missouri farmers and Southern sympathizers, including many in public office, the Jameses, the Youngers and their affiliates were gallant resistance fighters, not just robbing but punishing the Yankee railroads and banks that were the economic villains of the day.

Other gangs used the same techniques. They avoided antagonizing the people who might be needed later to hide them or supply them, and confined their depredations to the popularly hated symbols of authority and wealth—who, conveniently enough, happened to be the only people worth stealing from.

This tolerance of partisan crime diminished as the country began to economically reintegrate and pursue the prosperity that depended on the peaceful and orderly development of commerce. In 1873, the newspaper in Fort Smith, Arkansas, editorially complained:

> We . . . have never known such a state of terror. Now it is murder throughout the length and breadth of the Indian Country. It has been the rendezvous of the vile and wicked from everywhere, an inviting field for murder and robbery because it is the highway between Texas, Missouri, Kansas and Arkansas. . . . Stealing horses is an everyday occurrence, and murder and robbery seem to equal that sin.

Except for the references to horses, Indian territory and the cowboy problem, the editorial might have appeared in a newspaper today, 100 years later. The West was becoming organized, economically and politically, and thus laying the foundations for more sophisticated forms of criminal enterprise based on wealth, influence and corruption.

Once an area of the West organized politically and adopted a formula for prosperity, an individual soon discovered the advantage of having friends in public office. Public policies never serve all the public equally, nor do public officials. In any dispute with an economic rival, the winner was usually the man who had the most clout—enough protection to ignore the law, enough influence to win in a local court or enough authority to hire a private army of gunmen. (William H. Bonney, aka Billy the Kid, worked in this capacity in the New Mexico range wars of the 1870s.) It was during this period that many, if not most, of the legendary lawmen of the old West performed their greatest acts of courage. Often they tamed a town or cleaned it up out of an unflinching dedication to their own economic interests.

Wyatt Earp, the West's most celebrated law enforcer, was a hard-nosed gun fighter who had the wits and foresight to sell out to local establishments. As history records, he did, indeed, tame violent cow towns; but he generally had political and economic interests in doing so, and he was usually beholden to some political faction in the community. While saving Dodge City from lawless Texans (who, among other things, were bad for business), he served as a delegate to the state Republican convention.

In Tombstone, Earp acquired part ownership of a gambling hall, the Oriental Bar, which either employed or serviced Doc Holliday, Bat Masterson and Earp's brothers, Virgil and Morgan. By some accounts, the O. K. Corral gun fight was Wyatt Earp's way of ridding the community of the wicked but powerful McLaury clan that terrorized the region under the protection of the county sheriff. According to the McLaury survivors, the battle was provoked by Earp to silence Billy Clanton, a McLaury associate who could have pinned a murder and an attempted stage robbery on Doc Holliday. Earp had the last word, however. Before he died peacefully at the age of 80, he explained his actions like any accused public official today—how through his dedication to the interests of the people of Tombstone, "organized, politically protected crime and depredations in Cochise County ceased." —WILLIAM J. HELMER

turn away from the boy who asked him, "Say it ain't so, Joe." But, in actuality, there are some doubts as to Rothstein's direct involvement. He certainly knew about it, but he always maintained that he, like millions of other Americans, so loved the game of baseball that it would be unthinkable for him to tamper with it. The real fixers, he asserted, among those who had come to him with the deal and been turned away with sharp words, were the fighter Abe Attell and some gambling friends. He had warned them they were heading for trouble. "I don't want any part of it; it's too raw," he said he told them. "Besides, you can't get away with it. You might be able to fix a game, but the series—you'd get lynched if it ever came out." Sure, he bet on the series, Rothstein said, but then, he was a gambler who bet on everything. And he pulled out a canceled check to show that he'd lost a $25,000 bet on one of the games. Of course, knowing what he knew, that wasn't the total of his wagers; he bet heavily and came away $350,000 in the black. But for Rothstein, that was as nothing.

Compared with other opportunities that Rothstein saw and parlayed into fortunes, the world series was only a side show. When the Black Sox scandal was going on, he was actually more heavily interested in that region in downtown New York called Wall Street. During the golden age of the Twenties, he would bring to a kind of perfection the bucket shop, with its sale of worthless securities to armies of the gullible. But his initial raid coincided with the American involvement in World War One. To support the war effort, the Government issued Liberty bonds, highly negotiable securities, and entrusted millions of dollars' worth to the safekeeping of Wall Street banks and brokerage houses. Over a period of about 18 months, something like $5,000,000 worth of these bonds were stolen, and the thefts all followed a remarkably simple pattern: A messenger in a bank would be handed an envelope with several thousand dollars' worth of bonds and told to take them quickly to a brokerage house (or the reverse). On his way, he would be beaten and robbed and the bonds would disappear. (Some years later, the bonds would be used to purchase whiskey in England, Bermuda and Nassau, during Prohibition and, after that, some would find their way to Cuba, France and other countries to finance the purchase of narcotics; Rothstein would be heavily involved in both.)

A break in the case came early in 1920, when a hoodlum named Joe Gluck was arrested for robbing a securities messenger. He made a deal with the authorities: In exchange for leniency, he would talk about the Liberty-bond operation, for he had been a part of it. The messengers, he said, had all been paid to take their beatings and not resist the holdups. The man behind the scheme was someone he knew as Mr. Arnold. Rothstein? Not when Gluck looked at pictures. He identified Mr. Arnold as a slick confidence man named Jules W. Arndt Stein, better known as Nicky Arnstein, husband of Broadway star Fanny Brice and, as it happened, a close friend of Rothstein's. Arnstein the mastermind? Miss Brice was aghast: "Mastermind! Nicky couldn't mastermind an electric bulb into a socket."

The authorities obviously didn't agree, for an alarm went out for Arnstein and he went into hiding. Rothstein came to his rescue. He hired counsel for his friend, including the brilliant criminal lawyer William J. Fallon, known as The Great Mouthpiece, persuaded Arnstein to surrender and then put up his $100,000 bail.

Rothstein's power was never better demonstrated than at the time of Nicky's arraignment. While the court debated, Miss Brice and some friends went to a nearby speak-easy to wait, Miss Brice parking her new Cadillac just outside. When they left, the Cadillac was gone and the owner of the speak told Miss Brice to call the cops. He was then informed that she was under the personal protection of Rothstein. That changed things. He rushed to the telephone and within 15 minutes the car was back where it had been, with nothing missing and the tank filled with gasoline. Into the speak marched Eastman, a battered shell of what he had been, in the last months of his life but still practicing his old calling. He apologized for the theft. It never would have happened, he said, had he known that the car belonged to "a friend of A. R.'s."

But even Rothstein's power, in the under- and upperworld, could not save Arnstein—or, maybe, Rothstein didn't want to save him. For it was accepted that Rothstein and not Arnstein was the mastermind behind the Liberty-bond robberies and that Nicky was just marked to be his fall guy. And that's the way it worked. Arnstein was tried, convicted and sent to the Federal penitentiary. And Rothstein marched into the Twenties with renewed power and new ideas. It was a new age and he was ready for it. The world was changing and the world of crime had to change to take advantage of the new times. What the underworld needed were men with brains, ideas and foresight to bring it from the old ways to the new ones, to an emerging world where victimless crime would flourish, providing goods and services that law-abiding society craved but could no longer obtain legally. In Rothstein, such a man existed.

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Perhaps Rothstein's only equal was then in Chicago. Along with him, this man would play the major role in reshaping not just the underworld but all of American society. He was Johnny Torrio, called The Fox and sometimes Terrible John. Born the same year as Rothstein, 1882, in the village of Orsara, near Naples, he had been brought to the United States at the age of two by his widowed mother and became totally adapted to the new environment, remembering and knowing nothing about the old country except what he heard. Settling on New York's Lower East Side, he showed early promise as a gangster, leading his own gang as a boy and, when a teenager, joining Kelly's Five Points Gang and later becoming one of Kelly's major aides during the war with Eastman and the working deals with Tammany. But the peace that followed Eastman's downfall did not appeal to young Torrio. Though, like Rothstein, whom he knew slightly in these years and would get to know better 20 years later, he appreciated the value of appearance, and so cultivated a polished, soft-spoken, well-dressed, civilized veneer, and though he was small, sallow and outwardly flabby and nondescript—anything but a threatening or imposing figure—Torrio was basically a man who craved action, who knew the uses of violence and who was not above participating himself (though in later years he would often and publicly decry violence as a threat to the whole businesslike structure of organized crime he would have so much to do with erecting).

So, in 1908, looking for more direct action, Torrio abandoned Manhattan for Brooklyn and joined forces with Frankie Yale and his gang of stick-up men, extortionists, killers and political strong-arm experts. Soon, word of his exploits began to spread and he was emerging as the dominant underworld force in the borough. But in 1909, his career took a sharp and sudden turn. A letter arrived from a distant cousin in Chicago who had heard of his fame. Her name was Victoria Moresco and she was the madam of several whorehouses. She had married Big Jim Colosimo, who had arrived in Chicago in 1872, at the age of one, from his native Palermo, had grown up in the Levee and gotten into gambling and the rackets even before he was of age. When Victoria and Colosimo married, he had taken over the management of her houses, adding them to his own, and he had expanded the business, controlling scores of brothels and moving into gambling, the illegal sale of wine grapes and other Italian delicacies, and just about every other racket that flourished. He had become one of the major bosses in the First Ward, the city's red-light district. By 1908, Colosimo's empire was in the midst of both expansion and trouble. His political deals and payoffs gave him plenty of protection, except from Black Hand extortionists. Their demands had been growing and he had recently been accosted on the street, beaten and threatened with more dire consequences unless he upped the ante. Feeling he needed some outside help and having heard of Torrio and his prowess, he and Victoria decided to send for the young hoodlum, enclosing train ticket and expense money in their letter.

If the New York that Torrio left was corrupt, it could still take lessons from Chicago—there were even stories that in the 1890s a group of Tammany leaders had made the trip west to sit at the feet of their Chicago counterparts and hear how it was really done. The gateway to the West, Chicago, by the time of the Great Fire in 1871, had justly won the reputation as the most corrupt city in America, and nothing in succeeding years had tarnished that image. From the 1870s to the turn of the century, under the ironfisted control of gambler–political boss Michael Cassius McDonald, every kind of vice and corruption was rampant and protected. And McDonald's successors, in both the world of politics and the world of crime—Mont Tennes, "Bathhouse John" Coughlin (at one time, a rubber in a massage parlor, hence the nickname), Michael "Hinky-Dink" Kenna and Jim Colosimo—carried on the good works and expanded them.

What would later become the mainstay of the national betting syndicate, the racing wire to transmit to bookies instantly track odds and results, became Tennes' province. For $300 a day, he purchased a Chicago monopoly on the service from a Cincinnati man named Payne, who had conceived it, and then demanded 50 percent of the profits of every handbook in the city. Some resisted, but a few bullets and sticks of dynamite helped change their minds. By 1910, Tennes was the undisputed wire-syndicate boss, having set up his own service, General News Bureau, and having forced Payne out. He controlled the national race wire.

And the Chicago underworld found allies in and cooperated with such supposed bastions of incorruptibility as the press. This was the era of the circulation wars, with every paper bidding to control vital street corners in an effort to get its product to the reading public. Control of street corners meant high circulation and success; loss of street corners meant lost circulation and failure. In this war, Moses Annenberg, then circulation manager of the Hearst papers in Chicago (and later to replace Tennes as overlord of the race-wire syndicate), sought out the underworld, hired goon squads to assault dealers handling other papers, to overturn trucks carrying them, to force the Hearst papers onto corner stands, and so, for a time, to win supremacy in the war.

But it was prostitution that really made the Chicago underworld rich and around which the other rackets orbited and prospered. It was the age of Victorian morality, when sex was something nice ladies didn't talk about and practiced only reluctantly and with their husbands. So prostitution flourished. Some girls came to the trade willingly, seeking their fortunes, for in what other trade could a woman prosper in those years? Others were forced into it, for the white slaver was in his prime, luring innocent young women from the farms and the immigrant ghettos to the cities with tales of good jobs and then seducing them and forcing them to walk the streets and to ply their trade in brothels. While prostitution and white slavery existed to a greater or lesser extent in cities around the country, Chicago was the center. It was still a raw, booming, vastly expanding city with enormous appetites. And it was the city for those to the west and south to visit to seek goods and amusement, including prostitutes. So Chicago became the center of the white slaver and the training ground for those who would eventually seek their fortunes with their bodies elsewhere but wanted to learn the business first. By the end of the first decade of the 20th Century, according to a Chicago police investigation, there were 1020 brothels in the city employing 4000 whores, while another 1000 whores walked the streets. These whores participated in 27,300,000 acts of sexual intercourse each year, grossing $30,000,000, or just over a dollar a trick. Half the money went to pay off the

"This is heaven?"

politicians and the police. Ninety percent of the money came from the Levee.

This was the city, then, in which Johnny Torrio took up residence in 1909. He quickly proved to Colosimo—who had doubts when he first saw the unprepossessing young man—that the vice lord and his wife had made no mistake in sending for him. Torrio quickly discovered the identities of the would-be Black Hand extortionists and had them killed. And Colosimo's troubles with them ended.

If Torrio thought that his reward for such a service would be a place at Colosimo's right hand, he was mistaken. Colosimo praised him effusively—and made him manager, male madam, of the Saratoga, the bottom rung in the Colosimo vice network, a sleazy establishment where the girls charged a dollar a trick and the customers were scarce. The ever-inventive Torrio, however, saw his opportunity. With a few cans of paint and some bolts of cloth, he brightened up the place. Then he dressed his worn-out flock in childish clothes to make them look like young virgins, raised the prices and business at the Saratoga boomed. Colosimo was impressed, enough to move Torrio up to the spot he wanted, as the chief aide and overseer.

Soon Torrio was, in fact, running the entire Colosimo empire while Big Jim dallied with some younger girlfriends. Torrio's contacts spread throughout the Levee and he attracted as allies others for whom work in the whorehouses was to be only a step to greater and wider power. Men like brothel barkeeper and financial wizard Jake "Greasy Thumb" Guzik. And in 1919, at the request of friends in New York, Torrio offered sanctuary and a job to a 19-year-old killer. He received urgent messages from his friends Frankie Yale in Brooklyn, with whom he had worked, and one Salvatore Lucania, later to be better known as Charlie "Lucky" Luciano, whom he had known as a boy, had sponsored in various crimes and had seen on some visits back home. Both suggested that perhaps Torrio could help out their friend Alphonse Capone, whom Yale had employed as a bouncer in his Brooklyn saloon and with whom Lucania had become friends. Already suspected of at least two murders, Capone had beaten a young man during a dance-hall brawl and his victim was in the hospital with little chance given for his recovery. This killing could be pinned on Capone and it was thought it might be expeditious if he left New York for a while. Torrio agreed, sent Capone a train ticket and, when he arrived, hired him as a $35-a-week bouncer in the Four Deuces, one of the Colosimo string of brothels. But Capone, like Torrio, was not to be satisfied with such employment.

Meanwhile, Torrio had other concerns. He had become convinced soon after his arrival in Chicago, and despite his own efforts and ingenuity in the work that Colosimo assigned him, that the day of ever-expanding vice was ending. Lurid revelations about girls trapped into a life of sin from which they were unable to escape had aroused the country and in 1910, Congress passed the White Slave Traffic Act, better known as the Mann Act, making it a crime to transport women in interstate commerce for immoral purposes. But the nation was changing anyway, becoming more settled, and while vice would remain for years as one facet and a major one in an empire of crime, its importance as the cornerstone was fading. Torrio recognized this. While still overseeing the prostitution empire—and as long as he remained in Chicago, he would never abandon it, for it earned too much money to throw away—Torrio more and more devoted himself to studying other aspects of the criminal business and other avenues of illegal enterprise: to cultivating contacts and friendships throughout both the underworld and the worlds of business and politics, to preparing himself for the new day he was certain was coming.

For nearly half a century, the Anti-Saloon League, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and other groups had been decrying the insidious and evil influence of strong drink, had been attacking with hatchets and their own persons saloons and sellers of alcohol, had been besieging Congress and the state legislatures to turn America dry. Finally, in the moral climate brought on by World War One and its exhausted emotional aftermath, they succeeded. The 18th Amendment to the Constitution, banning the manufacture, sale and transportation of all intoxicating beverages, breezed through Congress in December of 1917; by January 16, 1919, the necessary 36 of the 48 states had ratified it; one year later, on January 16, 1920, at midnight, it would become the law of the land. And then, in October of 1919, over the veto of President Woodrow Wilson, Congress passed the Volstead Act, setting up the Federal machinery to make the Prohibition Amendment work.

The nation would become dry, peaceful and prosperous with the new decade. Or so the amendment's supporters were sure. "The law," declared Congressman Andrew J. Volstead, Minnesota Republican who had written the law bearing his name, "does regulate morality, has regulated morality since the Ten Commandments." The people, he and his supporters said, would obey the law.

But in New York, Arnold Rothstein, and in Chicago, Johnny Torrio only smiled. The moment they had been awaiting had arrived.

This is the first in a series of articles on organized crime in the United States.

"Local anesthetic doesn't make me numb all over, Dr. Lockwurst!"

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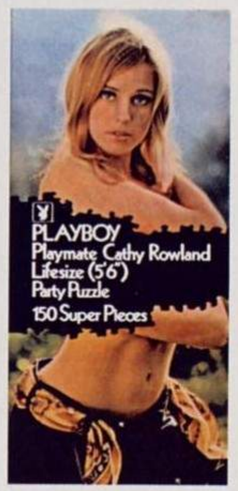

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flies, snakes, fat benny

(continued from page 88)

I'd ever seen him, he stepped behind a small wiry man I didn't know, grabbed him by the shoulder, spun him violently against the crumbling plaster wall and put the blade to his throat.

All the abrasive clanking and humming suddenly seemed suspended in that one shrill moment. The fish knife, a fraction of an inch from flesh, was a signal for quiet. At first, only a few people in the area noticed. Then more. Then finally, almost everybody on the floor was watching, more with curiosity than with concern. It was as if hours of late-night TV, first-position ho-hum sex and the dregs of countless six-packs had dulled their senses. Nobody tried to interfere. They watched, transfixed, as if by a deodorant ad.

I ran toward the north end. My impulse was to stop it; but somehow that seemed a betrayal of our lunchtime trust. I stood there, helpless, wondering whether Benny would slash the man's throat and send small rivers of factory blood down his chest. Whether Benny (a quiet, unassuming killer) would then lumber away, take huge chunks of another sandwich, scrawl pencil notations in the racing form, yawn, go back to his machine, then greet the police (guns drawn) with a hearty handshake and a broad smile.

The two men were statues. The little man was balanced precariously against the wall. One elbow, tense as wire, was buried in an indentation in the plaster. His head tilted back, just above the blade. He said nothing. Large beads of sweat slowly streamed down his face. The sweat, mingled with the grease from the machines, made awkward patterns of dirt from forehead to chin. He tried to avert his eyes from Benny's, tried not to blink (as if the light might never return). He made a small whimpering sound, muffled by the noises of untended machinery.

Benny said nothing. He held the man and the knife, both firmly. His mouth twitched occasionally. The knife blade glistened when struck by the glare from the overhead fluorescents.

Somebody had called Hank, the foreman. When he got there, the people surrounding the scene stepped back a little, as if Hank's sudden presence would change the angle of the blade, would miraculously break the tableau. Hank screamed for Benny to stop. There was no reaction. Benny's huge body, strangely powerful and determined, was not about to move. The little man squirmed occasionally, but Benny would only clutch more tightly. His knuckles were white around the knife handle.

Hank, sensing the futility of forcefulness, tried to be gentle. He spoke softly but rapidly, short bursts of monolog that went unnoticed. Benny did not move.

Then, after what seemed a small and dirty eternity, Benny relaxed his grip on both the blade and the man. He pulled the knife back a little, allowing his victim to rock his head downward. The two men looked at each other, both expressionless, both somewhere far beyond the machinery and plaster and grease, both tangled and confused with contempt. Then Benny, innocent beyond innocence, smiled. His teeth, though dull, glistened. He spit in the man's face.

The little man stood there, still awkwardly posed against the yellowing plaster, his muscles strained, his body wet with fear, his face streaked from the sweat and grease and spit. There was an involuntary shivering. The glob of spit slowly moved down the side of his nose, caught itself in the corner of his mouth and sat there. He remained expressionless.

Fat Benny, still smiling, watched as the spit pooled itself near the man's mouth. He looked on with a childlike curiosity; and then, duty performed, he backed away. The blade, no longer a threat, was still extended.

The onlookers breathed deeply, their anticipation frozen somewhere amid the dirt and rumbling. Benny gave a quick look about him. His smile was masklike. Then, still silent, his smile sculptured, he turned and walked toward the south end. When he passed me, he winked. I had not betrayed him.

When he got to our station, he carefully folded the knife and returned it to his pocket. He picked up the lunch box, looked down the long aisle to where his soft violence had been performed; then, lunch box held tightly, he went to the door and walked out.

Nobody followed.

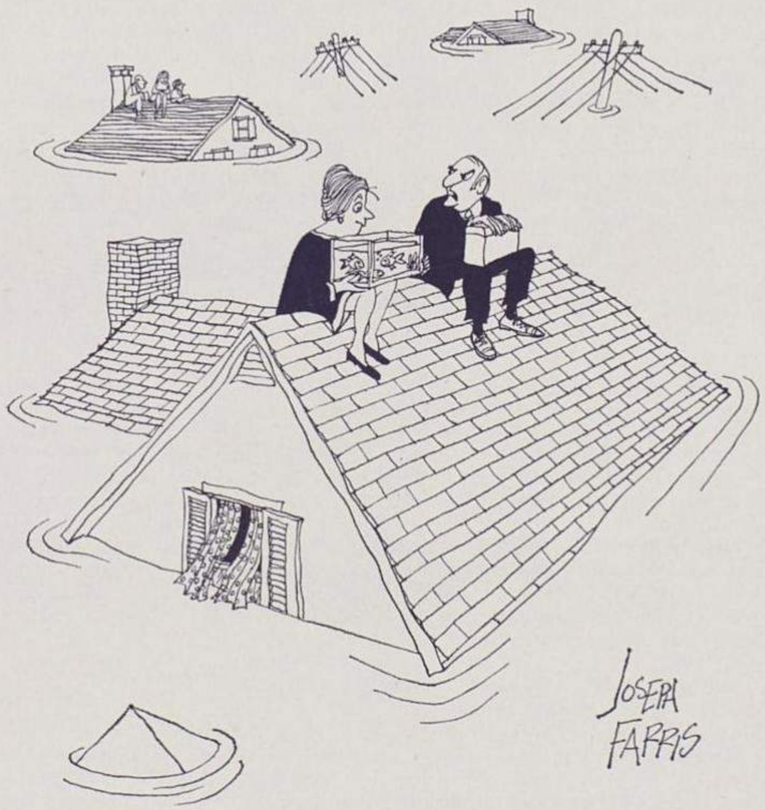
At the other end, the small man, gray-faced and now openly crying, slumped to the floor.

Hank and the others watched. The man crawled to his feet, fell against a pile of packing crates, then collapsed to the concrete.

It was a long time before they picked him up.

• • •

Benny didn't return to work for several days. I ate lunch alone, still near the garbage, still studying the erratic patterns of flies. Rumors swept their way around the factory. Midday speculation about Benny ran from the absurd to the sublime: Benny'd quit, left his wife and three kids (an orphaned poverty-stricken quartet) and had fled to Bermuda; Benny'd taken a job as a TV repairman in New Jersey; Benny'd hit a long shot on the twin double and had celebrated with a colossal



"My God! Couldn't you save anything but the fish?"

bender; Benny'd gone mad and could be found in the elevators of one-night hotels pimping for wet-thighed ladies of the night. The factory was slowly lobotomizing its help; their imaginations were clogged.

I talked with Hank the day after Benny had left.

"Is he fired?" I asked.

"No," Hank said.

"Is he coming back?"

Hank shrugged.

"What about the other guy?" I said.

"Mike?"

"That his name?"

"Mike Jacques. A Frenchman. Loner type."

"Is he still around?"

"Quit." That's all Hank would say. He walked away.

And despite all the gossip, all the whispered intrigue, nobody really seemed to know what had happened. There had been a fat man, a small sweating Frenchman with a blade at his throat, a welcome break from the usual grind. First Floor Factory Information Central came up with hushed zero after zero after zero.

On Friday, Benny returned.

It was as if nothing had happened. He greeted me in the usual way: a big smile, a joke about college kids and man-sized machines. At one point in the morning, Benny and Hank spent a few minutes talking. But for all I knew, they might have been discussing a lame dog in the perfecta. Then, 1000 or so rhinestones later, the lunch whistle blew. Benny gave me the customary wave. We adjusted the machines, grabbed our lunches and went outside.

The air was thick, hazy; huge shapeless clouds covered the sky, motionless. Benny playfully kicked the garbage bin, scattering flies for brief seconds; then he eased himself against the wall and began to eat. In one hand, a sandwich; in the other, the racing form.

"Tonight I got the double," he said.

"Twin?"

"Daily," and he continued to read, occasionally making a random comment about the evening's bright future for one of his favorites. He was unusually quiet, though not unfriendly. Despite my curiosity, I was reluctant to mention the incident on Monday.

After finishing my sandwich, I tried my luck at catching flies in mid-air or against a knee or a foot or wherever else they'd decided to land. Helter-skelter, they outwitted me. Benny continued to read and eat.

And then, shortly before the whistle blew, Benny (awkwardly, haltingly, as if the violence were too ugly to reconsider) told me what had happened.

He told me how the Frenchman had been having an affair with Jean, Benny's wife. How he had to let the Frenchman know the game was up. How he didn't want to hurt anybody. How his kids had a slut for a mother. How the motel rooms were done in polished maple. How he loved his wife. How the neon VACANCY signs glittered and reglittered night after night. How the two of them made it while he placed two-dollar bets on crippled dogs. How it made him ache. How she somberly promised it wouldn't happen again. How it had to be stopped. And he stopped it. And Mike Jacques, his wife's factory lover, quit. And he could have squashed that French bastard, squeezed his guts on the concrete floor. How it couldn't go on. And, a knife blade later, it was over. Finally over.

"And, well, you, you're just a, still a kid. I mean, these things, they don't mean much to you. You . . . you don't know. But me. Me, Benny. Me, it hurt me. Deep. I mean, I love that broad. I do. But now it's over. She said it. Said so. And he quit. And . . . and it's all over now. You know what I mean?"

I nodded, avoiding his eyes, listening, feeling like some unintentional voyeur.

"You know what I mean?"

"Yeah . . ." I mumbled.

"Good."

"Yeah. . . ."

"It's all over."

I was never so happy to hear the whistle.

• • •

Two weeks passed. Benny and I continued to battle the legions of insects, to eat lunch while trying to ignore the stench and the heat. Benny's mood changed from day to day. Unlike the weather or the factory routine, he was unpredictable: at times playful, then solemn; at times talkative, then silent; at times vulnerable, at others, a valiant factory knight, brutalizing flies, slamming the Truk-Away, expanding on the "gum-in-the-dog's-toes" theory of race-track intrigue.

But deep beneath the skin, he was bothered. Wounded. He never talked of Mike Jacques, of motel rooms, of his children, of his wife.

He was losing at the track. A bookie mysteriously known as Big Frank had made a visit to the front office. Eddie Miller, the numbers man, had given Benny the word, "No more ten-spots . . . just deuces. . . . Open a bank account . . . friend . . . do yourself a favor. . . ." I knew because Benny had told me. A kind of whispered conspiracy, wincing on the edge of laughter. He said he was waiting for the men with the gloves.

"Gloves?"

"Yeah, they always wear gloves. Like in those old movies."

"I don't get it."

"They knock on the door and they're wearing these gloves, see. Then they come in. Polite as rats. They have a cup of coffee, maybe a doughnut. They tell you how great it is that everybody's healthy and all. They smile a lot, pat the kids on the head, then they leave. They never take their gloves off."

"Gambling?"

"No. They sell vacuum cleaners! What the hell they teach you at that college, anyway?" Benny rocked back, laughing convulsively. I, a virgin to gangland, wasn't sure of the joke.

Then, on a Thursday, Benny didn't show up for work. I didn't think much of it until the next day. Benny was back but strangely silent. He worked through the coffee break, pushing himself, inspecting triangles of colored glass and cheap iridescent metal, placing and replacing them, greasing the machines, dragging his enormous body from task to task.

It was about five to 12 when he first spoke.

"We gotta talk," he said. He was leaning against a machine, reading and rereading the fire-exit sign, deliberately looking away.

"Sure," I said.

"At lunch. We'll leave here. There's a little spot down the road. A park. They got benches."

"We have to be back by twelve-thirty," I said.

"At lunch . . . we'll talk." He grabbed my arm. "It's important. I'm counting on you."

"Sure," again.

He turned back to the machines.

When the whistle blew, we went out to the parking lot together and got into Benny's car (a nondescript Ford, dice dangling from the rearview mirror, an exiled Saint Christopher riding the dash). We drove a few blocks. "This park, it ain't much, but there ain't flies all over the place."

"Just ants," I said, hoping for a chuckle.

"I just can't take them flies anymore. Make me sick."

We stopped at a light. I started to say something but thought better of it. The light changed, but Benny sat silently at the wheel, staring blankly forward, apparently oblivious. A horn beeped. Benny glared into the rearview mirror, then started again.

He pointed to a shopping cart somebody had left in the gutter. "Slobs," he said.

"Yeah."

"It ain't far now."

Again we rode, saying nothing. The car was loud. A crack in the muffler. I mused about the chances of being found dead, body choked, organs mangled and mutilated by carbon monoxide. Visions of having the dread poison pumped out of me with a two-dollar bicycle pump.

After we'd driven ten minutes or so, Benny asked, "You remember how one time I told you about this guy Willis who had them coral snakes?"

"Yeah."

"Well, I. . . . You worry about me yesterday?"

"Worry? No, I just wondered if you

"Pardon me, miss, but I'm looking for the antidote to a powerful aphrodisiac."

"Look—I don't mind the mask and I don't mind the spurs—but do you have to yell 'Hi-yo Silver, away'?"

were sick or something, that's all."

"Well, I wasn't. I had to take care of some details. Things, things I had to take care of. . . ."

I nodded, waiting for some further explanation; but none came. He was silent again. I was beginning to feel that I'd made a mistake, that my confidence was being kidnaped. Kidnaped, I thought (theatrical visions dancing in the cerebrum), by a 300-pound man! Was it obscenely absurd or absurdly obscene? I weighed the question. The car rumbled.

Then, with the same intensity he had had while silent, Benny began to talk. Short, sudden sentences punctuated with expletives, sighs, groans. It was as if he could no longer contain the violence and the hurt. He was sweating, his knuckles were white on the wheel. He watched the road while he spoke, turning only to make sure that I was attentive. I nodded now and then, but for the most part, I felt stunned, like the most secular of priests hearing the whisper of "murder." The car was hot, uncomfortable. I opened a window. Air circulated. I didn't notice. Benny continued to drive and talk. And sweat.

He told me how the incident at the factory had not been enough. How his wife and Mike Jacques had continued to see each other. Clandestine meetings in truck stops and bowling alleys. A rendezvous in the bleakness of some anonymous lover's lane (high schoolers in the next car, fiddling with bra straps, trying Trojans, trying). It had to stop.

And so Benny, befuddled and driven by rage, had finally decided to end the affair. To murder the lover or the wife or both. To suffer the consequences of bread and water, of shame.

He'd made connections with the snake charmer from Florida. For an even $100, he'd had two coral snakes shipped north via his truck-driver friend. He'd found out where Jacques lived, a colorless rooming house not far from the factory. Clean sheets. Wallpaper: pale flowers with mud-brown stems.

And after doing the research, the planning, the thinking and rethinking, he'd come upon his plan. And on Thursday, he'd finally negotiated the perfect killing. Tab A into slot A. And that was that. Except for the suffering. Except for the grim detail.

He informed his wife that he was going to the track. He had a sure-fire winner in the sixth. She, not to be outdone by riverboat trickery, told him that she was doing some shopping. A birthday had conveniently been unearthed. The kids would stay next door watching TV, tormenting the cat, eating Fritos.

But Benny, a stalking 300-pound detective, had stood in the early-evening shadows near Jacques's rooming house and had waited. A sharp pain went from throat to ankles as he watched his wife and her lover touch lips on the porch. The lack of secrecy tore at him. No discretion. No shame. On the porch. He faltered. Why? he kept asking of the shadows. No answer. Why and why and why?

When Jacques and Benny's wife had left (in Benny's second car, to twist the knife), he went to the rooming house. He had already been there twice before. Jacques lived conveniently on the first floor. Rectangular simplicity. The bed was made. A toothbrush rested on the night table beside a year-old copy of the *Reader's Digest*.

Benny carried a wooden box, geometrically patterned by small air holes. Inside: two coral snakes. Hungry, he hoped. Fangs dripping with the blood of his wife's lover, he visioned. He quietly opened the back window of the room, protected by a dying lilac bush, an old sawhorse, some rubbish. He placed the box on the floor of the room, breathed deeply (sucking enemy air for the sake of memory?), then lifted the chain mechanism that allowed the snakes their belated freedom.

He waited for what seemed a very long time for the snakes to begin their explorations.

A small head, dominated by large piercing eyes, emerged. Benny watched carefully, fascinated. The snakes began to move, to negotiate the darkness. They resembled the line drawings in dictionaries. "Poisonous and Nonpoisonous Snakes of the Western Hemisphere." Cold-blooded? Warm-blooded? Benny wondered. He took one last look. The snakes moved slowly, their heads occasionally swiveling. Menace, pure and simple. They responded to light, to heat, to noise, to what? They slithered, somehow harmless, curious and (unlike the linear scrawls in the dictionary) deadly. Benny closed the window.

Benny didn't think of fingerprints, recriminations, the third degree or much of anything. His only thought was of the quick, sharp, stabbing pain. Of something disappearing under the dresser. Sliding into a cluster of dust. Pinpricks in a man's leg.

It was Benny's lucky day. He drove to the track, making it in time for the sixth race. He won $32.50.

He went home after the ninth race, even though he had a dog just waiting for a bet in the 12th. Discipline. His wife returned shortly thereafter. They didn't speak. There was nothing to say.

Nothing at all.

We finally reached the park. I was stunned, exhausted. Benny seemed relieved.

"Just a matter of time," he said.

Benny dropped a nickel in the meter and we walked to a small picnic table.

It was a grim city park, misplaced and scattered with skeletal trees. An acre or two of burned grass and sand, a few tables that seemed out of place (props left behind by a mindless D.P.W.) and too many litter baskets. It was the kind of place where old men read the obits on their way to light a candle for a dead wife. Few children. No birds. Dirt and amorphous lumps of tar.

I sat down, still speechless, and Benny slid in across from me. We looked at each other for a long time, saying nothing. Benny was no longer sweating. He was grinning. Somehow, the very telling of the story had relieved him. I was reminded of how, while I was a kid growing up Catholic, I'd ride down the center line of the highway on my Columbia bicycle just after confession. I was safe. Absolution.

"What you got?" Benny asked.

"Huh . . . ?"

"For lunch?"

"Oh. . . ." I opened my lunch box. "Boiled ham and lettuce."

"You get that a lot, huh?"

"Yeah," I said, still unsure of myself, shaking inside. "How about you?" I asked.

Benny opened his lunch box. A note was sitting on top of a sandwich wrapped in wax paper. There was also an apple.

Benny looked at the note, gave a strained smile, then handed it to me. It was a distinctly feminine scrawl. Slender and slanted. The paper was pinkish:

Dear Benny,

Enjoy your lunch. When you get home, please pick up the children. They'll be next door.

Love, Jean

I handed it back to him. His eyes were watery, but he still gave a small forced grin.

"Only one sandwich today, huh?"

"Guess so," he said. "She always leaves the lunch box in the refrigerator. I just grab it in the morning. You know, gives her a chance to sleep."

"Yeah," I said.

Benny lifted the sandwich from the lunch box. "Hope to Christ it ain't frankfurts." He removed the wax paper, then lifted a corner of the bread to see what was inside.

And there, in mindless repose, resting on a slice of white bread, like in some grotesque and macabre painting or out of an inexplicable nightmare, were the severed heads of the two coral snakes. Triangular and lying in a bed of graying moisture, they had been carefully placed, carefully cut off at the neck, carefully prepared for this one mad instant.

They were almost colorless. Two dead snakes. Two heads. Eyes glazed in death. Skin slightly iridescent, picking up small glints of light. Fangs no longer bared.

I thought I'd be sick.

Benny gasped but didn't move. He couldn't take his eyes away from the snakeheads. He began to cry, openly gagging and choking. He stared at the snakes.

I didn't know what to do. I was stunned, frozen. I watched Benny, no longer the snakes. I waited.

It seemed a very long time before Benny looked up. He had stopped crying. The tears had formed long streaks down his face.

He grinned.

The snakeheads, surreal and threatening, sat before him. Prepared especially for Fat Benny, factory slob, once upon a time would-be killer.

He tried to speak but couldn't quite get the words out. He made a soft gurgling sound. He looked back to the snakes. He placed the other piece of bread back on top. He was trembling.

He smiled. I watched him, dazed.

He spoke very softly. "You know what . . . what . . . they say in Florida?"

I couldn't speak.

"What do . . . you . . . you do if you get bit by a coral snake?"

"I don't know . . ." I said, unable to hear my own voice.

"Light up a cigarette."

And then, quickly, deftly and thoughtlessly, Benny took a large bite from the sandwich.

I tried to speak, but nothing came out.

A thin stream of gray liquid dripped down his chin. He was almost grinning. His eyes were full of tears. He chewed, then swallowed.

He got up, still holding the sandwich, and walked to a nearby tree. He sat down, leaned against the tree and let the sandwich drop to the ground.

The remaining snakehead, as if still holding a breath of impossible life, separated from the bread and slithered to the ground, eyes wide.

Benny reached into his pocket.

He smiled.

He lit a cigarette.

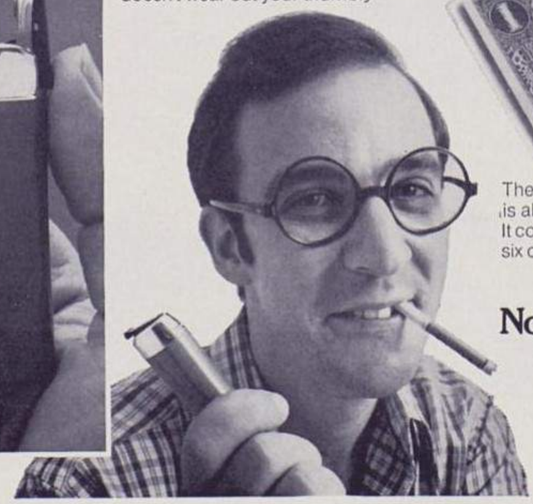
Our disposable is not so disposable.

The Rogers Disposable. It lasts longer. A lot longer.

One reason it's not so disposable is that it's made with extra fuel. (Enough to last about a month longer than the disposable you may now be using.)

It's not so disposable looking, either. In fact, it looks more like the higher-priced lighters than any other disposable you can buy.

It doesn't even work like other disposables. (It has a flip-top that makes lighting easier, and doesn't wear out your thumb.)



The Rogers Not-So-Disposable is also not so expensive. It costs just $1.29, in any of six colors.

The Rogers® Not-So-Disposable. Butane Lighter. $1.29

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

JOLLY GOOD TOUR

London may be one of the most walkable cities on earth, but navigating some of its more obtuse byways can be rather a sticky wicket. And it can be even tougher if you'd like to visit the haunts of a favorite historical or fictional character. Sherlock Holmes, perhaps. Dickens. Henry VIII. Or even Jack the Ripper. For these and other guided ramblings, try London Unlimited (15 Hollybank Hill, Sittingbourne, Kent). They've got a summer and fall of unusual ambulations planned that include a trio of ghost hunts and a look at the architecture of Christopher Wren. Or, for the thirsty, there's even a guided pub crawl.

COUNTRY LOVING

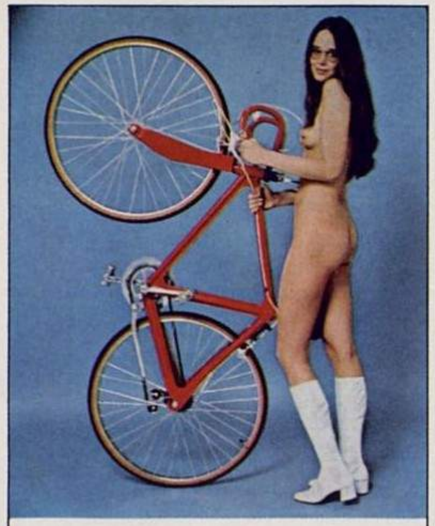
Tired of standing in line at a singles bar, waiting to talk to a girl? Now there's Chateau D'Vie, a strictly singles country club in Spring Valley, New York, about an hour's drive from Manhattan. The club offers seasonal recreations such as golf, swimming (indoor and outdoor), tennis, horseback riding, skiing, ice skating and snowmobiling—plus bridge, backgammon, billiards and ping-pong. There are even classes in mind expansion and group encounters for the guy who wants to get into a girl's head—intellectually. All this—and a 50/50 ratio of men to women—for a $650 annual membership fee. Bid barhopping goodbye!

FOUR DOTS PAST TWO DOTS

Star Trek's Captain Kirk would love this: a $200 microelectronic digital desk clock, from Georg Jensen in Manhattan, that also tells time according to the binary value system—a seemingly random series of blinking dots that only those clued into binary numbers can read. Then, when you've mastered this futuristic way to tell time, you can turn off the digitals and amaze your friends by reading hours, minutes and seconds from just the bouncing binary balls. Is it time to blast off, Mr. Spock?

ROLL 'EM, Y'ALL

Ever wish you could sit down over a cocktail with Joseph L. Mankiewicz—or someone of similar stature—and talk film talk? You may get the chance if you attend one of the country's top cinematic events, the Atlanta International Film Festival, held this year September 7–15. Over 500 films, from several dozen countries, will be shown at the 5000-seat Fox Theater; festival headquarters will be in the nearby Stouffer's Inn. Besides the 30 or so premieres, there will be lectures, seminars—and those cocktail chats—with top screenwriters, composers and cinematographers. Not to mention Joseph L. Mankiewicz.



WHEEL DEAL

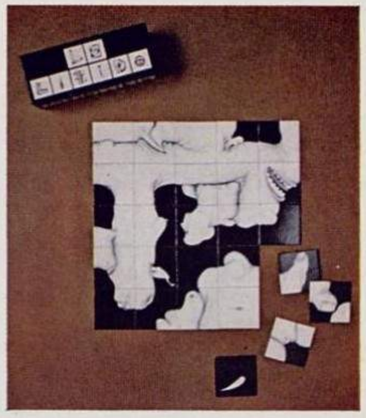
The plastic bike above is probably the biggest innovation in cycles since some genius looked at the old velocipede and decided to make both wheels the same size. Manufactured by Original Plastic Bike Inc., it weighs less than 17 pounds, features 3-, 5- or 10-speed gearing, comes in six colors and costs only $100. It's available through better two-wheel shops around the country, and just might be the bicycle built for you.

THE CHEF DID IT

Fans of that corpulent detective Nero Wolfe know that next to raising orchids and guzzling beer, there's nothing he likes better than a sumptuous feast, often shared with his Dr. Watson, Archie Goodwin. So now Wolfe's creator, Rex Stout, has compiled *The Nero Wolfe Cookbook* (Viking), a collection of more than 225 recipes, and directly related them to specific tales. Dieters beware, however, for as mystery freaks know, Wolfe weighs about a seventh of a ton. Burp!

ID STUFF

Called Libido, it's halfway between a game and a puzzle. When the 100 two-inch squares are connected, you wind up with a yin-yangish conjunction of black space and surreal white flesh forms—hands, feet, eyes, breasts and vaguely genital shapes. Then you can unscramble it and try again—or preserve it for your favorite wall. Created by Dutch artist Willem Holtrop, it's available for $4 from Krupp Comic Works, P. O. Box 5699, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Weird!

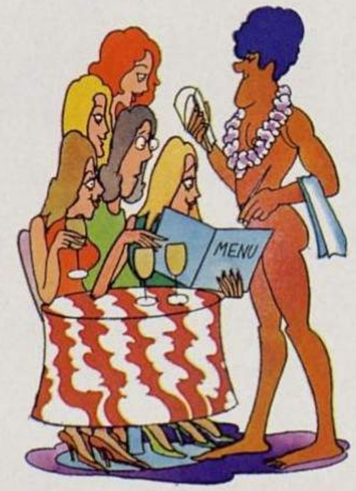


DIFFERENT STROKES FOR DIFFERENT FOLKS

You'd think Huntington Hartford would be content to sit back and count his millions. But no, he's gone and invented a new indoor/outdoor tennis-type game called Double-Up, which consists of a 12′ x 18′ fiberglass playing surface that roughly resembles two ping-pong tables joined by a horizontal net, four short 10-ounce rackets and a urethane-foam ball. The rules are similar to those of lawn tennis, the whole thing folds up for storage—or can be left outdoors indefinitely—and is played by two or four. Hartford has farmed out the manufacturing of Double-Up to Franklin Key, Inc., Valley Forge, Pennsylvania. At about $500 each, it's priced a bit higher than what's in stock at your neighborhood A&P.

NAKED LUNCH

Jack Cione is a Honolulu night-club manager who found that when he started featuring nude waitresses in his establishment, several secretaries began raising objections. So what did he do? He hired nude waiters and now everybody's happy. Every Thursday and Friday, Cione presents at his Dunes night spot "naked lunch shows," in which, according to Cione, "nothing perverted" goes on. From noon to three P.M., young men and women take orders, serve drinks and make chatter in the altogether. (There are also evening shows.) We understand the Beefcake Special comes highly recommended.



(continued from page 146)

that, at the factory, they were treated as less than men. Uncle George and other speakers warned them of the rough days ahead but exhorted them to stick to their guns. That day, the union representative, who was white, came to explain to the men that their strike was illegal and to plead with them to go back to work. Jeering, shouting, stamping their feet, they drowned him out. "What's going on at that factory is illegal, too!" some of them cried. "We won't go back there until things change!" At last, the union man left, red in the face and looking disgruntled by their surprising show of solidarity.

But after the first heady days of excitement wore off, the hard reality of providing for ourselves set in. My mother had a few stores that she shared—somewhat begrudgingly, I must admit—with some of the other women. And there were a few gardens where collards and turnips grew in the November cold; these, too, were shared. We foraged in the woods for nuts and berries to keep going on. When some of the men went hunting and came back with an occasional wild turkey or quail or a brace of partridge, as many as possible shared in the meager supplies. We cleaned the fields and forest of all there was to eat. Our hunters stopped going to the woods for game because there was no money with which to buy ammunition.

"Well, you're the one who won't let him keep a dog around the house."

Yet the strike lingered on. The earlier boisterous acceptance was replaced by a kind of surly pride that worked as well to keep the men away from their jobs; and it was evident that hardship had only served to bring all of us together in a hard core of resistance to the injustices that had been practiced for so long at the factory. "Look at it this way," Uncle George told the men. "If we're suffering, it means that the white man is suffering more. Because there are fewer of them and they are less willing to share than we are."

One night near the end of November, I was going home from May's with my father and Uncle George. We were walking because there was no money to buy gas for the cars. Uncle George had made a peppery speech to the men at the tavern and he was still in a buoyant mood, bouncing along on the balls of his feet, waving his arms about. My father was hunched over, as though a pain had hit him in the gut. "Something's got to happen soon," he told Uncle George. It was clear that he was ready to go back to work. "We can't go on like this much longer."

"Would you go crawling back to the factory on your belly?" Uncle George said. "Would you have the white man laugh in your face? As for me, I'd rather die of starvation than take less than we deserve."

He kept trying to cheer up my father as we walked along the lonely road. From time to time, a car whizzed past us in the night. Then a car pulled up behind us and four hooded men jumped out. "Run, David!" my father cried at once. But the suddenness of the attack left me paralyzed. Uncle George stepped back, ready to fight; but two of the men grabbed him while a third went to work on him with his fists. The fourth man scrambled for my father, who turned to run and fell into a ditch. The fourth man laughed and came for me. I fought him as best I could, but it was no use. He clobbered me in the face with a hard fist and my head felt like it was coming off. When I hit the ground, he went to join his partners in the attack on Uncle George.

From the way they concentrated on him, it was obvious that he was their central target. They held him in the glare of the headlights while they beat him. Two men held his arms pinned behind his body, but still he fought with his feet, kicking at the other men as they circled him cautiously and tried to connect. When they did hit him, they smashed blows on his head, chest and belly. Finally, Uncle George sagged in their arms like a rag doll and they let him fall to the ground. They kicked him one after another, then they piled into their car and pulled away. I thought at first they had run over Uncle George, but they had barely avoided him. The moon was shining brightly and I could see the blood on his face and clothes. "Uncle George! Uncle George!" He was breathing heavily and his body felt almost broken as I wrapped my arms around him and dragged him to the edge of the road.

"Is he all right?" It was my father, panting at my elbow. I was filled with disgust for him, the way he'd run like a coward and dived into that ditch.

"He's unconscious," I said. "I think they hurt him bad."

Suddenly, my father started to cry. "I think I sprained my ankle," he said. I had never heard him cry before. He sounded so weak and miserable that I had to bite my lips to keep from screaming at him.

"We've got to get Uncle George home," I told him. "Then we can worry about your leg."

We eventually got Uncle George revived. And somehow we got him home, half carrying him, dragging him sometimes. My father moaned and whined like a woman; and I think it was his weakness that gave me strength. We must have made a strange sight, the three of us stumbling along the road, Uncle George reeling between me and my father in the white moonlight. There was no doubt in my mind that the hooded men had beaten Uncle George so terribly because he was the leader of the strike. That thought was in my father's mind, too. "I knew something like this would happen," he complained. "I just knew it."

Uncle George was almost completely revived by then. "Homer, why don't you shut your damned mouth?" he said thickly. "If you . . . if those men . . . think this beating's going to drive me back to work, you've all got another thought coming."

"We can't go on like this!" my father said, limping along.

"We've got to go on," Uncle George said. He shook his broad shoulders. "Let me alone. I can walk by myself." Although he freed himself from my father, he still walked with his arm around me. "Did they hurt you, David?"

"Not much," I said. I was proud now that I hadn't run, even though that man had hit me.

"I think I sprained my ankle," my father said. He had stopped crying, but he was still limping badly.

"You'll live," Uncle George said. "We're all going to live."

Still my father complained. "I'm hungry," he said. It sounded so irrelevant that I almost laughed in his face. "I haven't had a good meal in days."

Uncle George did laugh. And I loved him then for the fact that he could laugh, beaten and broken as he was. "I think it's time we killed that hog of yours, Homer. She's about the only thing left in Burnside for us to eat."

Hungry as he was, my father didn't seem too happy at the idea. "There must be another way, George. I've grown kind of fond of that sow."

"Homer, you're a damned fool," Uncle George said with heavy contempt. "The whole community's starving and you're worried about saving a sow's life. If we kill that hog, that'll give us a little more time. If they sent those men out to beat me up, it means they're getting more desperate than we are. I'll kill that sow tomorrow."

We were nearing the house. "You think you'll be able to?" my father said.

"I'll be able to. It'll take more than a beating to stop me."

My mother almost fainted when she saw us. After she collected herself, she worked on Uncle George first, because he was our worst casualty. She gave me a cold rag to hold against my jaw. While she worked on my father, I went outside and sat on the porch with Uncle George. "Don't think too hard of your father," he told me. "Sometimes a man can't help being the way he is."

The night air was cold, but I sat on the porch with Uncle George in a warm glow of contentment. We had both been beaten by the hooded men and this made me feel closer to him than ever before. So I was sorry when he stood up to go. "You sure you well enough to go home, Uncle George? Why don't you spend the night?"

"I feel fine," he said. "Just a little bit sore. Come on and walk with me a way."

I walked with him to the highway. "Suppose those men come back?" I said.

But he said they wouldn't come back. "They've done enough damage for one night. Now they'll wait to see what we're going to do." I asked him what we would do. "Tomorrow we're going to butcher that hog of your daddy's, so everybody can have a good meal. You want to help me?"

I had never helped butcher a hog before, and I felt very excited. "Sure. I'd like that." I tried to keep my voice calm, because he was treating me like we were equal men. He even clapped me on the shoulder when we got to the highway.

"I'll see you tomorrow," he said. I told him good night and watched him walk down the highway until he became a part of the moon mist and then disappeared.

On the way home, I saw the ghost again. It seemed to me that he was crying. While I did not see his tears, it was something that I felt intensely—a sense of his sorrow and his weeping. "What do you want?" I whispered. "Why are you crying?"

And then it came to me that I was special among all the people of Burnside, for the ghost of Martin Luther King apparently walked only for me. Whatever his message was, whatever the reason for his prowling these roads, it was meant only for me.

At the same time that I was gladdened, I also felt sad. The burden of being the only one to see the ghost was almost too much to bear. And it seemed to me then that all there was for me in life was to live a little, perhaps to love, and then to die as shamefully as that sow would die, shot in the head, her throat slit, then parceled out among the community to be eaten and soon forgotten.

Was that the message of Martin Luther King to me—how desperate and violent and fragile life is? I did not know. My jaw still hurt from where the white man had hit me. But my shoulder still felt warm from the memory of Uncle George's hand when he'd told me good night. Apparently unaware of all this, the ghost walked steadily on. Then the light

"All right, young man, she's yours. But if it had been Sophie or Yasmin or Anna or Serafine or Angela or Christabelle or Pauline or Elke or Mignon or Georgette or Rita or Frances or Lili or Mathilde or Bubbles or Xena or Cleo or Janice or Laraine, I would have fought to the death!"

around him seemed to flicker for a moment, like a candle flame that is about to go out. And then he disappeared.

When I got home, my mother announced that my father's ankle was, indeed, sprained. She had wrapped it in bandages and he was sitting before the fire with his injured leg stretched across a chair. "Good God," my mother said. "There's no money, there's no food. What are we going to do?"

My father looked like he might break out in tears again. "Don't worry. George is going to kill the sow tomorrow."

That seemed to calm my mother some. Still she wrung her hands. "What are we going to do after that?" she cried. I went to bed and left them both staring into the fire, as though they might find there the answers to our problem.

• • •

The next morning, nearly everyone in our community gathered for the killing of the white sow. Most of them were dressed in rags and they milled around my mother like hungry animals waiting to be fed. She had on one of my father's old jackets and she was trying, without much success, to make a list of the people there and the parts of the sow that they would get after the killing. "Just be calm, now," my mother said. "Please. There's going to be enough for everybody." But the neighbors pressed in excitedly around her, some of them reminding her of past favors in order to get a preferred spot on her list.

"Let's get on with the killing," somebody said. "It looks like it might snow before long." The sky did look threatening and full. Crows were screaming down in the field where the corn used to be.

The crowd moved away from my mother and over to the grindstone where Uncle George and I were whetting the butcher knife. I was turning the wheel for him and he was concentrating on getting the blade honed to just the right point. In daylight, his bruises from the night before were blue-black and ugly, scabbing over on his cheeks. "We'll get going in a minute," he told the crowd. My father nodded. He was checking out the rifle that we were going to shoot the sow with before cutting her throat. "That seems to be a waste of good ammunition," Uncle George told my father. "As scarce as shot is."

"It's the law, George," my father said. "We've got to shoot that sow in the head before we cut her throat. S.P.C.A. regulations say so."

Uncle George gave a nasty laugh. "I know that. Somebody ought to start a society for the prevention of cruelty to us niggers. That'll be the day."

Everybody laughed except my father. "George, please don't start that kind of talk right now. My ankle's hurting me and I'm not in the mood for that kind of talk."

Uncle George was through sharpening the knife. Expectant now, the crowd moved in closer around us. But Uncle George waved them back. "Give me room," he said. "There're only two bullets here and I don't want to miss."

"Lawd, don't miss," somebody said. "As hungry as I am."

Now everybody laughed, but it was apparent that they were all thinking the same thing. You could see the hunger stamped on their faces.

Uncle George cocked the rifle almost disdainfully. "A waste of good lead, if you ask me."

"Maybe I'd better do the shooting, George," my father said. "This ankle ain't as bad as all that. Or let David do it. He's a good shot."

"If the white man says shoot her," Uncle George said, "then I'll shoot her. I always do what the white man says." He gave me the butcher knife. "David, you better hold this. Now go along and open the pen."

"Be sure to shoot her square in the head," my father said. "I don't want her to suffer."

The sow stood sniffing the boards of the pen with her pink snout. "Open the pen, David," Uncle George said.

I yanked up the slats over the opening of the pen. Then I prodded the sow with the knife handle until she came lumbering into the yard. She weighed over 200 pounds by now, but she was still light and easy on her feet. Uncle George shouted as the rifle cracked and jerked in his hands. I closed my eyes then, because I didn't want to see the sow squealing and kicking about on the ground.

"Damn!" my father cried; and the crowd shouted in unison. I opened my eyes. Uncle George had missed the sow. She was loping down the hill where the pea patch used to be.

I took off after the sow, and so did everybody else. They went screaming like savages into the woods. But Uncle George and I were far ahead of them. And the white sow was a good 100 yards ahead of us. Uncle George ran beside me, holding the rifle up over his head. He was grinning.

As for the other people, they fanned out through the woods, shrieking, beating every bush as though they were looking for a fugitive slave. From time to time, someone caught sight of the sow and the crowd scrambled in that direction. But the sow was as fleet and as elusive as a ghost, moving through the woods like a fat wraith.

Finally, Uncle George put his hands to his mouth and hollered. "Everybody go back to the house!" he cried. "We'll never catch her this way!" He yelled and cursed until the people turned and went back up the hill in small disappointed groups.

When the woods were clear, he and I walked on. The trees around us were barren; the ground was covered with leaves. We tried to walk quietly, but the leaves kept up a constant crackling under our feet. High over the naked trees, the sun glimmered whitely.

Then I spotted the sow in a thicket in front of us. Uncle George was looking the other way and I tugged at his belt to get his attention. "There she is," I whispered. I still had the butcher knife. I rammed it into the ground and closed my eyes as Uncle George brought the rifle to his shoulder. I waited a long time for the rifle to go off, but when it didn't, I opened my eyes.

Uncle George just stood there, squinting down the length of the rifle barrel. Ahead of us, the sow was munching acorns, rooting about with her wet snout and grunting. "Aren't you going to shoot her?" I said.

Uncle George handed me the gun. "Gimme that goddamned knife," he said. I gave him the knife, hilt first. His face was so black and ugly now, I wondered that I had ever liked him.

Crouching, he crept through the woods toward the sow. When she raised her head and looked at him, Uncle George stopped. The sow inspected Uncle George; then she took a step away and went on nuzzling the ground. Uncle George glided toward her like a big black snake, holding the butcher knife in his right fist. But before he could get to her, she wheeled and crashed off deeper into the woods.

"What you looking at me like that for?" Uncle George said. "What the hell you looking at me like that for?"

"Nothing." He seemed like a complete stranger now, his bruised face angry and streaked with sweat.

"Go find that sow! Goddamn you, go find her!"

Her trail was easy to follow. She had cut through the grove of pines near the old watering branch. There was a fresh pile of dung on the path and Uncle George laughed when he saw it. But I didn't laugh or say anything, because he seemed just mad enough to hit me.

The sky had been white before, but it turned very gray now, with heavy clouds hiding the sun. And there was a sharp chill in the air, like it really was going to snow. As quietly as we could, Uncle George and I followed the white sow.

We saw her as we rounded the bend in the creek. She was on the other side of the creek, her short legs and underbelly dripping wet. She was standing in a cone-shaped area where the skeletons of touch-me-nots and honeysuckle grew. In front of her, where we stood, was the creek. Behind her was a barbed-wire fence that curved around to the water's edge on both sides. She was trapped and she didn't seem to know it. She was sniffing at dead vines that grew all around her.

When Uncle George splashed into the creek and started across, the sow raised her head and looked at him. Uncle George stepped up onto the bank and

slid the knife out of his belt. The sow just looked at him.

Uncle George beckoned to the sow with his left arm. "Come on, white baby." He held the butcher knife in his right fist. "You come on to your black daddy." The sow took a step toward him. "Come on, baby," he coaxed. The sow took another step toward him and he smiled.

Something in me exploded then like an angry balloon. Uncle George was an expert shot—he had taught me how to use the rifle—and he had deliberately missed that sow back at the house. For some cruel reason, he wanted to cut her throat without shooting her first. At the same time I realized that, I also knew that I had to stop him somehow. "Uncle George!" I splashed across the creek. "Uncle George, I'm going to tell Daddy on you!"

The sow sprang into action then. She skittered past Uncle George and was halfway across the creek before he grabbed her by the ear. The sow squealed and Uncle George laughed. "Easy, baby. You take it easy, now."

"I'm going to tell Daddy," I said. I felt like crying, watching him as he yanked the sow's head up and back, throwing his thick legs around her at the same time. She floundered in the water, squealing to high heaven, her white body sliding up and down between Uncle George's legs. Then she reared out of the water on her hind legs, slashing the air with her front feet. Uncle George tightened his legs around her sides. I could see the terror in her eyes as she fought for her life.

Then a strange thing happened. Thunder rolled in over our heads, shattering the air like a turmoil of kettledrums gone wild. There is often thunder here before a storm, because of the mountains around us. But this was deep-throated, primeval, heavier than any I had ever heard before. It startled Uncle George, too. He was looking up; his hand with the knife stopped a few inches from the sow's throat. And while we stood there, frozen in an incredible tableau, the ghost of Martin Luther King appeared beside me and walked across the creek.

I almost threw the rifle away and ran. The thunder rolled again and the sky grew nearly as dark as night. Uncle George could not see the ghost, for he readied himself again to cut the sow's throat. But I saw the ghost very clearly. He knelt beside the sow and laid his hand against her throat.

He was saying something to me so clearly, even as I heard the first snow filtering softly down through the trees. "Uncle George!" I called to warn him as I lifted the rifle to my shoulder. The ghost was pointing now at the sow's head, leaning in an attitude of near supplication over the struggling animal.

"Uncle George!" He was steadily pulling the sow's head back, about to cut her throat. The ghost pointed. I aimed very carefully. And fired. And caught the sow squarely in the head, where the ghost was pointing. The sow leaped once and died. The ghost disappeared.

Blood splashed on Uncle George. He dropped the sow and started for me. But I held the rifle on him. "Don't come any closer," I said. The rifle was empty, but he didn't seem to realize that.

"You goddamn fool," he said harshly. "You could've shot me."

"I know," I said. I could hardly talk. My throat felt pinched together and my mouth was sour. The snow was falling hard around us now, whispering through the trees like cold secrets. "You wanted to kill her because she was white," I said. It seemed a strange thing to accuse him of. Yet I knew it was true. "You hated her because she was white."

"Well, didn't *you*?" Uncle George said. He seemed angry and bewildered at the same time. The sow formed an obscene white lump behind him. I didn't know what to say, so I turned and went back toward home.

Some of the men went down to help Uncle George bring the sow to the house. They had built a fire in the yard and were boiling water in a large steel barrel. First, they hung the sow by her heels from a low tree. My father cut her throat and some of the neighbors caught the blood in pots. They would use that to make blood pudding.

Then they took the sow down and dipped her into the barrel of boiling water to loosen her hair. When they pulled her out, she was steaming; and they went to work on her with knives and pieces of tin can, scraping off the hair.

The snow was falling steadily and heavily now; and the people beat their arms and blew into their hands to keep warm. I went inside and watched through the window while they butchered the sow and portioned her out. When Roberta got her piece of meat, she came in and stood beside me at the window.

There was snow everywhere, choking the woods, the roads, beating down on the black people as they trudged home with their portion of the white sow. Uncle George was the last one to leave. I watched him through the window as he went up the road, bent over under the oppression of snow swirling around him. My mother and father came inside, beating the snow out of their clothes. "I'm glad that's over," my mother said. She invited Roberta to stay and share what we had for dinner.

The strike at the factory ended several days after that, with management making a few token concessions that the black men were eager to accept. It snowed off and on for a week and when it ended, the world around us was almost completely white, ugly in some places, beautiful in others.

I have not seen the ghost of Martin Luther King since that day in the woods, although I have looked for him from time to time. But I have not seen him; and all there is to do now is to look at the snow and to wait, with whatever patience I am capable of, until the sun comes again to hammer it into the ground.

"They'll come, all right, but she's into women's lib and insists it be called a husband-swapping party."

Journey into silence

(continued from page 103)

looking back at about a dozen weathered buildings, forlorn and impermanent against the mountain backdrop, and the sudden, almost desperate desire to get aboard the safety of a ship.

Everyone from the Lyngen was at the miners' community center about a mile from the harbor. I had eaten a reindeer stew there with the rest of them, but, eager to get going, I walked along the docks, waiting for the arrival of the special craft that would take me farther north. I had seen photos of her in Tromsö, had read her specifications and knew her instantly as she came spinning in, at exactly the time promised. Two agile seamen tied her up, then went back aboard.

The Havella looked more like a gull than her Norwegian name, "Sea Duck," as she rode lightly at anchor, broken ice bobbing around her. She resembled the graceful motor sailers of Long Island Sound —with important differences. She had a 150-horsepower diesel, 1178 square feet of sail area, was equipped with automatic steering, echo sounder, direction finder, electric log and radio telephone. Cruising easily at nine knots, she was a white, 57-foot, 40-ton copy of the famed Norwegian rescue boats, constructed with a double hull to take the pack ice. I once traveled the rocky coast of Norway with Captain Kristian Arntzen in the 86-foot cruiser, the Ambassador Bay, and knew a bit about rescue boats and their accomplishments off the Norwegian coast during World War Two. Arntzen had been master of one. It was volunteer winter work, with 15 of the small ships, four to six men on each, braving gales and darkness to help boats in trouble.

That small fleet had saved 4409 boats from the sea, rescued 4176 people, 266 from certain death along the treacherous coast. Captain Arntzen disgustedly told me of their toughest job, in 1942, off Kristiansand, going out in hurricane-force winds in the small craft with a crew of four to assist a ship that had hit rocks and was being broken up by the storm. It took most of the night and a dozen trips in lifeboats to save 40 Nazis, two Norwegians and a dog. The German port captain in Kristiansand wanted the names of the crew of the rescue squad so they could be awarded the Iron Cross. No Norwegian wanted such an "honor," so the captain of the rescue vessel said bluntly, "A daily job merits no reward."

The aristocrats of their profession, Norwegian seamen can be blunt to the point of rudeness; but I have found that if they accept you, they are among the friendliest people on earth, and if you go down to the sea with them in their ships, you discover an entirely new dimension in life. Although I realized that we would be traveling dangerous waters, I had no qualms. I would be with the best seamen in the world, on a ship that they had made as well as they could. If I had any anxiety at all, it was simply in being anxious to meet the crew.

Norwegians also are reserved; unless pretty well relaxed with aquavit, they do not thrust themselves upon you. They waited for me on their ship. The Havella's gangplank was my welcome mat. I walked up it and found five Nordics waiting for me in handsome, heavy knit sweaters, a bold reminder that I was in the true north, where summer is a matter of semantics.

As the crew came across the deck, it was like flipping the pages of Joseph Conrad. First, Haakon Godtliebsen, the captain, stumped toward me with a game leg, so real in his role that he seemed false, like a stock character in a sea drama. He was 5'10", with beefy shoulders, icy blue eyes, yellow hair, a long jaw and a voice as soft as the water lapping the boat. Sigurd Dal, the ice pilot, had the bold features of a wooden figurehead on the prow of a raiding viking's longboat. Big, blocky, full of authority, he took my hand in a firm grip, gutturally pronouncing that he was honored to have me aboard. The youngest was Alf Olsen, the mate, with tousled blond hair and gray eyes; he came across the deck in a slouching walk, looking like Steve McQueen. Harald Hansen, the engineer, was the oldest, in his late 60s, bald, with sun-leathered skin and a reassuring smile that opened his face and dropped 20 years from it. The last man to shake hands was short and slender, with a cap of sleek dark hair, looking more Italian than Norwegian. He needed a shave, deep lines radiated from somber brown eyes as if cut with a knife. He bobbed his head. "Aage Rutwold, steward," he said quickly.

He took my bags, carrying them forward, beckoning with his head. I followed him below to a lounge amidship furnished with a small leather sofa, two cut-down versions of club chairs, two tables, three lamps, all bolted to the deck. This comfortable lounge was prepared for

"Your Honor, with all due respect, surely my client merits your viewing more than the title for an objective determination of the artistic and social value of this film."

some uncomfortable times. There also were two double cabins, not commodious but more than adequate, a head with a tiny shower, a small, spotless, well-equipped galley and, forward, the crew's quarters.

The diesel muttered into life as I started up the hatchway, the engine sawing like a leopard as we moved smoothly away from the quay. In minutes we were out of the harbor, threading our way among coal barges, the Havella feeling like the Queen Mary under my feet after the wallow of the Lyngen. The mountains of Longyearbyen poked black pagoda heads out of cloud mist as we quickly lost sight of the land behind us, committing ourselves to the Arctic Ocean, ice floes blooming out of the water ahead like crystal flowers, the sun striking prismatic blues and pinks in them.

Less than an hour out, a white whale broke the surface on the port side, rolling like a log, more blue than white, its blowing breath a spray of iridescence above the water.

Alf Olsen joined me at the rail, watching the Havella slice flat floes we couldn't avoid, as cleanly as a wire cutter through cheese. Articulate, intelligent, not yet 30, he had worked in the mines and as a sealer, joining the Havella three years ago. The temperature, he said, that even now in July could drop to freezing but usually stayed above it, was influenced by two currents: the warm Gulf Stream, running along the west and north coasts, making it possible to sail farther north in ice-free water (as far as 82 degrees north latitude) than anyplace else on the globe; and the other current, a frigid stream sweeping from the sea to the east of Svalbard, around South Cape, continuing north along the west coast of Norway between the land and the Gulf Stream.

We were in the period of midnight sun, when it shines steadily from April 19 to August 24. As we stood at the rail looking inland, that hard, golden sun smote the icecap to the north, flaring it a vivid blue, the light splintering back on the water before us. That was the central icecap on a high plateau, its sides deeply trenched by radial valleys, most of which contained glaciers.

Conversation was broken by Aage Rutwold, now dressed in crisp white, saying dinner was ready. "What?" Alf asked.

"Cod," Aage said in English, for my benefit, sinking my spirits, for I had decided to forever strike cod from my diet as I stood inhaling it at the quay in Longyearbyen.

We ate amidships, the table set with a starched white cloth, Danish silver and sturdy goblets. Aage brought warm plates, serving the captain first. The cod was done the Norwegian way I have since adopted—boiled, flaky, tender pieces drenched with melted sweet butter, served with a tart mustard sauce and tiny boiled potatoes rolled in chopped parsley. Bokkøl beer, dark, full-bodied, full of flavor, was poured. Everything was going to be all right.

Bird life kept me on deck much of the time. The chimeric pull of the sea almost immediately set me to dreaming across the shattered jade surface over which the explorers had come. Nansen, Amundsen, Peary, Ellsworth, Byrd and I often stood on deck watching the creamy wake of the Havella in the unreality of a dream, while I tried to nudge myself into the reality of the fact that here I was on historic water that I, as a frustrated explorer, had often traced enviously on a map with my finger. Then the smell of lamb and cabbage cooking in the galley drifted up, mingling with the harsh smoke of Alf's hand-rolled cigarette, the thud of the engine and the loud flapping of an auk winging above the boat, and suddenly set me squarely in time and in space.

The sea birds were Svalbard. I counted over 20 species of gulls, always dominated by the giant white glaucous landing with clumsy belly flops near small floes that glowed as if blue lights had been buried in them. Alf ticked them off by name for me, the forktail darting like a monstrous swallow, Franklin's rosy, Sabine's, the point barrow, the great black-headed, Bonaparte's, the rosy or wedge-tailed, book birds that I never thought I would see in their natural habitat. The elegant white kittiwakes would appear as suddenly as a snowstorm, flaking around the boat. Clown-headed puffins came bursting upon us like a troupe of costumed medieval entertainers, with their white breasts, stark-black wings and backs, broad parrot beaks slashed with brilliant red, purple and yellow cross-stripes.

The arctic petrel was the main performer. Smoky, grayish-white, chunky, its long, tapered sailplane wings kept it gliding just above the waves for long periods without visible motion of the wings. Sounds of harsh growling, almost like angry dogs, heralded the approach of these storm birds. They would flight in near the boat, take off, seemingly with a long walk across the water, as Saint Peter is said to have done, and from whom the birds got their name, *petrellus*, little Peter.

The captain didn't like petrels, saying they were greedier than gulls, which seemed impossible. A petrel that landed on our deck was barely able to waddle about and immediately became seasick, hawking pieces of smelly fish. Haakon didn't like having his deck soiled and he didn't like anything that was seasick. The captain had a cold disdain for anything that could not hold its own with the sea.

This was a quiet sea now, he told me, painting a quick picture of the water in the winter, when storms were frequent, the sea rough and dangerous. I didn't think it was all that mild now, the water often was chopping heavily and the Havella sometimes struck waves hard, like a car with bad shock absorbers hitting holes in a road. I had few touches of seasickness, but the Arctic Ocean was not Long Island Sound and my stomach knew it. We had about four more days to reach our destination, after being four days out from Longyearbyen, and to pass the time, obviously when he thought I was getting a little bored with my bird watching, the captain gave me lessons at the wheel, letting me handle the Havella.

There were no other boats and vast open water ahead, and as we sailed under an incredibly blue sky, the ice pack in the distance painted a delicate pink, the sea running smooth beneath us, I saw how easily one could get hooked on this life. It is one of the last freedoms. Midafternoon of the sixth day, I took the wheel while the crew, for various reasons, went below. I had been holding it steady on course, dead north, the Havella responding well, for about an hour, when flashings began coming from the shore line like S O S signals. Steadily. Repeated bright flash after bright flash.

I was getting ready to call below when Alf stuck his head out of the hatchway, checking on me. I told him about the flashes. We were heading straight north, he said, and what I was seeing were ice-blinks, reflections from the wall of ice rimming the horizon.

About two hours later, clouds moved across the sun, the sky darkened and fog came on an offshore breeze like smoke from a forest fire, shredding and floating, making visibility poor. Suddenly, through a drift of fog, a wall of ice towered. Heading straight for the glacial mass, I shouted for the captain, hands stuck to the wheel. As he clumped slowly up, we closed within about a mile of the ice blockade, moving fast. Fog swirled over the iceberg, then lifted, forming a circle.

"Hold it steady," the captain said quietly, not offering to take the wheel. He couldn't have, anyway. My hands were frozen tight to it. I doubted that even the upcoming crash against the ice that was obviously imminent could loosen them.

Abruptly, the iceberg, dead ahead of me, vanished.

"Shit!" I said, rigid in disbelief.

Amused, Haakon said, "Looming mirage," explaining that it was caused by an abrupt temperature change and that they often saw them at this time of year.

The crew appeared, chuckling at my ignorance. To regain equilibrium, I went below and had a bottle of Bokkøl. I regained more than my composure, remembering that Admiral Peary himself had been hoodwinked by an arctic mirage when he thought he had discovered a new land mass, Crocker Land. I felt better about being spooked by that icy phantasm

"As your marriage counselor, Mrs. Dennison, I can find no problem at this end—so I must conclude that the trouble rests with your husband."

after telling this to the crew, who were good-natured about the whole thing, although it was pointed out that Peary also was an American.

Constant sun merged our time into one big day. We had no tight schedule and, as there was no night, there was no hurry. To explain it to myself, I made a 24-hour diagram of the positions of the midnight sun. Its eerie ubiquity inspired questions that I threw at the crew until they found pressing tasks below or in an area I couldn't trespass, the head or the galley. The ice pilot was the most knowledgeable, thus the most cooperative.

Wherever humanity herds in the clutter called civilization, we are governed by the timeless rising and setting of the sun. Our lives are attuned to it. In this polar region, where few people live, that pattern is weirdly distorted. In winter, the sun does not rise at all, night blends into night. In summer, the sun is never down; dusk immediately becomes dawn. On the day I took my notes, the sun was well above the horizon at 5:27 and continued to rise until it reached its zenith at high noon, as it does everywhere. At 27 minutes past midnight, it was at its lowest point, hanging like a flaming orange torch just above the horizon, but still spraying daylight at us. Then it started its rise again, shining quite high and bright at 4:27 A.M.

I suppose you could get used to that bright eye lighting up the hours that you normally welcome in darkness, the romantic time, the cocktail-sun-over-the-yardarm hour, night coming down to mask and dull the trials and defeats of the day. But as a moon-and-star man, I doubt that I could; at least I couldn't during the first few days I was exposed to the midnight sun. The crew, however, who hadn't seen the sun most of the winter, wallowed in it like desert animals discovering oasis water. They sun-bathed, they continually washed clothing, hanging it in the sun to dry, clothing that I am certain never got so much soap-and-water attention during other times; they stood at the rail and dreamed at the sun, they ran hands through their hair, washing the sun into their heads. And, they, like I, slept little, other than cat-napping, seemingly feeling that if they closed their eyes too long, the sun would go away.

To me, the sun seemed to go up and down in waves, almost like the motion of the sea. Actually, it moved on a flat, somewhat tilted plane, lying highest above the horizon in the south and lowest in the north. It was an illusion, I knew, due to the earth's turning, but knowing it didn't lessen the strangeness of its constant presence. It was as if I had suddenly reached the ends of the earth itself, and, in fact, here I literally had. But the earth still rotated on a north-south axis once every 24 hours. That axis, however, was not exactly perpendicular to the flat plane on which the earth moved. It was tilted almost 24 degrees. The tilt effected the midnight-sun trick; we were actually leaning toward the sun, with this North Pole region getting it all, leaving the South Pole in complete darkness.

At the end of the first week of that pure sunlight that I had begun to appreciate with every pore, Alf appeared from below with a rifle, a 270 Winchester, with a Lyman scope on a Weaver swing-mount. The Havella had halted, the captain keeping the motor purring, the boat almost motionless, somehow reminding me of a hummingbird at a flower. Sigurd, the ice pilot, pointed. About 100 yards to our left across water gleaming as if coated with oil was a floe with a dark object on it, bobbing like a life raft. Alf looked at it through the four-power telescopic sight, then handed the rifle to me. Through its scope I saw a sleek, gray-velvet seal, head up, watching us.

We had seen seals often, sliding off ice floes into the water as we approached, as nimbly as New York City subway riders hopping off at their stations. Why select this one to shoot?

Seals are defenseless and completely inoffensive creatures; in fact, this was their habitat we were intruding upon and I had enjoyed watching them pop up in our wake, following us for a while, cavorting skillfully behind us. From my viewpoint, it would be akin to murder to shoot that seal basking in the sun ahead of us. I communicated this feeling to Alf as tactfully as I could and asked what species it was.

Looking a bit baffled at my reaction, he said, "A ringed seal. There are hundreds around here. But this is a fat one. The kind we need." He wouldn't say any more, except that the captain thought that what they were going to do would interest me very much and that the killing of the seal was only one part of it. "Small part," he said, "but necessary."

If puzzlement was involved with what the captain thought would interest me, then they were off to a good start. Alf studied the seal again through the rifle scope, then went to the rail and put the rifle to his shoulder, carefully sighting at the animal for a long time without a noticeable tremor.

The ice pilot came over to stand beside me and tell me that the shot must be exact, to the heart or the brain, killing the seal instantly, for if it slid off the floe, it would immediately sink and be lost.

With the sharp crack of the shot, the seal lifted slightly, then fell back. Alf had done it well, with a difficult offhand shot, but the feeling that I had, knowing that this was creating entertainment for me, was something close to nausea. I hadn't come all this way to watch something harmless be killed but to view an area that was free from this human arrogance.

Haakon headed for the floe, skillfully spinning the Havella to its edge. Blood danced across the ice, pink and dark-red lines spiderwebbing from the seal. Alf threw a rope ladder over the side, went down and hopped onto the floe, easily carrying the seal on his shoulder.

The seal was four feet long and yellowish-gray; its pelt was dotted with dark circular spots ringed with lighter color that gave the seal its name. Alf deftly skinned it.

Aage came from his galley with a pailful of glowing coals. The Havella was put in her smooth stride again. Sigurd forward, obviously looking for something, ready to key the captain, Alf busy cutting long strips of blubber from the seal, Aage fanning the coals.

As we pulled up to a very large floe, Harald went to get the anchor. With Alf helping, they anchored to the floe. Haakon cut the engine and the silence came suddenly, as if let off a chain, a big, loping silence, broken only by the sounds of Aage broiling pieces of seal blubber over coals in the pail.

Haakon was at the rail with binoculars, watching the shore. Alf, Sigurd, Harald and Aage took positions covering all directions. Arctic terns, the "sea swallows," with red beaks and silvery stomachs, went past like hurled darts.

As the Norwegians played their silent game, I remembered an explorer, probably Peary, who, in a poetic moment, wrote that the only important sound here was the clang of a glacier calving into the sea, a bell ringing out the ages. All I could hear was the water lapping at the Havella, Aage cooking the seal and the creaking against the ice floe to which we were anchored. Even the gulls stitched to the sky along the distant shore line were too far away to be audible. The captain remained riveted to his binoculars.

"He comes!" Haakon said suddenly.

Without binoculars, I couldn't see what the captain saw and I was tempted to go to him and take them, put them to my eyes and say, "Where is he? And *what* the hell is he?" But I restrained my curiosity.

Alf scurried to the stern to get three long poles with boat hooks. Aage went to the seal carcass, cut off three chunks of fat and worked them onto the boat hooks Alf brought to him.

I was confused now. I couldn't see anything in the water and wondered if somehow a killer whale was being tempted to come in close to the Havella, and knew that would be a dangerous sport, fooling around with anything that bloodthirsty.

Then, less than a mile out, I saw it, a V-shaped bow wave, and it was worth all the mystery and the puzzled waiting. It came into view, slowly, in segments, like film in developing fluid: a big polar bear, head sun-yellowed ivory as he came closer, black nose above water, back legs trailing like a rudder, moving gracefully as a seal. These waters, dark-green, hard and opaque as topaz, not clear like those of the Mediterranean or Caribbean, made it difficult to see how big the bear was until he got quite close.

Head long and tapered, hair pressed skin-smooth by the pressure of the water, he looked like a huge white fish, so skillfully did he come, front paws cleaving the water without splashing, speed about six miles an hour.

Alf immediately began filling me in, calling the bear *isbjørn*, ice bear, the most important animal in the north. His greatest asset was his sense of smell; he had scented our barbecued seal blubber from five miles away. Hunters sometimes took advantage of this superb sense to kill the bear. Many thought the white animal could scent burning seal blubber from 20 miles. The blubber would be cooked, tied to a rope with a bell attached to it and placed in a conspicuous place close to the hunter's cabin. When the bear came and started eating and tinkled the bell, the trapper would put his rifle through an aperture in the cabin and shoot him.

As the ice bear swam toward us, Alf said, with pride, as if talking about his dog winning all the ribbons at a show, that the animal could make 15-foot plunges while swimming, dive like a seal and swim fast underwater. Air spaces in his fur, oil glands in his skin and a thick layer of fat make him so buoyant that he can lie motionless on the surface of the water.

As the bear reached the floe, Alf stopped talking. Like a fat old man hoisting himself onto a raft, the bear put his paws on the edge of the thick floe and pulled himself onto the ice. Ten feet long, weighing about 1000 pounds, Alf estimated in a whisper. Our anchor hook was embedded in floe ice, its manila rope trailing back to the Havella. In one quick movement, proving strength and intelligence, using paws like hands, the bear grabbed the rope and pulled the floe closer to the boat.

As he padded to the edge near us, Alf reached a long boat hook baited with blubber toward the bear. He stood straight up, easily swiping it off. I held a boat hook toward him and he clawed the fat into his mouth so skillfully that I didn't even feel a tremor in the long pole.

Standing and swiping, he ate the seal in less than half an hour. The captain said the bear had a hyped-up digestive system that within 24 hours converted an entire seal to a quart of green bile.

When we stopped feeding the bear, he went down on all fours and began to act as nervous as a fox in a cage, rushing to the far end of the floe, then back. When he reached the far edge the second time, Alf and Harald quickly dragged in the

"Nothing personal, Dad—I just don't happen to feel like tossing the football around in the back yard like we used to."

anchor. Haakon had the engine purring; we pulled away, Alf and Harald coiling the rope.

As I looked back at the bear still agitatedly pacing the floe, Alf said, laughing, "We may find one at the lake you can get even closer to. That is, if an ice bear has been locked up there for twelve years without seeing a human."

I have the hard-won philosophy that considers the seeking more rewarding than the finding, a viewpoint that has rubbed off some of life's rough edges. But the mention of that untouched lake we were seeking was so strong with the mystery of what would be there, what each of us would find, that it even wiped out the aftereffect of that dramatic encounter with the bear.

The ice pilot was gabbing away like a boy about the char that should be in the lake, rainbow char, he said, of many colors, as he speculated upon what Aage would do with the fish in his galley. The captain was going to fill some bottles with the lake's pure water; Alf proved his youth by pronouncing that he would chisel his name in stone for posterity; Harald would try to bring back wild flowers in their soil to transplant in his window box in Tromsö. I thought of the rare experience of drinking in air that hadn't been used. Aage had no comment. He went below to secure his galley equipment.

We were still about 75 miles from the lake and had a couple of hazards ahead before reaching it: We would be hitting some very rough water and we would have to go through a region of drifting ice. The rough water came first. Aage had been wise in securing his equipment.

Less than three hours after we saw the blubber-loving bear, the Havella, which normally sailed this northern water like a swan on a pond, acted like a crippled bird, heeling, violently pitching. We sailed directly into water that actually boiled; there was no way of avoiding it. Haakon explained that it was a confluence, where the warmer waters of the Gulf Stream met the cold waters of the Arctic Ocean head on. I was still dizzy, equilibrium disturbed, two hours after we staggered through it.

It grew colder as we went, dropping to about 32 degrees. We were now navigating by degrees on the chart; 80 degrees, 10 minutes–23 degrees was the position along the northeast coast of Nordaustlandet Island where the small fiord we were looking for was supposed to have been released from its prison of ice.

We could see the glitter of ice of Nordaustlandet shining like a distant dawn, a barren, uninhabited place burdened with four great glaciers. Sailing through relatively smooth water, suddenly, almost like coming upon the mirage that had confused me, there was the ice field ahead of us, looking frozen in, impenetrable. Immediately, Sigurd went forward to guide us through the ice and Haakon took the wheel from Alf. Even to my inexperienced eye, much of the floating ice seemed unrelated, varying in shape and character, flat pieces, bobbing chunks, shattered sheets, and the dangerous blue-white points of icebergs, massive bodies nine tenths submerged. This was steel-hard ice that could easily punch a hole through even the Havella's double hull.

Alf pointed out the kinds of ice, probably to take my mind off our running through that blockade. Three varieties dominated: ice calving from glaciers, ice that formed on fiords and the sea in winter and still hadn't melted and drift ice borne in by currents and wind. The large amount of drift ice was partially broken water ice and old polar ice of large dimensions, drifting from the north and northeast.

Although it was anything but a game, except in the exhibition of professional skill, the teamwork of the captain and the ice pilot reminded me of football, Sigurd quarterbacking from the bow, shouting back direction, Haakon spinning the Havella through that ice like a broken-field runner, never getting tackled but being grabbed several times, as we bumped a hunk of ice or sheared through a drifting sheet.

As we reached the outside edge of the ice field, Haakon stopped near an iceberg. Perspiration stood out like an old scar just under his hairline. It was the only visible sign of emotion of any kind that he had evinced so far on this cruise, and it was immediately accentuated as important by the actions of Alf and Aage.

Alf nimbly went over the side, hopped onto the iceberg and chopped a bucketful of ice. Aage went below and came up with a bottle and glasses. Schnapps was poured straight over the iceberg ice, the captain served first, the ice pilot second, the silence and solemnity marking it as ritualistic.

After he had started the second glass, the captain said that this was special aquavit, aged in motion in the hold of a seagoing Norwegian freighter. It was a white liquid that went down as if ignited. Haakon obviously wanted to relax for a while after his ice-field ordeal. He talked for a few minutes with the ice pilot, then announced that we were only three hours or so from our destination. We would go closer to shore and follow the coast line of Nordaustlandet, stopping off at one fiord before going on to the lake. There we would see a bird cliff, one of the world's unique sights, existing mainly here in the solitude of the far north, places eagerly sought by bird experts but seldom seen even by them, unless they were willing to come this far off the beaten path. It was a spectacle of bird species swarming together in great numbers in their own colonies. Many of the sea birds did it; the one we would stop to watch was the gull cliff.

We swung about and headed straight toward shore. I could hear that island of ice before I could see much more than a gray outline. It was a crackling noise, like a giant ice crusher at work, coming from the layered structure of a glacier, when the compressed air in bubbles, trapped in the glacier, was released as the ice calved into the sea.

We had to dodge large, tabular icebergs, bobbing like incredible ice cubes, as we got closer to the island. I have never seen the Great Wall of China, but the glacier of that name pushing out to sea from Nordaustlandet would have to dwarf it. The vertical edge towered 300 feet, blue-green stratified ice reflecting light in electric sparks of rose, violet, magenta. Several muddy streams roared from beneath the glacier and occasionally a jagged piece of ice broke off. It was like standing on the edge of creation, watching the world move into life. That was what it had all been once; we came into existence from under that mountain of ice after it had slid forward, carving lakes and valleys, shaping the earth in its own brute-force design.

Farther along these cliffs of ice, another glacier had moved into the sea, leaving a fiord open, Duvefjorden. We would sail up that to a cove, Duyve Bay, "Pigeon Bay," named for a large flock of resident ivory gulls. Beyond that was our lake.

We went slowly, first looking for the little fiord that would lead into the bird cliff, where we would stop briefly before striking straight for the lake. Coming off the big water into a *bukt*, a small bay, we went off that into a fiord, Mushamna, which seemed just wide enough for the Havella, its ice-slicked rocky sides rising straight up like the walls of a moat. About a mile in, we came to the cliff, a vast, rocky lump.

Take all the gulls you have seen in a lifetime, multiply this by 10,000 and you'll have a rough picture of a Svalbard bird cliff. The giant rock was living feather. Birds spurted from it in a continuous sweep, a perpetual motion of thousands of gulls. The sound was deafening. The cliff moved, as if about to take off into the sky, squirming with slate-gray, white, creamy buff, brown gulls in various sizes. White droppings scrawled the cliff face in gleaming graffiti.

We came out of the fiord and, staying to the coast line, we went slowly, fog coiling off the ice as if the shore line were afire. Alf had the wheel, Haakon was forward with binoculars. After a long silence, the Havella's motor like a beating heart beneath the deck, Haakon said quietly, "We have luck. Duvefjorden is open."

We went into the calm water that had stolen in from the sea, up the narrow, rocky chasm. The white birds were there as we came from the long tongue of fiord into the bay, mist coming in gunsmoke puffs, the high reaches beyond a glistening palace of ice. Swooping close, hundreds of small ivory gulls shrilled "Keer! Keer!" as we anchored in the middle of the little bay.

My mouth was dry; the birds made me nervous. It seemed to me that it took Haakon a long time to react. He had brought us here; it was his move. I felt like jumping overboard and swimming ashore.

Finally, Haakon pointed ashore and the crew slowly got Jolle, the little boat, ready to lower over the side. A streak flashed out there, on the shore, a rush of white light, a tiny stream coming from fresh water inland, our lost glacial lake without a name.

There was almost a fistfight when Alf discovered that Harald hadn't stowed fishing rods aboard: lines, hooks—but no rods. Alf got control of himself and went below, appearing with five whiskey bottles we had emptied in the normal manner. Holding a bottle by the neck, he wound nylon line tightly around the center, fastening on a copper Swedish lure. Still grasping the bottle by the neck, he went to the rail and made an easy cast into the bay, the line peeling off as it does from a spinning reel.

We went ashore in Jolle and walked upstream, heading toward the source of the little stream that ran into the bay. Far left, slopes of snow were streaked, tinted red by moisture running off carboniferous sandstone that jutted out of high ground. Small streams ran under our feet. The land ahead looked like the rubble from a hydrogen-bomb attack. The glacier, the top stratum of the ice-cap, had advanced with enormous force, upending rocks, ripping the earth. It was like walking across the rocky, pitted bottom of a dead sea.

The isolation was total. The vast barrier of the Arctic Ocean behind us, the towering massif of black, snow-capped mountains before us, rearing across the skies to the north like an immense fortress, the pure, clear air moving around us, the stillness, as if the earth had stopped moving, made this place more a part of heaven than of earth. Beyond the mountains lay the unexplored *fonna*, land of eternal snow.

The streams running before us widened now as we quickly moved forward; snow on the ridges and slopes was heavier and suddenly we were wading in icy water up to our hips. We went up a steep slope that was spilling water like a dam. Below was the lake. It was the blue of sun-struck glacial ice. The sensation was like stepping into a deep but bright cave of instant solitude. The quiet came from the small lake like a physical presence.

A hundred yards from us, a pair of gray-blue arctic foxes, the shyest of the north's animals, stood, ears flicking, then

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walking casually away as we advanced. A flock of eider ducks, among the wariest of all creatures, didn't raise a reddish-brown feather as we went to the lake shore. Cupped in rock, the water, clear as light through a window, revealed dozens of foot-long black-backed fish, so undisturbed by us that they lay as if frozen in ice.

All objects were sharply isolated, with the result that there was no confusion in the eye of what was before you. It was like being a small boy again, standing beside a woodland pool, identifying objects that floated, starkly exposed in the clearness of the water. I had the feeling of losing all sense of proportion, of thinking that something vital to mankind was being born in this cocoon of isolation. Silence wove a net around me and, as I stood caught by it, not wanting to even scuff a foot to break out of it, I thought that I finally understood what Leonardo da Vinci had meant when he said, "If you are alone, you are your own man." I had a sudden clearness of mind, a mind that was dropping its problems like invisible litter. Could mind cleansing despoil this place?

Haakon, still leading us, stopped and held up a hand, pointing. We saw movement ahead, a gray shape advancing across the rock-strewn landscape. A young reindeer, antlers in velvet. We stood still and the animal, never having seen a human, came within 50 feet, sniffing, cocking its head. It stood calmly aside as we went on. Harald, a gardener, pointed out the phenomenon of flowers sprouting from rocks, saxifrage, petals like drops of blood, delicate yellow arctic poppies, lacey red licebane, mountain avens running in burning white lines.

Suddenly, as if Haakon, standing silently beside me, had struck me with an ax, I had a headache that split straight through my skull. I touched my head, wincing.

Haakon noticed. "Headache?"

At my nod, he said, "You are a polluted man. I am surprised you haven't had one before this. This happens sometimes in the far north. The air is so pure that until you get used to it, it is like taking too much aquavit. There has been no one breathing here, using up the air, no disease, so you probably are taking in really fresh air for the first time since you were born."

The headache didn't go right away; it was, I suppose, like a deep-sea diver decompressing in stages before he resurfaces. I, the polluted man, was adjusting my breathing in this sea of clean air, where I was out of my element.

Without speaking, we fished then, stopping when we had caught 12, just enough for dinner. A bond was understood, as if by some kind of osmosis, that we would not take advantage of this lake. The char were slimmer than salmon, larger than brook trout, spotted with red and gold; three were orange, dotted with deep red. Aage reverently placed them in snow until we were ready to leave.

As if in a cathedral, we kept our silence; each man did what he had in his mind; Alf went to find a high rock on which to chisel his name; Aage and Sigurd stood watching the fish flashing like jewels in the hard, clear water. Haakon limped to the other side of the lake to fill two gallon bottles. Would he, like the Hindus think of the Ganges, believe that this pure water would stay forever fresh in the bottles? Would he also use it to sprinkle on the newborn, the newly married, the sick? Did he believe that a single drop of this water, perhaps made holy by being untouched, when dropped on the eyelids of a dying man, would immediately purify him?

Harald went off looking for flowers that he hoped to transplant; and I, headache easing, sat on a high rock overlooking the lake, in communion with myself for the first time. The amazing aspect of this place wasn't in anything physical. It was in the first pure silence I had ever known. We seemed to be separated from the world by a wall of air that washed around us as sweet as spring water. Not one of us spoke. We were mesmerized by the tranquillity. I had a sudden longing to stay here at least long enough to come to terms with myself and understand what nature can do when not tampered with. It could bring peace, I was certain. Even to a man polluted by more than soiled air and water.

The shout shattered the silence and the thought, making me realize the impossibility of both. It was Harald calling from back near the bay.

We converged, walking rapidly toward the sound of his voice. Harald was waiting for us near the bay in the center of a circle of rocks. He bent and picked up a tarnished brass button.

Surrounding him were buttons, heels of boots, rotting bills of caps, human bones, bleached and twisted by wind and water into surrealistic ivory forms. We all bent, examining pieces of gray uniforms, the rusted remains of short-wave radios.

Haakon finally straightened. "Nazis," he said, not speculating upon how they died or whether they had been trapped behind the glacier. He just said, in a voice that dripped quiet venom, that these arctic waters had enabled the Nazis to make their main U-boat thrusts and also helped them open up a wider coast line to counter the enemy blockade. This northern lane also gave them access to Sweden's iron ore that had made the Nazi war possible.

We all heard the faint sound at the same time. Something, or someone, was watching us. We turned as one.

Less than 25 yards from us were six reindeer, noses twitching curiously. The arctic fox and his vixen were also there, bright eyes on us. There were no enemies here. This was the peaceable kingdom, where man had not yet had the opportunity to create fear.

"I'll trade you two guys on a gal for your gal doing it with a pony."

SHOWDOWN ON BOARDWALK

(continued from page 100)

1972. The few militant women in attendance, most of them cigar smokers, seemed woefully out of place. While the public-address countdown advanced toward the opening dice toss, most of the stylishly dressed wives and dates retreated to the opposite end of the ballroom, where they proceeded to belly up six-deep at the bar. In the final moments, a murmur of concern was heard among the veteran players. Where was Karl Schaefer? His seat at table five was vacant. He was risking disqualification. Their speculation ended precisely 17 seconds before the 9:10 P.M. deadline, when Schaefer, impeccable in a pinstripe suit, dramatically appeared, threaded his way through the tables, waved to some familiar faces and jauntily took his assigned place. It was a deft bit of gamesmanship consistent with his reputation.

Neatly arranged before Schaefer and each of the other players was a stack of fresh bills totaling $1500, an ashtray and a Marsh-Wheeling Deluxe cigar. Every set of dice had been set at snake eyes and placed, side by side, within the second O of the word Monopoly printed on the game board. Rules for the first three rounds of the elimination tournament were the standard Monopoly rubric, with several variations. The preliminary games would last for only an hour, with property cards first being shuffled and then distributed by the banker. A maximum of 20 minutes would be allowed for pregame property trading and there would be no private deals following pregame trading nor any owing of monies. At the end of an hour of play, should there be no winner, the players would convert all assets to cash and the one holding the largest bank roll would advance to the next round. No one-dollar bills would be used; all transactions would be rounded off to the nearest five dollars. The promise of future concessions—such as the notorious Plenary Indulgence in Perpetuity, which guarantees a player permanent immunity to any monopoly created by his sale of a property to another player—were strictly forbidden. The use of personal tokens, finally, was optional—as long as they weren't too big to fit into a square. This permissive rule opened the floodgates for a large array of talismans, among them a wine cork, a false tooth, a simulated diamond, a British Guiana one-penny black stamp encased in Lucite, various metal sculptures and an obstetrician's circumcision instrument. One player, an assistant prosecutor for Wayne County, Michigan, attempted—unsuccessfully—to intimidate the opposition by using a lucky .38-caliber police-special bullet.

Once play began, only 30 minutes elapsed before the first player was eliminated, earning him a mocking round of applause. Another early casualty was Christedese, the Greek, who complained through his interpreter that he was unable to comprehend the unfamiliar American street names.

"I don't mind losing a close game with all my resources intact," said psychiatrist Dr. James Fisch a few minutes later, thrusting a fallen tiki-god token into his pocket. "But having to liquidate your assets by first selling houses to the bank at half price, then enduring the disgrace of mortgaging and finally winding up penniless is a traumatic experience. My psychoanalytic training has done nothing for me in this tournament." Confident that he'd last until the finals, Dr. James Labes, a Detroit physician, had brought along not only a complete change of clothing but a can of deodorant and surgical gloves to protect against dice-chafed hands. "I had the blues and the oranges and I still lost," he sighed at the end, shaking his head. "I can't believe it."

From his perch at the bar, he could see that Rice, Schaefer and Milton Manley, Jr., a stockbroker, were among the 41 survivors competing at 12 tables in the second round. "How long does this thing last?" asked a man in black tie drinking Heineken's from the bottle.

"It could go on all night," Lee Weisenthal replied. "One year we went until five in the morning. A couple of dozen spectators sacked out on the floor. The only people awake were the players."

"That's nothing," said Michael Alber, a fount of Monopoly trivia. "Did you know that the longest Monopoly game on record lasted eight hundred and twenty hours? It happened in Danville, California, just last year."

"No shit."

"Yeah," Alber continued, warming to his subject. "And last week a bunch of kids in Orlando, Florida, set a record for the longest underwater Monopoly game. Thirty members of a DeMolay high school fraternity. They played for fifty hours."

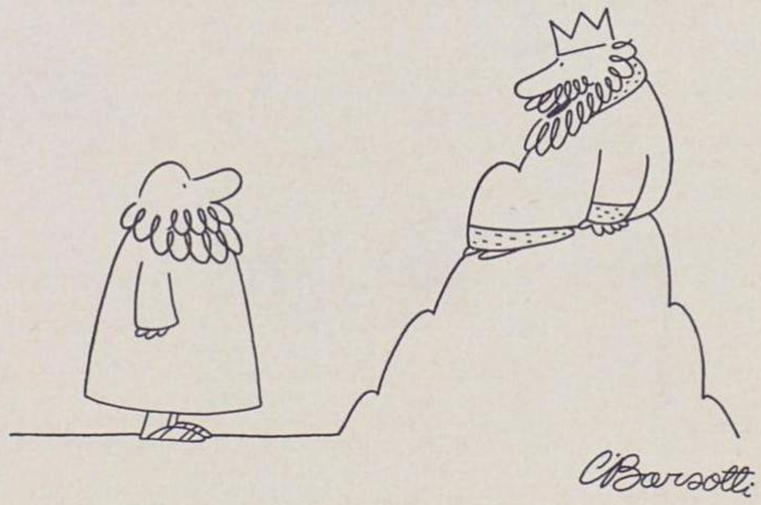
Schaefer was a winner in the quarter-finals. His usually dour face beamed as if he had just won first prize in a beauty contest. When the public-address announcer reported his victory, he immediately left the ballroom rather than watch the ten other games in progress and risk a loss of concentration. His intensity seemed to increase during the early moves in the semifinal round of 12. Settling himself at one of the three remaining tables, he removed his jacket, unwrapped a fresh stick of gum and thrust it into his mouth. Soon afterward, a token landed on one of his unimproved monopolies.

"Seventy dollars," Schaefer snapped.

He was handed a $100 bill.

"I want the seventy in small bills," he insisted, relishing the embarrassment of his infuriated opponent, who dutifully counted out a pile of fives, tens and twenties.

Schaefer's satisfaction was short-lived. Before making a full circuit of the board, he landed on Boardwalk with a hotel—the territory of one Harvey Rosenberg, making his first world-series appearance. Schaefer's jaw slackened. He could have weathered this crushing blow by mortgaging various properties to produce the needed $2000, thereby salvaging a slender



"Of this mountain, that's what I'm king of."

chance of survival. But there remained a more noble alternative, one befitting a champion. Without hesitation, he rose from his chair and clasped the hand of each opponent.

"Instead of hanging by my fingernails, I concede," he said, in a quavering voice. "Never before has this happened so soon."

Then he shambled out the room, jacket slung over a slumped shoulder. In his haste to leave, he left behind the souvenir Monopoly set awarded to winners of the preliminaries.

Schaefer would have winced had he been able to hear the victor's analysis of the game he lost. "Nobody wanted to trade," said the elated Rosenberg, a distributor of automobile, truck, marine and aircraft batteries. "So at the last minute, I said the hell with it and traded off a couple of valuable properties, just so I'd have a monopoly. It turned out to be Boardwalk and Park Place. I just happened to get the good ones and they landed on me. I haven't played Monopoly in probably twelve years. A friend sent me an invitation. I thought it would be a lark, so here I am. I'm really a novice. The game is just luck, and I've been lucky."

Another finalist was Marvin Daitch, a mortgage banker participating in his second tournament. "My strategy has always been to build on one monopoly first and stop at three houses," he said, puffing on a Flamenco panatela. "If you evaluate the ratio of rentals, three houses give you the best return on your investment. I also attempt to trade for the lower-valued monopolies—other than Baltic and Mediterranean—the light blues, lavenders, oranges or reds. They're easier to build on and seem to be landed on more often."

Daitch and Rosenberg both waited patiently for the outcome of a close match at table one involving three veteran players: defending champion Rice, attorney A. Donald Kadushin and Bob Naftaly, a certified public accountant. Unable to consummate any pregame trades, they had proceeded to play despite the fact that nobody owned a monopoly. The winner would be determined by accumulated assets in cash and property. Finally the time limit expired and spectators standing on folding chairs anxiously watched Rice's girlfriend tabulate the champion's worth while the others methodically counted out their own fives, tens, twenties, fifties, hundreds and five hundreds.

"It's Rice!" shouted a kibitzer close to the action, passing the news to those huddling behind him. Rice had, indeed, edged Kadushin—$4945 to $4935. But Naftaly was still counting. With the precision one would expect of an accountant, he carefully added his neat column of figures before handing the stack of bills to the banker for verification. The broad grin on his face told it all. The announcement of his $5045 total prompted a chorus of cheers.

Fifteen minutes later, the three finalists straggled one by one toward a fresh game board unfolded on a table in the center of the ballroom. Still exhilarated by his narrow victory, Naftaly was discussing the outcome with a cordon of admirers. "There's nothing like it when you know you've got it," he said. Those who recognized the mustachioed Naftaly from his six previous tournaments and his third-place finish in 1970 regarded him as the sentimental favorite in the no-time-limit finals. He stood out as the seasoned old pro. Daitch, the knowledgeable mortgage banker, seemed somewhat uneasy standing beside the table. He shuffled his feet, flashed his monogrammed cuffs and repeatedly attempted to relight his soggy Flamenco. Rosenberg, the rookie, had removed his jacket and taken a seat. His buxom blonde wife sensually massaged his back muscles while he removed the cellophane from a Tiparillo and sized up the challengers. When table talk about the previous game persisted long after the strangers had introduced themselves, Rosenberg grew impatient.

"C'mon, who's banker here?" he asked edgily. "Let's get going."

Arthur L. Greenbaum, his "legendary" status somewhat tarnished, eased into the banker's chair and began shuffling property cards, which he dealt face down.

"I'll be out of here in twenty minutes," Rosenberg predicted.

Each contestant scooped up the properties and studied them close to the vest, like gin-rummy hands, before fanning the cards out on the table. Naftaly put a match to his pipe, rocked back on his chair and studied the possibilities. Daitch finally lit his frazzled cigar.

"All right," said Rosenberg, noting that nobody owned a monopoly, "let's make some fast deals. OK, whaddya guys have two of?"

Instead of responding to Rosenberg, Naftaly coolly extracted the cards he was willing to exchange, exposed them to Daitch and said: "Make me a reasonable offer." The two of them explored at least a dozen provisional deals while Rosenberg restlessly hung back, his eyes occasionally rolling upward in exasperation.

"You're asking for a lot," said Daitch, hearing which of his belongings Naftaly was willing to relieve him of. He politely refused to conclude a deal unless he was certain of obtaining at least a couple of monopolies from Rosenberg in a subsequent three-way swap. More than 15 minutes passed in this frustrating war of nerves before Rosenberg ended his silence.

"Whaddya want of *mine*?" he asked beseechingly. "Let's get *something* going!"

His adversaries scanned Rosenberg's holdings, but once again offered nothing.

"This game might never end," Greenbaum muttered.

Many spectators were becoming bored with the prolonged negotiations, especially since the bar had closed. One of them had fallen asleep on a nearby table, using her fur coat as a pillow.

"Did you know that the longest Monopoly game played while traveling in an elevator lasted fifty hours?" asked Michael Alber of no one in particular. "The players were a group of freshmen at the University of Kansas, who stayed in a dormitory elevator for a total of seven thousand two hundred and twelve floors." He would have continued his recitation if the rising voices at the table hadn't interrupted.

"A good fistfight would probably solve this whole thing," said Naftaly.

Turning to Rosenberg, Daitch declared, "I won't give anybody a monopoly unless I know I'm gonna get a monopoly. I could be squeezed out of the game. Why don't you deal with him and then deal with me?"

"OK."

"Spread 'em out. Let's see what you've got," said Naftaly, sucking on his pipe. He evaluated Rosenberg's cards for only a few moments. "You and I haven't got much to deal with."

A brooding silence followed.

"Honey, go to my office and get me my special chair," said Naftaly, addressing his wife. "The lights are beginning to bother me."

"Do you wanna give me those for these?" asked Daitch, overlooking the jest, as he flashed several red and green cards.

"No-o-o-o-o," sighed Naftaly. "We went through that before."

"I'm willing to make some trades, but you're not being reasonable," Daitch complained. "So we better start playing without monopolies. But if we do that, the game can't possibly be played to a finish in the next two or three *years*."

"Goddamn it, let's get this show on the road!" snapped Rosenberg. "Isn't there any time limit on trading?" The referee said there wasn't.

"Then c'mon, let's start playing. Roll the dice!"

At 1:45 A.M., after 45 minutes more of haggling and acrimony, a series of trades was finally consummated. Along with the light blues, Daitch held the powerful red-and-orange corner he had coveted. A shrewd trader, Naftaly emerged—out of nowhere, it seemed—with the Baltic, Boardwalk and Pennsylvania monopolies, an awesome gantlet abetted by both utilities. The yellows, lavenders and all four railroads belonged to Rosenberg.

Their tokens finally stood poised on the Go square. Naftaly was using the horse. Rosenberg selected the car. Daitch had brought his own token, a miniature

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sculpture that bore his name. Immediately after circling the board and passing Go, Rosenberg went for a quick kill —building hotels on all three lavenders and a house on each of the yellows. This unorthodox plunge betrayed his inexperience. By depleting cash reserves, he was violating one of the basic principles of the game: maintaining a balanced ratio between money and property.

Naftaly countered by pursuing the moderate approach of improving Boardwalk and Park Place with three houses apiece. Daitch, in turn, erected three houses each on St. James, Tennessee and New York, and then rolled the dice. The result was disastrous. He landed directly on Boardwalk, a $1400 rental.

"It's impossible," he groaned, discarding his cigar butt. "I'm out of the game already."

"We've got excellent resources here," replied Greenbaum, the banker. "We can buy those houses back for fifty cents on the dollar."

Rubbing his eyes with manicured thumb and forefinger, Daitch contemplated his desperate circumstances. "If I knock off all my houses," he said, "I'll never be able to get them back up again."

"You can come up with the money by mortgaging, without touching the oranges," Greenbaum advised.

"No, I can't," said Daitch, wringing his hands. "No way."

"You'll end up with a house on each one."

"I'm gonna forfeit the game," Daitch declared, rising unsteadily from his chair. "God, that was quick."

The stunning withdrawal came after only 13 minutes.

"It's a brand-new ball game," observed one of the three dozen spectators still remaining.

Playing conservatively, Naftaly developed a total of four houses on the greens and was quickly rewarded when Rosenberg's car halted on North Carolina, a $130 expenditure that left him—depleted by his outlay on hotels—with less than $100 in cash. A glutton for punishment, Rosenberg took another tour of the board and landed on Pennsylvania with two houses—forcing him to raise most of the $450 rental by mortgaging three railroads. With his token stationed on Go and Rosenberg's three hotels looming around the next corner, Naftaly decided to refrain from further construction. His precaution proved unnecessary when a Chance card advanced his token to Illinois, bypassing the lavender monopoly.

Naftaly soon added two more houses on each of the greens, retaining more than enough capital to cover his subsequent landing on Rosenberg's St. Charles. Overconfident now, Rosenberg played recklessly, ignoring his precarious fiscal position by using the $750 from Naftaly plus most of his other funds to build two more houses on each of the yellows. He regretted that decision with the very next roll of the dice. Sympathetic sighs and whistles issued from the gallery; he had landed on Boardwalk with four houses.

"Seventeen hundred," said Naftaly without emotion.

"Son of a bitch," muttered Rosenberg.

"Seventeen hundred big ones!" echoed a kibitzer.

"You sure that was a legal throw?" Rosenberg pleaded. The referee gravely nodded.

"This is liable to be the longest trading session and the shortest game in history," said Greenbaum, whose watch read 2:07 A.M.

"Do I have that much money?" groaned Rosenberg.

"You have it," said Greenbaum, "but the next time you go around the board, look out!"

The ensuing liquidation of properties left Rosenberg with only two houses on each of the yellows and St. Charles, one each on States and Virginia, and absolutely no cash. The outcome was a foregone conclusion. Calmly refilling his pipe, Naftaly began adding insult to injury by erecting hotels on Baltic and Mediterranean. Rosenberg used a portion of his $200 Go money to buy Daitch's late-lamented Connecticut from the bank —why, God only knew—while Naftaly contented himself with languishing in Jail and buying one more house on each of the greens.

Inevitably, Rosenberg's car soon braked to a stop on Pennsylvania with a hotel—a $1400 whiplash that compelled him to eliminate all his yellow houses. Naftaly immediately replaced all single-family housing on Boardwalk and Park Place with a pair of dazzling red hotels. Ironically, he next landed on recently cleared Atlantic, a paltry $45 rental rather than the $330 Rosenberg would have realized a turn before. The handwriting was on the wall. Rosenberg reached Go safely, but the $200 went straight to Naftaly, along with the $45 and another $5: He landed on Mediterranean's fleabag hotel.

Left with exactly five dollars to his name, Rosenberg miraculously held out for another five turns, finally rolling an unlucky seven that deposited his battered car on Pennsylvania. Without bothering to check mortgage rates, he struggled wearily to his feet and congratulated the champion.

"We have a new winner!" shouted the referee, at precisely 2:24 A.M. "The winner of the Stein-Fishbub trophy is Bob Naderley." Hearty cheers and the sound of New Year's Eve noisemakers accompanied the announcement.

"He can't even pronounce my name right," complained Naftaly good-naturedly, holding the trophy aloft to a crescendo of applause and whistles. While flashbulbs popped, he numbly fielded a barrage of questions posed by Monopoly diehards during an impromptu press conference.

How did he rate his opponents? "I thought Daitch was a nice, reasonable guy. I didn't mind making any trade I could with him. The other fellow came in with an overbearing attitude, like he was superior to us. He was just plain irritating and it began getting to me. I figured that by ignoring him, I would put him in a position where he no longer could feel superior. The biggest factor in this game is the psychological advantage you try to get over your opponent. It's the same way in real life. I think Monopoly is played like the game of life."

Did he consider Monopoly a game of skill? "There must be some skill involved, because if you look at the names on the trophy, there are several people who have won more than once. But this was the only time I played all year. So maybe it was just luck, *mazel*."

Was his physical condition a factor? "Maybe it was. For one thing, when you roll those dice four or five hundred times a night, you've got to have a strong wrist. I play tennis year round, and I guess that helps strengthen the wrist and improve my coordination."

Did he abstain sexually the night before? "Not intentionally. Looking back now, it's something I might have considered. When you're dedicated to the game, just *looking* at girls could probably affect you adversely. Especially in a situation like tonight, where many attractive women were floating around. You have to concentrate on the job."

When did he realize that Rosenberg was beaten? "When he had to pay me seventeen hundred dollars for landing on Boardwalk and said 'Son of a bitch.' Among the high-level people we get at this tournament, you rarely hear profanity. His use of such language made me feel that for America it was important to prevent someone from winning who wasn't a good guy with the white hat."

Knotting his tie and buttoning his belted corduroy jacket, he grasped the Stein-Fishbub trophy and posed for several formal photographs. His other hand clutched the other reward for his labors: a $50 executive-model Monopoly game whose inlaid wooden board was enclosed in a handsome presentation case.

Sloughing through stray $100 Monopoly bills littering the carpeted floor on his way out, Naftaly encountered U. S. M. A. chancellor Lee Weisenthal, who vigorously shook his hand.

"You know something, Bob," he said. "Of all the champions I've congratulated in the past ten years, by far you've got the strongest grip."

"In Monopoly, the grip is nothing," Naftaly confided. "It's all in the wrist."

Great Bars/Great Drinks

(continued from page 124)

banquettes line the walls, presumably for the infirm or effete. Each table holds a crystal pitcher of water, for mixing with the native whiskey. The locals know better, preferring their spirits unadorned, with neither ice nor mixers.

The house special, attributed jointly to head barmen Jimmy Kelly and Sean Keating, is the Cherry Blossom—one and a quarter ounces Irish whiskey, one and a quarter ounces lemon squash (lemonade or lemon soda), one and a quarter ounces fresh lemon juice, a good dollop of grenadine and an egg white, shaken with verve and vigor, "to wake it up," as Craddock instructed, and served in a highball glass or an eight-ounce wineglass.

Among the great bars of the world are some with raffish, romantic and occasionally sinister overtones. The Raffles Club, Singapore, known for its Singapore Sling, and Quinn's Bar in Tahiti, known for its freewheeling bar fights, come to mind. Another is Dean's Bar, Tangier, founded by Joseph Dean, a charmer of English-African parentage who worked with Allied counterintelligence during World War Two. Dean's soon established itself as the North African hangout for the titled, wealthy, exotic and shady.

The place is intimate, resembling an English sitting room, with Moroccan accents and lots of bright flowers. Its particular contribution to the annals of tipsiana is made with Afri-koko, an unctuous coconut-chocolate liqueur from Sierra Leone, now obtainable in the States. The drink is called the Afrodiziak, and it's a powerful potion. For two Afrodiziaks, shake four ounces Afri-koko, four ounces white rum, juice of one lemon or lime and an egg white with lots of ice. Strain over fresh ice into two goblets, dividing the foam and fluid evenly between the glasses. Garnish with a slice of sugar-frosted fruit. Marrakech pepper, a whisper of allspice and a dash of sherry lend a distinctly African cast to Dean's bloody mary.

Of a genre similar to Dean's, but more funky than sinister, is the Grand Hotel Oloffson, oldest resort hotel in Haiti. Oloffson's is the Greenwich Village of the tropics, a refuge of the culture-and-show-biz crowd, including such diverse types as Mick Jagger and Bianca, Michael York, Rex Reed and Lord Snowdon. It's an almost quaint agglomeration of towers, minarets and bays, set off by gingerbready wood decoration—prime West Indies ramshackle. A mahogany pool table left behind by occupying Marines has been converted into a solid bar. And that's where Joseph Cesar dispenses the incomparable rum punches that have become a minor tempest in tippling circles. Trader Vic lists an Oloffson Punch among its drink offerings, which ruffles the feisty monarch of Oloffson's, Alvin Seitz, "because it's not made right and because it doesn't credit the originator." Cesar's recipe is tangier, containing a little more sweet and a little more sour. Here's the incontestably authentic Cesar's rum punch, as concocted by Cesar himself —two shots Haitian Rum Barbancourt, two shots lime juice, one shot grenadine, two or three drops Angostura and about one teaspoon sugar; shake and strain over fresh ice into a collins glass. The first punch is on the house, generally accompanied by Big Al's half-serious warning, "You won't like it here."

The Batik Bar of the Mauna Kea is as unlike Oloffson's pool-table improvisation as Seitz is unlike the Rockefellers —who happen to own this Hawaiian pleasure dome. Temptations and diversions at the Mauna Kea are endless. You can reel in 1000-pound marlin, chase wild boar up a 13,796-foot snow-capped mountain and ski down the other side, swim, snorkel or sail. But many sports prefer to contemplate the grandeur from the Batik Bar or the Café Terrace, snorkeling around in an orchid-laden mai tai. The bars and other public areas of the Mauna Kea are decorated with museum-quality primitive Pacific art and handicrafts—bronze ceremonial drums, New Guinea masks, gilded antique carvings from Oriental temples and colorful Hawaiian quilts hung as tapestries. Drinks are as sensual as the surroundings, and almost as pretty as the slit-skirted Polynesian waitresses who present them. The mai tai, a blend of Hawaiian and Jamaican rums, is topped with a cherry, lime slice, pineapple stick and an orchid. The Mauna Kea Kiaha, served in a seven-ounce coconut cup, takes three quarters ounce Hawaiian coffee liqueur, one and a quarter ounces Hawaiian rum, one ounce each coconut syrup and milk, blended with crushed ice; mint and pineapple garnish. If you've been to any of the islands, you know about the native embalming fluid, okolehau, and you know enough not to drink it straight. It works well, however, in a flaming drink, the Pahoehoe—two ounces okolehau (or light rum), two ounces passion-fruit juice, one ounce grenadine, one ounce lemon juice (save the rind) and a sugar cube zapped with 151-proof rum. To flame, float the hollowed-out lemon rind in a goblet, add rum-drenched cube and touch with a match. At the Mauna Kea, there are crunchy Macadamia nuts for bar nibbles, which beat the hell out of peanuts.

Now, after all those great drinks, at all those great bars, you probably feel the need for a morning-after bracer, something to get the feathers out of your mouth. Just about everyone has a prized hangover remedy—from champagne cocktails sipped through a straw to hideous-tasting corpse revivers made with Fernet Branca or some other vile bitters. Try what you will, but when all else fails, there's always Toots Shor's memorable advice: "Just keep drinking."

"What I'm worried about is that I may be worrying about all the wrong things."

PRO FOOTBALL PREVIEW

(continued from page 128)

is the embodiment of the big, blustery Texas oil millionaire. "We're all waiting to see what happens when the irresistible force tangles with the immovable object," said one of the assistant coaches.

Gillman is exactly the person coach Bill Peterson needs to back him up, and the first fruits of their alliance are already evident. Having finished dead last in 1972, the Oilers had first choice in the draft, and they picked monstrous defensive lineman John Matuszak, who is being billed as "the guy Jack found when he got to the top of the beanstalk." The offensive line, a serious weakness last fall, will be strengthened with the return of two injured starting tackles and the arrival from Baltimore of center Bill Curry. The running attack will be helped by the acquisition of Fred Willis and Paul Robinson from Cincinnati and by rookie George Amundson. Two recruits who are likely to see much action their first season are linebacker Greg Bingham and wide receiver Edesel Garrison. The latter will compete with newly arrived Dave Parks, who grumbled before being traded away by New Orleans that he wanted to play with a winner. He and Gillman should love each other.

WESTERN DIVISION

AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Oakland Raiders	9–5
Kansas City Chiefs	8–6
San Diego Chargers	7–7
Denver Broncos	6–8

The Oakland Raiders' only weakness last year was punting. But that *was* a problem; their punting was the poorest in the N. F. L. It may be the best in the league this season, however, because rookie Ray Guy is the most talented punter ever to play college football. Now that he has arrived, the Raiders appear to have everything. Their main strength is a superbly balanced offense: Last year, 49.93 percent of the plays were passes and their rushing outgained passing by a mere seven yards. Ergo, opposing defenses have to play close to the vest against the Raiders. One defensive lapse and Lamonica & Co. strike like 11 coordinated rattlesnakes.

Since the Raiders are a young squad, few rookies except Guy have a chance to make the final squad. Tight end Steve Sweeney has a chance, but he will be trying to crash an already excellent group. One reason the Raiders will enjoy more success in '73 is that the defenders won't have to spend so much time with their backs to the wall because of a poor kicking game. Another is head coach John Madden, who is just reaching the peak of his ability as a motivator. Madden, 37, the youngest head coach in the N. F. L., is a big redheaded Irishman with an appropriately redheaded disposition when plans go awry. He feels that this is the season the Raiders should go to the Super Bowl and he intends to get them there.

The Kansas City Chiefs entered the 1972 season confident they would reach the Super Bowl, but along the way their offense—especially the line—was decimated by injuries. None were serious; they were the sort of nagging hurts that often beset aging players. All are now fully recovered. Says caustic coach Hank Stram, "If you have an old offensive line that plays badly, the critics blame it on age. If they play well, the critics say it's because of their experience."

The Chiefs finished strong last year, winning their last three games, and they enter this season determined to extend the winning streak. The only newcomers with much chance to play are rookie tight end Gary Butler, offensive tackle Francis Peay, obtained from Green Bay, and big runner Willie Ellison, who came from Los Angeles. Defensive end Fred Grambau and safety Doug Jones are other draftees who should make the squad. The Chiefs are a veteran team with good reserve talent, so there should be a lot of competition in summer drills for starting berths.

The San Diego Chargers always seem to be a much better team than their record indicates. Last year was no exception; they were probably the best team ever to have won only four games. The reasons for their poor record were obvious: Their schedule was the toughest in the league; a talented offense sometimes played like the Keystone Cops (it led the league in turnovers); and their punt and kickoff returns were dismal. A healthy Jerry LeVias should fix the latter problem. Unfortunately for the Chargers, Johnny Rodgers opted for Canadian football. But the running skills of Mike Garrett, Bob Thomas and—perhaps—Duane Thomas, will give the Chargers an awesome running game. The fact that Miami and Washington were two of the strongest running teams in football last season has not been lost on coach Harland Svare. Other reasons for emphasizing the rush are the presence of a superb offensive line and an unstable quarterback situation. Svare feels that Johnny Unitas should be at least a temporary solution until either Wayne Clark or rookie Don Fouts matures. Svare says both have great promise. Tight end John Mackey, who preceded Unitas out of Baltimore, told Johnny last winter, "You'll be playing behind the best offensive line in your life." That must have been music to an aging passer's ears.

Svare's goal in '72 was to rebuild the Charger defense. He succeeded in making the defenders merely respectable, which was a tremendous improvement. The arrival of Coy Bacon from the Rams, and the recovery of Tim Rossovich from injuries, should make the defense stronger this season. In short, the Chargers should be one of the most improved teams in the league.

It will be the same old story in Denver: improved prospects, high squad morale, enthusiastic fans and a finish on the bottom. For the first time since Frank Tripucka played in 1963, the Denver team enters a season knowing who its starting

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quarterback will be. Charley Johnson, a 13-year veteran, will give the Broncos the sagacious leadership they have long needed. An indication of the stability of the Denver organization is the fact that there are no changes in the coaching staff since last season, a rarity in pro teams. This has been provided by head coach John Ralston, a bubbling enthusiast (he's a certified Dale Carnegie instructor) who's been winning friends and influencing players in Denver for two years now; his work is beginning to pay off. The squad morale is high, partly because Denver won its last two games of the season for the first time in history. The fans' enthusiasm, which has always bordered on fanaticism, is greater, too.

Fabulous runner Otis Armstrong, the brightest new face on the Bronco squad, will start out playing behind Floyd Little —a seemingly hopeless situation for any rookie. But Armstrong is so good Ralston will undoubtedly get both runners into the same backfield before the season is over. Rookie linebacker Tom Jackson will find a way into the starting line-up, as will guard Paul Howard. New passer John Hufnagel impressed the coaches very much during rookie camp, throwing long, hard and well. He could take over from Johnson in a couple of years.

EASTERN DIVISION
NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Washington Redskins	9–5
Dallas Cowboys	9–5
New York Giants	7–7
Philadelphia Eagles	5–9
St. Louis Cardinals	4–10

The Washington Redskins aren't nearly as old as their colorful appellation, "Over the Hill Gang," suggests; their average age is about 28—hardly menopausal —and behind every older player is a strong young replacement. So don't wait for the long-chronicled collapse of the Redskins because of the lack of new blood. The material on hand is good enough—and young enough—to get coach George Allen past the draft choices he has traded away. He still has most of the 1975 draft intact. There is a rumor in Washington that Allen is haggling to trade his entire '75 draft for the Russian Olympic wrestling team.

The only imponderables to whet the interest of Washington fans are whether quarterback Sonny Jurgensen will be able to return from an Achilles'-tendon injury and whether Richard Nixon will switch his loyalty to the Miami Dolphins. Meanwhile, look for the Redskins to wind up in the Super Bowl again. Aside from their combined abilities, the Redskins are probably the most "together" squad in the N. F. L. Not only are there close emotional ties among the players but they all share an admiration for George Allen.

The Dallas Cowboys' fall from the summit last season was a traumatic experience for all. Coach Tom Landry blames it partly on subconscious complacency, especially among some of his jaded veterans. A more immediate cause was their freakish injury pattern. The Cowboys suffered no more of them than most teams, but the damage was almost totally concentrated in the defensive line. All four regulars and all three reserves were lost for part of the season. The complacency, a historic affliction of Super Bowl winners, will be whipped out of the squad by Landry; so if all the Cowboys survive pre-season drills, the squad roster will be much the same as last year, except that tight end Mike Ditka has retired to coach the receivers. Linebacker Chuck Howley has made some off-season public ruminations about retiring, but if he does, D. D. Lewis will be a more-than-capable replacement. Best of the rookies are wide receiver Golden Richards, tight end Billy Joe DuPree and Rodrigo Barnes, a linebacker with the appropriately belligerent temperament to become a star.

The New York Giants' reversal of form was one of last season's most intriguing developments. Going into summer camp, the outlook was dismal. The turnabout was largely the result of two factors: quarterback Fran Tarkenton's departure for Minnesota, which improved squad morale considerably, and Alex Webster's radically changed coaching methods. Until last year, the Giants' summer training camp had been an essentially relaxed affair because the team had been filled with unmotivated veterans. Last July, with one of the youngest squads in the pros, Webster became a disciplinarian and his team emerged from summer camp tough and hungry. Squad morale rose after Namath announced early in the season that if any team represented New York in the playoffs it would be the Jets, because the Giants were so obviously inept. The Giant defense, though much better last season, is still a concern. How much the draft will improve this season's team is not known, though top pick Brad Van Pelt will help the secondary right away. Middle guard Rich Glover, ignored by other teams because of his size, may fit splendidly into the Giant "odd man" defense, which calls for a lineman to play over the center, a position at which Glover set the all-time standard for excellence at Nebraska. The sleeper in the Giant draft could be 11th-round choice William Wideman, a defensive tackle from North Carolina A&T.

The Philadelphia Eagles had two necessary commodities to secure during the off season: a top-flight head coach and an offensive line. They made out like bandits on both counts. New mentor Mike McCormick, the proverbial nice guy off the field and a consummate teacher on, served long apprenticeships under Paul Brown, Vince Lombardi and George Allen. Better credentials are unimaginable. The Eagles went into the draft with six players heading their "most wanted" list, and they got three of them on their first three picks: tackle Jerry Sisemore, tight end Charles Young and guard Guy Morriss. With a little experience, all three will be all-pro caliber. They'll get a chance quickly, because the Eagle offensive line last season was porous in its good moments. The blocking will be further abetted by fullback Norm Bulaich, one of the flood of refugees driven out of Baltimore by Attila the Thomas.

Eagle fans did much unjustified grousing about quarterback John Reaves's performance in his first season. Be that as it may, the acquisition of Roman Gabriel from the Rams should help placate the frustrated fans. Also, Reaves will be wiser and far more effective in his sophomore year, and with added running help from Bulaich, the Eagle offense will improve. Rookies Randy Logan and Frank Dowsing could help the defensive backfield. A winning season, though, seems too much to hope for.

Despite a dearth of on-field talent, the St. Louis Cardinals decided what they really needed was a good front-office manager and an effective head coach. They got both. New director of operations Joe Sullivan and energetic new head coach Don Coryell have done an inspired job of filling some of the holes created by the unfortunate trades of former head coach Bob Hollway. The draft brought spectacular runner Terry Metcalf to help a ground game that was dreadful last year, massive lineman Dave Butz to bolster an insipid pass rush and three members of Oklahoma's starting offensive line (center Tom Brahaney and tackles Ken Jones and Dean Unruh). Passer Gary Keithley is another talented draftee, whose presence will further complicate an already confusing quarterback situation. The two incumbents, Jim Hart and Tim Van Galder, played musical quarterbacks with the now-retired Gary Cuozzo most of last fall. Hart wound up at the throttle at season's end and will probably retain his job this year.

Buried in the later rounds of the St. Louis draft were a couple of players who could be very pleasant surprises. Ken Garrett runs like a stallion and Bonnie Sloan has the physical qualities of a top defensive lineman. After two straight 4-9-1 seasons, the Cardinals could improve, but they will still be one of the weakest teams in the league.

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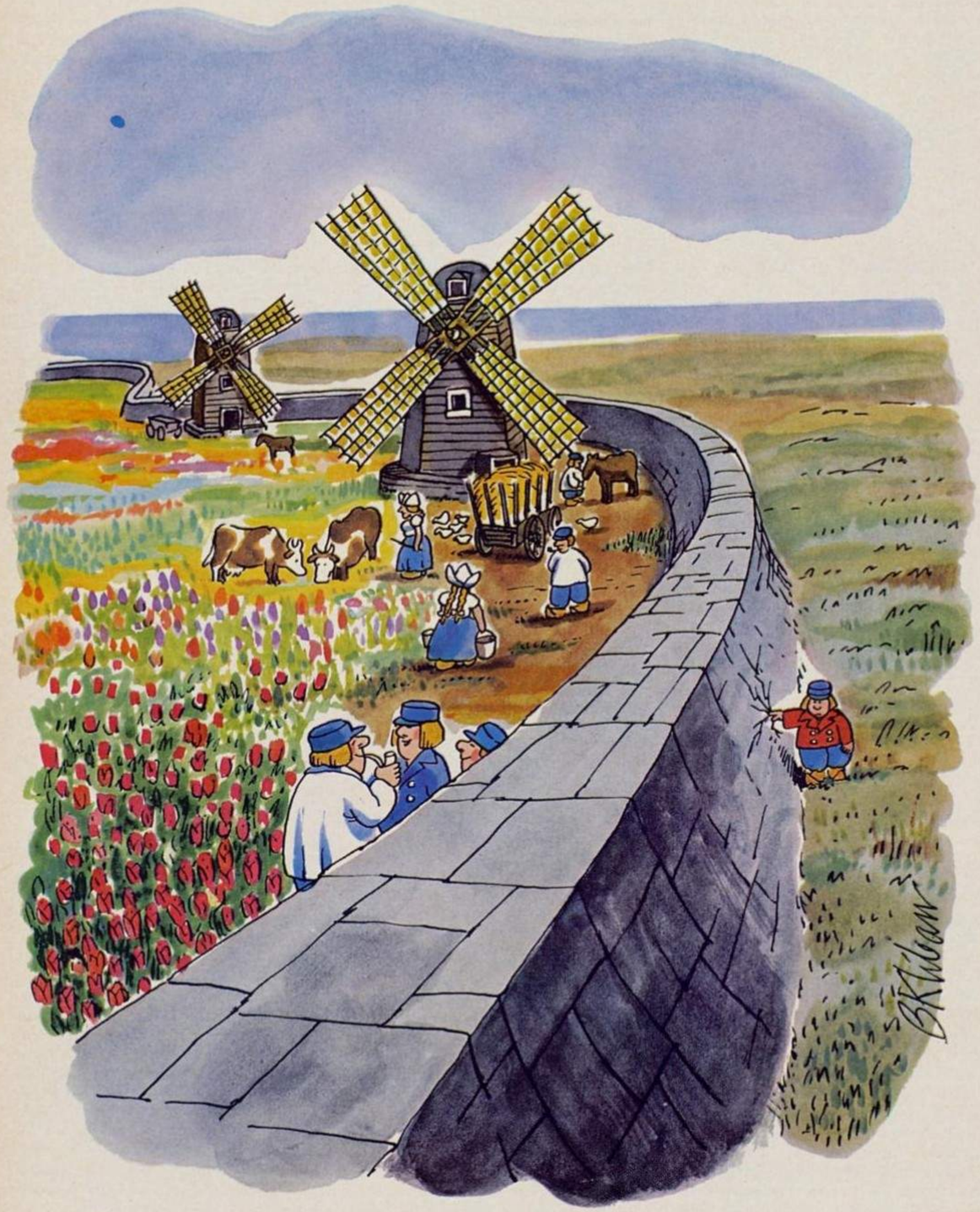
The Minnesota Vikings built a football empire with a cohesive defense and a devastating running game and it seemed all that was keeping them from being invincible in recent seasons was the lack of a truly great quarterback. Thus, when Fran Tarkenton returned to the north country



last fall, the welcoming hosannas sounded as if he had walked barefoot up the Mississippi. But it didn't quite work out. Tarkenton did, indeed, have a superb season; in some games he was brilliant, often looking as great in defeat as in victory. But the Vikes' past strengths became weaknesses. Linemen Carl Eller and Alan Page, fulcrums of the defense, played below par most of the season, their fabled quickness canceled by minor recurring injuries. The running game evaporated because Clint Jones, at the peak of his

CENTRAL DIVISION
NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Minnesota Vikings	9–5
Detroit Lions	8–6
Green Bay Packers	7–7
Chicago Bears	6–8

career, missed seven games with a broken arm, Dave Osborn wasn't what he had been and Ed Marinaro wasn't what he will be. For the Vikings, '73 could be the year that '72 wasn't. If the mathematics of probability hold true, Eller and Page will not suffer more misfortune and the draft produced a potential instant star in runner Chuck Foreman. With Marinaro and Oscar Reed (who looks better than his press clippings), the Vikings should field a rejuvenated running game to remove some of the pressure from Tarkenton. Other draftees with potential are Brent McClanahan and Josh Brown, both strong inside runners, and defensive back Jackie Wallace—a real burner when he gets his hands on the ball—who can make kickoff returns a lethal offensive weapon.

New head coach Don McCafferty appears to have the perfect qualifications for the job of converting the Detroit Lions into a major power. He is a towering, self-possessed figure who rarely raises his voice, but when he speaks, you can hear a pin drop. Besides providing inspiration, the only thing McCafferty needs to do is fix the defensive unit, especially the line. For the third year in a row, the Lions' first-round draft choice was a defensive lineman, huge Ernest Price. If McCafferty can motivate veterans Herb Orvis, Jim Mitchell and Bob Bell to play well, the Lions will have their first decent pass rush since the days of Alex Karras. If so, with an already excellent offense, they could be the best team in the toughest division of the N. F. L.

The Green Bay Packers seem on the verge of re-establishing their dynasty. It is a young, extremely talented club, with much enthusiasm and morale. Older Packers used to sit around and compare head coaches Phil Bengtson and Dan Devine with Vince Lombardi, but to the new players, Lombardi is ancient history. The team roster is stable for the first time since its last trip to the Super Bowl, in '68, so the only rookie with a possibility of starting is Barry Smith, who fills a need at wide receiver. The only other noticeable need is for a consistent quarterback, and Scott Hunter and Jerry Tagge will contest for that job. Both have excellent physical tools and leadership ability. Tagge is stronger, bigger and a better long thrower. Hunter has more experience.

What makes the Green Bay situation so enviable is that all these good young players will mature together. They are shrewdly coached by Devine, a quiet man who does the thinking while leaving most on-the-field supervision to his assistants.

John Mackey of San Diego, president of the N. F. L. Players Association, once remarked that games were not won or lost in the front line but in the front office. And that's an incisive description of the Chicago Bears' problems over the past few years. While owner George Halas is frequently castigated in the press for his disinclination to part with cash, parsimony is a lesser problem than nepotism in the Bears' organization. The team's major officers are president–general manager George Halas, Jr. (son of the owner), and vice-president Ed McCaskey (son-in-law of the owner). Inquiries among front-office personnel of other N. F. L. teams reveal that McCaskey is a nice guy. Now that coach Abe Gibron has been allowed some off-the-field authority, the Bears' chances for fielding a competitive team are greatly enhanced. Given this freedom, Gibron's handling of the draft last January was a work of genius. Due partly to past misfortunes (injuries to Joe Moore and Lionel Antoine) and Gibron's shrewdness, the Bears will enter this season with full use, for the first time, of three first draft choices (Moore, Antoine and defensive lineman Wally Chambers), one of the most talented passers to come out of college ranks in years (Gary Huff), a new tight end with all-pro potential (Craig Cotton) and Carl Garrett, who has sometimes looked like the best runner in football. We can't remember a team having such an abundant infusion of talent in a single year and Gibron has the moxie to make it work. "A lot of players mouth off about how they want to play with a winner, but not all players have the guts to help build a winner," he says. "But we have the men we need now. When a team wins, the players deserve the credit. When it loses, it's the coach's fault."

With a little luck, the Bears could be the N. F. L.'s most improved team in '73. That would still leave them the weakling of their division.

WESTERN DIVISION
NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

San Francisco 49ers	9–5
Atlanta Falcons	8–6
Los Angeles Rams	6–8
New Orleans Saints	5–9

Don't look for any big changes in San Francisco. Its draft was very nearly a dry run and coach Dick Nolan has a notorious prejudice against player trades. The 49ers' only critical problem last year was injured running backs. All have healed and will be joined in summer camp by nine newcomers, none of whom look like future greats. The only blue-chip draftee is Willie Harper, who will help solve a possible linebacker shortage if Ed Beard's knee, injured in the last game of '72, isn't fully recovered. One big plus for the 49ers is that they now have a good, game-tested backup quarterback, a nice thing to have when your starter is 38 years old. Steve Spurrier finally got a chance last season after John Brodie was injured and played well. Spurrier and wide receiver Terry Beasley could become one of the hottest passing tandems in professional football. The principal question, as the season opens, is whether or not the 49ers can overcome their mass compulsion to lapse into a coma every time they get on the field with the Los Angeles Rams. They haven't beaten the Rams since the first game in 1970.

The Atlanta Falcons could be the league's surprise team in 1973 if they can avoid last year's crippling injuries and a ridiculous total of 42 fumbles. All those fumbles must have had coach Norm Van Brocklin, who's infuriated by anything short of perfection, crawling on the ceiling. He certainly has the necessary material on hand and the Falcons seem to be in the position Pittsburgh was at this time last year. They have the makings of one of the best defensive lines in the league, now that tackle Mike Tilleman has been acquired from Houston and tackle Greg Marx arrived in the draft. The runners—except for their tendency to lose the ball—are excellent, as is the offensive line, with rookie tackle Nick Bebout. The passing game is the only unsettled area and that could be decided by the emergence of Pat Sullivan, last year's heralded rookie. Quarterback John Madeya could be the surprise in this year's draft and field-goal kicker Nick Mike-Meyer should strengthen another weakness. The only thing the Falcons lack to make a serious run for the division championship is another fast wide receiver.

Three things kept the Rams out of the play-offs last season: (1) Roman Gabriel's gimpy arm, (2) a weak pass defense that allowed 20 touchdowns (while the ground defense yielded only nine) and (3) coach Tommy Prothro's relaxed attitude toward his players, a deficiency that he himself has acknowledged and vowed to correct.

It is regrettable that Prothro will not get a chance to prove, at least with the Rams, that he could be one of the very best coaches in professional football, for new owner Carroll Rosenbloom lost patience with him and brought in Chuck Knox, a stern offensive specialist whose personality and approach make him a younger version of Tom Landry. But the Rams need much more than discipline, so don't look for much improvement this year.

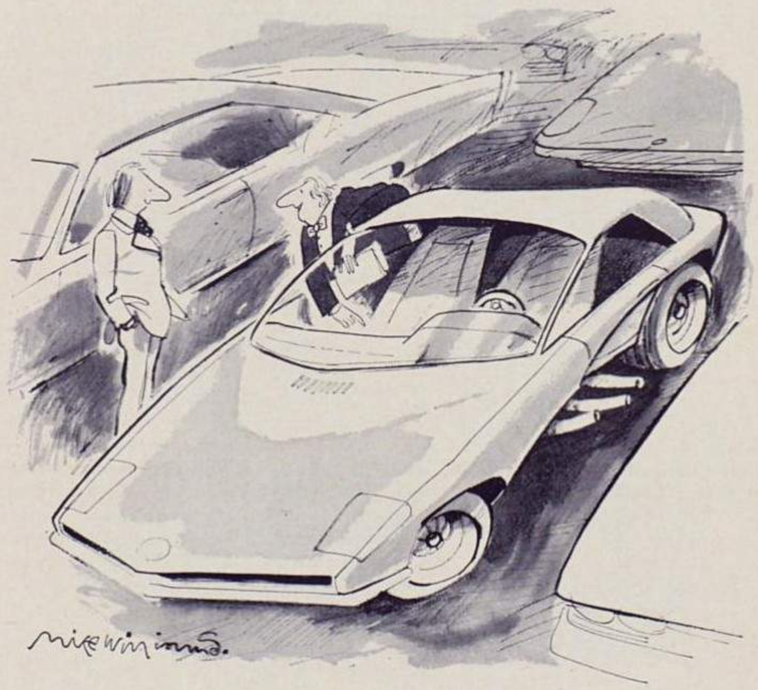
Some of the Rams' problems were partially solved by the draft and the acquisition of quarterback John Hadl from the Chargers. He should more than make up for the recently departed Gabriel, who got his wish to be traded. Rookie passer Ron Jaworski could be a future great. He looks uncannily like Namath in his ability to get back, set up and unload the ball.

Another rookie, defensive back Cullen Bryant, who chief scout Norm Pollom says is "a big Jack Tatum," could be a starter.

The New Orleans Saints need a pass rush, a few runners and a crash course in what physiologists call digital dexterity. Last season, the whole team played like everybody had ten thumbs, turning over the ball to the opposition so often that it seldom had a chance to win. The jitters may have been a result of coach J. D. Roberts' drill-sergeant concept of player motivation. But Roberts now seems to realize that he overdid his role and has eased up a bit. This is his third year in command, nearly all his troops are players he either drafted or traded for and he feels the team is his own. All of which means that victories will still be scarce.

Roberts strengthened his defensive line by acquiring tackle Billy Newsome, another victim of the Baltimore pogrom. Two rookie defensive ends, Derland Moore and Steve Baumgartner, could be starters by midseason. Rookie running back Pete Van Valkenburg will play due to sheer lack of competition. Other helpful draft selections are Jeff Horsley, a runner with breath-taking speed, and 165-pound Howard Stevens from Louisville, who also will add much zip to the Saints' running game.

That's our overview of the teams, and the new recruits who will help them, in 1973-1974. As in every season, there'll be can't-miss rookies who disappoint and nameless free agents who win starting jobs. There will, of course, also be hundreds of athletes who won't survive final player cuts but who'll at least know that they had a chance to show what they could do. And whether or not that's of any comfort, it's more than some athletes get each year. These are the college prospects weeded out before the draft by scouts with an insatiable curiosity about the smallest details of a player's mental and physical make-up. One apparently promising linebacker was scratched from a draft list this year because it was discovered he had a sky-high I.Q. Inordinate intelligence in a linebacker is a distinct disadvantage, it seems, because he tends to stand around and think instead of reacting instinctively. Another player was passed over because a pro scout learned he wouldn't date a girl until his mother had met and approved of her. It takes all kinds, they say—but not in professional football.



"Safety features, sir? . . . Well, in our little dashboard compartment here, we do have a twelve-month supply of a brand-name contraceptive."

SAMUEL PEPYS *(continued from page 125)*

publick, and is marvellous to look at, being so regular featur'd and pretty, and fine complexion'd, and good hair, and quite tall for a Mayor; in sum, a most perfect goy, but how this aide him in govourning, I know not.

June 4. Up very betimes, as the parrot got into the blender and turned it on somehow, which caused a curious noise until the plug were pulled; but I fear olde Num-nums will not be the same, unless a plastic beak can be fashioned, and there are feathers in the chandelier. A pox on the bird, say I. Contented myself with a breakfast of chicken-egges, which I fear to eat of late, as Dr. Nishman claimeth the ingestion of dairy do surely coat the heart with fatty globules and cause a great distress, which is called an attack of the heart, or Failure, and quite slows up your dancing. But egges being such a noble dish, I cannot believe they are harmfull, for then why would God leave them around if they be a slow poison? Unless that is what He is up to. By taxi-cab to the office and did again observe how the meter did click pell-mell with each jolt of the vehicle, so that the cost was exceeding great for a ride of exceeding shortness. So paid the cab-man and added a gratuity, which he scorned, telling me of a place I might keep it, but he was mistaken, as that is no place for coins.

June 5. Up, and made myself fine, and to the Park, where I fell to merry talk with Mrs. L., who wore, as is the fashion, a man's shirte of denim and trousers of the same, of a tight fit and much faded; and even though these be common laborers' cloathes, somehow they do enhance her charmes, and did put thoughts into my head which made it ake greatly. Thence we to the Museum of Art, where, it being deserted, she suffer'd me to kiss her between the Rubens and then I did touch her near the Velázquez. Thence to a seafood house and I did give her oysters, hoping to perform something more than ordinary with her, but she demurred, saying I did dishonour her, which is a laugh. So home to bed, hornily.

June 7. Have this day read that if a man take a glass of water and put into it some honeycomb and vinegare of apples, and drink it daily on arising, it will thin his blood and he need not fear of falling down in a publick washroom of syncope. The taste of this mixture is vile, yet it is good for the health; whereas the taste of chicken-egges is heavenly, but they stop the heart. Surely there is a moral in this, but it eludeth me.

June 8. Up, and to the bus, where I did see a girle of most saucy visage, so I inclined my head to her, and I confess I wished to shew her some dalliance; but soon was she joined by a fellow with a size 20½ neck, so I smiled at them both, but he smileth not.

June 11. Have this day heard a frightful tayle told of my uncle Mordecai, which is remarquable in being one of many similar, and not unusuall tayles, concerning what may occur in daylight in this city. My uncle M., now in his 65th yeare, praise God, and a good man, was abroad, in full view of many citizens, when a blackamoor did approach him and demand a dollar of money, but having none, he refused; whereupon the knave did cause my uncle to be mugged, thus: by bringing down a large root upon his head with such force that he must now be fed with a spoon, and this a man who for 40 years ran a successful fabric house. I would not believe it except I have myself seen him in his lodgings, standing in the vestibule with fishing tackle and hipbootes, and he bade me be silent as he was "trolling for moonbeames," so I know his brain is turned to forcemeat; and my aunt Minna has thrown up her hands, saying the city is in the hands of freebooters. And someone hath today written with paint upon my building, "Burn, Whitey!" So to the locksmith for a few more deadbolts, and to bed, clutching a bread knife.

June 13. Up, and to the office, where Jane did give me messages and mail, and I did note with satisfaction her new cloake and a brave pair of bootes which were most revealling; and she came into my office and I dictated many letters of a serious nature but could not post them, as I had put all the verbs at the beginning of the sentences and all the nouns at the end and the word "thigh" appear'd thrice in every paragraph, which vexed me; so we threw the letters out the window and I touched her on the left breast, or Zillman, which I do think is truly the most wonderful breast in the entire building, excepting her right one, and it is a great pity she is limited to two. So home by rail, and did see an entertainment on the tube, which is called the "Six o'Clocke Newes," and is so ill-conceived that I think it surely the worst thing I have ever seen in all my days. Verily, do these newes-men simper and giggle until I must throw a boote at the screen.

June 17. (Lord's day) This evening by rail with Mr. Reynolds to the Broad Way and, as it is my custom to be curious in all things, did see an entertainment, which is called "Deep Throate," a film of medical nature and quite remarquable, esp. the younge girle, who methinks is greatly talented in her role, and does possess fine qualities and skills and may prove a good actor or a sensational travelling-companion to whoever may so employ her. Thence home to dalliance with Sandra, who did chide me, saying I waked her from sleep, and complain'd, but soon stop'd complaining, and then showed me severall ideas she said she had thought of. I do believe she hath seen this film herself, and is coy; but it is not a bad thing if this be the result. So to sleep, deeply.

June 20. Up betimes, and made my breakfast of muffins and chicken-egges, for which I shall surely be sorry, and resolve now to have no more until a week Tuesday, but it will be a tryall, for I love my breakfast of chicken-egges, as is well known. Dr. Nishman hath suggested instead of egges, a portion of cereal, but somehow I cannot embrace the milled grains for a breakfast food. May God guide me, perhaps the answer lies in waffles.

June 21. Up, and to Dr. Kugler the head-candler for some shrinkage of the braine, and recalled a troubling dream, viz.: that everyone in America had a banjoe but myself, which irked me mightily, and they rebuked me, saying: "Looke, he hath no banjoe!" and thereupon all did play and dance an air, *China Boy*, with a wondrous solo by Mr. Sidney Bechet which set me aweeping, and I did swoon, and awoke with a dizzinesse in the head; and Dr. Kugler say it be a dream not of a banjoe but of sex; yet howsoever I did entreat him, he would fain tell me no more, but did only smirk and be silente in that way of his, and it cost me 50 big ones to hear this.

June 22. Up, and to the Museum, hoping to see Mrs. L., but she not being there, thence by taxi to the office, which was deare and put me out of humour. Mr. P. did frown at me, saying I must be at the office earlier, which greatly annoy'd me, and I riposted, saying he should hire a dairy-farmer in my stead, as *he* would surely rise quite betimes, which was a good reply and witty, methought (and well received by Jane and others), whereupon Mr. P. and I had much high exchange, and I called him Asse and Jerke, and he me; and he twisted my nose and I boxed his eare. So I retired and had many thoughts of placing a cheese in his hat to vex him, until I learned he hath no hat.

June 23. To my barber's for a light trimme of the hair, but he was fain to wash it first, which means that the neck is fitted into a grooved basin, whereupon hot water is pour'd into the hair and eyes, which is distressing to them, and then a mayde do briskly rub a soape into the head, and all is in disarray, and one perceives one's image in the glass, looking like a corpse which has been under water for three days, and all under the guise of getting groom'd. But the mayde which washed my hair, called Helga, and methinks not too innocent but pretty enough, did paye me a compliment on my scalp and give me her personal card against anon. So home and had a quandary of severall thoughts, and severall times did dial her number, but always stopping after six digits. So to bed, wondering if I had my hair cut twice in two days, would it cause comment?

June 24. Have newes this day of my parents, God preserve them, who, being retired, do pursue such activities as might pleasure them, such as knitting or games, and on occasion will take a small nostrum or remedy to ease their pains; and I am given to understand that a prescription being wrongly filled, they did each ingest a tablet of Benzedrine, mistaking it for a tranquillizer, which caused them a mighty weirdness, viz.: that my father did in one stroke push his shuffleboard disk across the road and through the living-room window of the Breitroses, whereupon it struck one Sholom Breitrose upon the knee, and there will likely be a suit; and my mother did knit within ten minutes a stocking 18 feet in length before she could be sedated. Order is now restored, but methinks a certain pharmacy wants looking into.

July 5. Up, and a pleasant morning, so to the center of towne for a stroll, where I did perceive severall new crazies; and I do believe there are more crazies to be seen in the publick streets than ever before. Perhaps the recent turn of political events, or the strangeness of the times do express itself in these poor folk of weird demeanour, as if Nature would warn us how near we all are to lunacy. I did see some crazies new to me, and some familiar, viz.: *The Man Who Walks.* This is a tall fellow, dressed in bootes and knapsack, with determined bearing and great stride, who might be a messenger on urgent duty, except he may be seen walking north one moment, then east the next, and then south a few moments later, with no objective; and bearing a hand-lettered legend on his back: "No One May Assassinate Me but My Relatives," which is strange and marvellous to see, and he is definitely moon-city. *The Man with a Leaf on His Head* or *The Salad-Man*; a younge man with Alpine hat, quite normal-looking in all respects, but one may observe a leaf of Boston lettuce or endive sticking under his hat; why, I know not, and I ween neither does he, but he seems to require it: *The Farting Man*, who must be avoided at all costs, esp. in elevators; and, finally, the *Ray-Lady*, of aristocratic mien, who weareth opera-gloves and furs and a protective hat of aluminum foil, to keep her from the rays emitted by the Empire State Building television tower, which she claim do badly poison her mind. And who can say she is not right?

July 10. Up, and busy all the morning packing severall chests against a trip out of the city, for the heat and closeness do finally make me strange, and put my head and mind out of order, and rob me of my gusto; perhaps a week at the shore will restore it; for while I do love the city, the danger of calamity do encrease daily (I have today heard of one man killing another for a parking-space, and neither had cars) and the cost of food and lodging already calamitous; and soon I think the only ones left will be the brigands and the crazies, and perhaps it will not be a bad thing, for they may put the city to better use than we. So now to the Long Island Expressway, may God prepare me.

"Why the hell should I leave? I'm the one who put her in the mood!"

"A nice change of pace, don't you think?"

CHAIRMAN SKINFLINT

(continued from page 86)

with the House's own elegant instrumentalities of courtesy. "I've always found it sort of difficult," he admits in a mumble, "to ask favors." Until he came into his chairmanship, his only excursion beyond his routine Congressional functions—aside from a brief, surpassingly anonymous announcement for the Presidency in 1968—was a lunge at the House Majority Leadership in 1970. He was pricked into that venture when, as he explains it, "Hale Boggs asked me if I would go around and help talk up support for his candidacy. But what I found, everybody I talked to, not a one was all that damn crazy about having Boggs. So I figured, what the hell, I might as well have a go at it myself." But he prosecuted his campaign with the novel blandishment, "What would you rather have—a happy Wayne Hays as Majority Leader or an unhappy Wayne Hays as chairman of the Administration Committee?" Despite that dour proposition, he finished fourth in a field of five—though he did make good on his bluster at a prevote gathering of the other contenders, "Listen, you bastards, I'll bet any one of you in this room a hundred bucks that I don't finish last."

So, rather than likability, it's as if Hays determined he would specialize in the unique properties of offensiveness. "I do like to stick the shaft to 'em," he allows. "To me, it's a lot of fun. It's kind of like a game of chess, you might say, a battle of wits. If you can, you win 'em." Whatever, it's been a ruse by which he has finally prospered. Indeed, his employ of abuse has only been lent extra punch by the House's own vast aversion to personal altercation.

"I could not possibly exaggerate the reluctance around here," declares one member, "to get into any unpleasantness with a guy who not only does not mind unpleasantness one bit but who actually delights in it."

• • •

Arrived as an eminence of the House now, Hays has reincarnated the quarters of the Administration Committee into one of the more imperial settings under the dome. "Until Hays moved in, those rooms up there used to look like the rear offices of a spare-parts warehouse," recalls one committee member. "Then, all of a sudden, rugs grew on the floor, paintings bloomed on the walls."

In an inner office that has acquired the tassels and blush of a pasha's bower, Hays reposes behind a Napoleonic desk below an epic crystal chandelier, amid a profusion of antiques, including a silver serving tray that once belonged to Queen Victoria's first prime minister. Actually, for someone who issued out of Bannock, Ohio, Hays has long had an improbably nimble eye for art. One of the most precipitous and exuberant junketeers in Congress, he has managed to amass an imposing booty of artifacts to adorn his various habitations in Washington and Ohio—Persian prayer rugs, mahogany English Regency chairs, myriad oils, including an original Dufy and Utrillo. Conducting visitors among his galleries of acquisitions, he is prone at times to remark, "This is a hell of a long way from Bannock, wouldn't you say?"

The truth is, his aesthetic enthusiasms—which he acknowledges are "rather catholic"—range beyond the inanimate. Chatting with a visitor recently, he suddenly lowered his voice to a conspiratorial croak, "I want you to come with me for a second, I'm gonna show you something that'll knock your eyes out." Tilting his head into the doorway of one of his committee's rear offices, he summoned forth, with a fragile wheeze and a single languid wave of one long age-freckled hand, an extravagantly opulent young female. Dismissing her back to her desk after a short exchange of pleasantries, he then inquired, "Now, what do you think of that? Any of the other fellows around here got anything you've seen that can beat that?"

In his exercise of this particular connoisseurship on the Hill, his frequent overture is, "Hi. I'm Wayne Hays, D. D.—Doctor of Divan," and if greeted with anything less than enchantment, he tends to take it not amicably. To a colleague puzzled by his inordinate biliousness toward one female Congressional aide, Hays clipped, "Well, she had her chance with me and she muffed it." After taking in the musical *1776* not long ago, Hays seemed for weeks obsessed with those scenes unfolding the more lickerish propensities of the patriarchs and would report with a certain reedy exhilaration in his voice, "Hell, Franklin was an 80-year-old man, but he was still going full blast after those skirts." For his part, Hays readily announces, "My greatest ambition now is to be ninety-one years old and shot at by a jealous husband."

Back in his home district, at his office over an abandoned tire store in Flushing, he frequently passes his morning in the company of a huge puffy ink-chocolate Persian cat named Lucifer, which oddly seems to belong both to Hays and to one of his secretaries there—an indefinite common ownership made up of a kind of mutual fondness. While Hays is going about his dictation to this secretary ("A real sweet person, and the goddamnedest *longest*-legged gal, you oughtta see her sometime in, uh, a bathing suit"), their flamboyant pompon of a cat—a moving penumbra of implausible fluffiness resembling, more than anything alive, something won by a teenage girl at a state fair to decorate her pillow—is left to daintily prowl, with an exquisite luxuriousness, over the chairs and window sills and filing cabinets, now and then even floating across the length of Hays's own desk.

On many counts, then, there seemed a certain drollness, at the least, about Hays's being selected in 1967 to chair the special subcommittee charged with investigating the improprieties of Adam Clayton Powell. In fact, Hays suspended the Powell proceedings to make a 20-day sojourn to Paris with a 26-year-old secretary for a NATO conference, this following an excursion to Bermuda with the same secretary to consult with "British parliamentarians." Hays answered all waggish commentaries about these jaunts by insisting, "I am broadening my international education." Even so, Hays seemed to sense that, with his explorations into Powell's prodigalities, he might himself be embarking into a latitude of treacherous winds. "The chairman thought I was the only one who could handle it," Hays now says, "but I didn't want the damn thing. It was a very unpleasant assignment. If Powell had just come in and cooperated with us, it wouldn't have turned out like it did, anyway. The whole thing was highly unnecessary. But he was just too goddamn arrogant and contemptuous with us."

In the Congressional firmament—where, as one of its denizens puts it, "You've got to be somebody significant, or else you just aren't real yet, you simply don't exist"—Hays's only hold on self-validation remains his forbidding surliness; for him, survival lies in maintaining the vitality of his ill-humor.

For a period of days recently, Hays seemed sunk in some vague catatonic torpor, moving with the creaky deliberation of approaching decrepitude, greeting visitors wanly and distractedly with a chill, furtive handshake, then absently rubbing his forehead with tapering fingers glazed at the nailtips as if with the first frost of old age, speaking in a voice that seemed to be issuing through the polyethylene gauzes of an oxygen tent. Then one afternoon, a visitor happened to stroll into his office only a few minutes after Hays had finished reading his profile in the Nader Congressional report—and found him suddenly, startlingly alive, full of an eager and hectic animation. "That son of a bitch!" he bugled. "He put in there that I sleep with five different girls every week. I called over to that place and told those jerks that if they didn't take that out, I'd be getting every cent of Mr. Nader's G.M.-suit money. They got no evidence, I sure as hell know that." It was as if he had been instantly revived out of his invalidlike drowsiness, reinvigorated merely by a random whiff of sulphur promising new possibilities for acrimony and vilification. Buoyant now on the updrafts of distemper, he brayed jubilantly, almost festively, "They release that item, by God, I'll just go around town saying Nader sleeps with five different *boys* every week. That son of a bitch—if you want to know the sorriest gang in the world, it's a bunch of Jew boys led by an A-rab."

However astonishingly squalid Hays's style of invective may strike others, it has sensationally facilitated what Hays describes as his chief amusement over his Congressional career: "The enemies I've been able to accumulate." At times, he is fond of musing over his collection of past scandalizations, like someone sentimentally leafing through an album of nostalgic snapshots. He recalls a conversation with Air Force Chief of Staff Hoyt Vandenberg in the Mayflower Hotel early during the Korean War, in which Vandenberg assured him that the whole business would be resolved in six weeks. "I told him, 'General, you'd give me a lot more confidence about that if you were over there in Korea leading the troops, instead of in here leaning on the edge of this bar telling me about it.' I thought he was gonna have a stroke."

Similarly, in his frequent forays abroad, he has with regularity left the composure of Foreign Service officials memorably disheveled. On his maiden outing, on landing in Poland, he was notified that local regulations required him to leave his newly purchased camera on the plane, whereupon he honked, "You tell those Commie bureaucrats that if I get off this plane, my new camera is coming with me. If they want to keep a member of the U. S. House of Representatives sitting inside this plane the whole time it's parked on their airfield, tell 'em to go ahead." Granted a special dispensation a few minutes later, he descended the ramp to stand for several minutes theatrically snicking his camera at the Polish photographers gathered there. During another processional, through South America, Hays encountered, at dinner in Colombia, a U. S. foreign-aid official who, Hays recalls, "got a little bit in his cups, to the extent he started telling me what a bunch of bums Congressmen were. The next morning, I got on the phone to the Ambassador and instructed him to get that jerk shipped out of there or we'd have a new Ambassador to Colombia. If I'm not mistaken, the guy was gone even before we'd left."

At a diplomatic reception in Yugoslavia attended by President Tito, Hays was taken aside by the U. S. Ambassador and breathlessly informed that Tito, told there was a large population of Serbians in Hays's district, was interested in chatting with him about them. "Fine," said Hays, and, introduced to Tito, proceeded, "If you'd like to know how the Serbs in my district feel about everything, Mr. President, I can tell you there's not a one of them who wouldn't hang you from the nearest lamppost if they had a chance." Hays now gloats, "I threw our whole embassy into an uproar. The Ambassador himself personally told me it was the single most horrible thing that had happened to him in his entire career."

By his own account, at least, he has been given to no more awe for his own Presidents. Once invited to the White House for a briefing by Nixon, Hays was halted at the gate by a guard "wearing that goddamn silly *Student Prince*

"Don't knock it, Son. That's the music you were made by."

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costume the President had just invented for them" and told that his name did not seem to be on the list of those attending. "He asked me to wait there, it wouldn't take him but ten minutes to get me cleared. I told him, 'Ten minutes, hell—I didn't want to come down here in the first place.' So I just spun a little rubber, you know, and took on off back for my office. The White House was already on the phone when I walked in, and they tried apologizing and said they sure hoped I would be at the reception that evening for this head of state who was in town, but I just told them to stuff it, I had a few *important* things I had to do that evening." Purportedly, he monumentally and more or less permanently miffed President Johnson when, phoning Hays once to cultivate support for a bill about to be submitted to Congress, Johnson intoned, "You are the first Ohioan I want to talk to about this measure," to which Hays twanged that he had just run into Mike Kirwan, another Ohio Democrat, "and he said you told him the same thing."

"Unlike Johnson," Hays sometimes reflects for audiences, "Eisenhower had been around generals enough to know how unbelievably dumb the lot of them are. Instead of generals, Ike's mesmerization was millionaires." During a luncheon once at the Eisenhower White House for descendants of former Presidents, Hays —"through the stupidity of some bureaucrat who thought I had something to do with Rutherford B. Hayes, without noticing our names weren't even spelled the same"—found himself seated next to Eisenhower. "I kept feeling I ought to engage him in conversation, but I couldn't seem to get more than one or two syllables out of him. I tried everything—foreign affairs, domestic politics, the legislation pending in Congress. At last I said, 'Well, Mr. President, and how's everything down on the farm at Gettysburg?' Obviously, I'd finally hit on something that he was interested in. He looked at me very seriously, like he was noticing for the first time there was this guy sitting beside him, and then he shook his head and said, 'Not good. Not good. It looks like I'm going to have to get rid of all my cattle.' Of course, I was in the cattle business myself, and I immediately assumed he was talking about some disease that meant he was going to have to shoot 'em all, some real disaster, but he said, 'The Attorney General has advised me they might at some time involve the appearance of a conflict of interest and I ought to sell them.' I couldn't believe it. I said, 'Well, Mr. President, if it were me, I can tell you I certainly wouldn't do anything like that.' He said, 'Oh, yeah? What would you do?' and I said, 'The first thing I'd do is get me another Attorney General.' Hell, you know what? He actually got mad. Later on, I told him I wasn't really a descendant of President Hayes or any of the others so far as I knew, and he rared back and said, 'But you aren't even supposed to be here!' I said, 'Well, Mr. President, nevertheless, it appears I am, and I've already gone through most of the courses here and several glasses of fine wine, but if you'd like me to get up and leave before they bring in the dessert, I'll be happy to.' That didn't seem to make him any happier, either. The man had absolutely no sense of humor."

• • •

Over such a career, it might be supposed that Hays, on occasion, would have met with certain knuckled retorts. But few, if any, have ever countered him that bluntly. When Hays once ambushed a bill of California's Ron Dellums by quoting a speech Dellums had made the day before referring to "the mediocre prima donnas in Congress who don't understand the level of human misery," Dellums later phoned Hays, ashen with rage. "If you'd been dealing with the politics of my amendment, that'd be a different question," he hissed, "but you chose to take it on for personal and gratuitous reasons. I heard you were out to get me, and I just want to know if that's the case."

After a pause, Hays mustered a wintry chuckle. "Don't worry. If I were out to get you, you'd know about it."

But there are not many who have confronted Hays even that directly. Whenever someone begins making sounds about dealing with him in a bluffer fashion, Hays himself reports, he simply barks, "Just try it and see what happens to you." But in this doughtiness, he is not without discretion. After being referred to less than luminously in a magazine article a few years ago, Hays phoned a Congressman he knew to be a friend of the writer and proclaimed, "I'm gonna punch that son of a bitch right in the mouth."

The Congressman told Hays, "Well, you might like to know that the party you're talking about is about six feet, seven, weighs about two seventy-five and is a right mean feller."

There was a silence. "Oh, yeah?" Hays blared. "Well, hell——" After that, to all appearances, the matter slipped Hays's mind.

But many on the Hill propose that Hays—who is even fond of sometimes tweaking members about hints of peccadilloes he has discerned in the travel vouchers that pass before him—is negotiating a perilously combustible game. "Intimation, however it's exercised, has never worked in the long run around here," says one Hill observer. "One of these days, ole Wayne's going to violate one amenity too many and find he's run out of grace all of a sudden. Then they'll converge on him, and when they're done, all he'll have left of his empire is the handle stub of his gavel."

In the meantime, he is accorded a deference by the rest of the membership that approaches the uncanny. At one committee meeting not long ago, New York Congressman Ben Rosenthal had to be restrained from heaving a water pitcher at Hays, purportedly for an anti-Semitic comment; but, later asked by a newsman what had provoked him, Rosenthal merely averred in a dull murmur that he couldn't precisely remember. On a recent afternoon while Hays was entertaining two journalists in his inner office, one of the House's more robust liberal activists stepped in to ask for a small dispensation involving office facilities—a labored entreaty that Hays, after a few minutes, interrupted with a mutter, "Well, hell, don't oversell it"—and then quickly, casually granted the consideration. Taking a deep breath, the member swiftly stood and was surging for the door when Hays lightly called, "Uh—just a second," introduced him to his guests and then suggested, in an idle and toneless voice, "You might want to tell 'em what you think about me."

The member descended somewhat hastily and clumsily back to the couch, his rumpled hulk heaped precariously on the very edge, and gazing for only an instant with a helpless blankness, he then commenced in a hearty boom, "Well, sure, that's very easy. Ah"—his mouth hung soundlessly open for a moment—"I do think Wayne's style intimidates some members, but that's their problem, not Wayne's. This place is a jungle, see, and if the others smell you're weak, they'll chew you up and spit you out." His huge face flushed, he stared fixedly at the two journalists with something like a secret appeal in his eyes. "What I mean is, I don't think I have to prove my own liberal credentials, and of course, as I'm sure you understand, we've had our differences in the past, but Wayne reflects great credit on, uh, our Congress and our country. What you have to realize about the way Wayne operates, he doesn't play games, he means what he says."

With Hays himself slumped comfortably in a leather chair beside him leisurely and abstractly picking under his thumbnail with a paper clip, the liberal Congressman barged on, rummaging forth observations about Hays with an earnest and interminable elaboration that suggested that, without further cue, he would still be cumbersomely perched on the edge of that couch vibrantly effusing on into the next morning. At last, Hays interposed with a dim flicker of a smile, "Goddamn. I think I'm gonna make you my campaign manager."

With that, the Congressman ceased, quickly computed that he was now released and blurted, "Well, anyway, Wayne, thanks again," and lurched out of the office.

After a moment, Hays offered, "Well, you heard him. And he's one of the more

"Why, Mr. Garrett, this is so sudden! Your wagon or mine?"

liberal guys around here—fact, he surprised me, some of the things he had to say there. But you see? I'm not quite the son of a bitch the press has me cracked up to be."

• • •

In that dingy and overcast childhood as the son of a small grocer and feed-store proprietor in a little mountain junction, the great illumination came to Hays, when he was in the fourth grade, that he would ultimately be a United States Senator, and then President. This bright epiphany—principally induced by his great-uncle, a state senator who, Hays remembers, "always looked very distinguished, and people were always consulting him about things"—constituted the single vision of Hays's life from then on. Elected mayor of Flushing, Ohio, then a state senator and county commissioner, his only deflection from this goal came when he volunteered for active duty the day after Pearl Harbor. Shortly thereafter, though, he received a medical discharge—owing to a suspicion by military doctors, Hays soberly explains, that "I had cancer of the mouth."

Now, after 24 years in the House, Hays seems to recognize that his ambition is permanently stalled. At times he will remark wistfully of former House colleagues who eventually made the crossing over into the Senate—that exalted political empyrean that now appears irrevocably denied to him—"It's funny, but suddenly you just never hear from them again. Happens every time, with every one of them. They just disappear when they get over there."

He is nourished only by the notion that from the House, where he is immutably stranded, he has at least managed occasional impingements on that lost larger world. He cites, for example, "the time Kennedy called me to ask about Bill Fulbright being Secretary of State." According to Hays, "I told Kennedy, 'You've got to be kidding. Here's a guy who's opposed every single piece of civil rights legislation put before Congress, a full-blown segregationist, and you want to have him dealing with all these emerging nations in Africa and the Third World?' Kennedy told me, 'My God, Wayne, I never thought about that. You're absolutely right.' Fulbright doesn't know this, but I'm the guy who put the lid on his great dream of becoming Secretary of State. That he didn't get it, you know, is what's been the matter with the son of a bitch ever since."

If his own greater expectations somehow miscarried, Hays alleges he has struck a *détente* of sorts with his disappointment. "When you're chairman of a committee in the House, you have to be held accountable for how that committee functions, and that's a lot of responsibility, brother." Beyond that, Hays once confided in a flat and rapid murmur, "You probably wouldn't ever guess it—I've always hidden it real well—but I have a considerable inferiority complex. Yeah, I used to be so bashful, I'd walk over to the other side of the street just to keep from talking to some important or older person, which is one of the reasons I got into public debate in high school, to try and overcome that. Now, I have no doubt I could have been elected governor of Ohio at one time or another—but my whole experience, see, has been in legislating, not in administering, and I never was sure if I could do it. In fact, this was the first time—this year, when I became chairman of the committee—that I'd ever administered anything. And there's no way around it, you just have to have a bit of the bastard in you to keep things under control and to get things done. I don't think there's many who'd say I haven't done a pretty fair job so far."

Neither is Hays without certain other consolations. Back in his home district one evening recently, he indulged himself with dinner at a country club nestled on a mountaintop only a few miles away, as it turned out, from the grim little hill-shank town of his boyhood. Taking a table in a far corner by the window, his back to the other diners in powder-blue golf sweaters and Popsicle-hued slacks, who were mostly collected on the other side of the room, Hays noted with a faint lift of a smile, "I'm probably the only Democrat in here." For a while, after receiving his cocktail, he gazed out through the room's expansive plate-glass picture window, down over a far sweep and lilt of sleekly barbered fairways in the smoky bluing tints of a chill autumn sundown. With the supper-hour organist intoning placid sentimentalities in the background, Hays mused cozily, "You know, I caddied once on that golf course—earned money to go to college carrying bags right down there on those fairways."

At that point, a tall 40ish woman in a brilliant pants suit paused at his table. Bangled, her rangy marelike plenitude only vaguely sagged, her face cosmeticized to a slightly savage vividness, she breathed, "Well, Wayne *Hays*. Whaddaya know?"

He gave her a quick upward flick of a glance—"Oh. Uh, yeah, hello, how've you been, good to see you"—and returned, with a certain bland alacrity, to contemplating the fairway. Later, when he had finished his meal, a squat man came over and greeted him with a gusty cordiality, and when this party had withdrawn, Hays idly surmised, one arm slung over the back of his chair, "Well, that was the manager of the place, I guess."

Also, through some obscure process over his years in Congress, Hays has come into possession of a 169-acre farm in the candy-green rippling hills a few miles outside Flushing. There, black Angus cattle and Tennessee walking horses browse in white-fenced pastures around a tall, narrow, red-brick Victorian farmhouse that looms gauntly beside the highway on a lawn empty of trees. Inside that house one afternoon not long ago, Hays—arrayed in the garb of a gentleman rancher, English tweed jacket and sheeny twill trousers with tapered-toe boots—entertained some guests by putting a Herb Alpert album on the stereo ("He's my favorite") and showing them around. But the stereo's blare of festive brass clangored over the hard polished wooden floors of rooms that seemed, despite the lavish amphitheater of a bed upstairs, irredeemably chill and unlifed, containing only an expensively ornamented emptiness. Upstairs, Hays lingered just inside the doorway of a sitting room with bare yellow-pine floors and blank white walls, scanty of furniture and rectangled in a cold bright afternoon sunlight. "I've got this one room," he explained, "in case, you know, sometime in the future it becomes hard for me to move around. I mean, you never know what's going to happen to you in your old age." He ruminated on that a moment, while the Tijuana Brass clamored on bravely and obliviously through the bleak rooms around him. "You know, the only thing I have a horror of is staying around the Hill until I'm senile. I just hope I have enough sense to know when it happens. I don't want to be remembered as that doddering old man who was always wandering around, never quite knowing where he was."

He passes much of his time alone. His 19-year-old daughter, Geeta, and his wife, Martha—a quiet, thin, blonde, somewhat harried-looking lady—remain behind in Ohio when he is in Washington; and when he is back in his home district, he often leaves them at their home in Flushing to stay the night out at his farmhouse. His days in his district are largely spent driving himself over thinly raveling highways to whose edges tenuously cling countless and indistinguishably drab mountainside villages, making brief stops—a sooty brick church in a sullen little river town, where grizzled and sturdy Knights of Columbus stand ranked in their ambassadorial finery in a dungeon-glum basement with linoleum flooring the color of stale chewing gum, all of them gravely holding transparent plastic cups of whiskey—and then driving on, humped and comfortably spread-kneed behind the wheel of his spacious Gran Torino, resembling nothing so much as a prosperous middle-aged traveling salesman for fancy plumbing fixtures, driving on into the fading lonesome burn of sunset, while he tunes into the car's silence the crackling fume of irate radio evangelists.

One journalist who flew out to spend some time with Hays during his last reelection campaign pulled up at the motel where he was scheduled to meet Hays a half hour later and discovered the Congressman already sitting in the small cramped lobby just inside the entrance, where—watching a television set for a while, then ruffling through the Sunday funnies, impassive to the curious uncertain glances of the desk clerks and strangers milling around him—he had been waiting for over an hour. Such patience would be attributed, by most in Washington, simply to the heroic diligence of Hays's ego. But a few days later, as Hays and the journalist were about to part, it seemed more some small plaintive rasp from far voids of loneliness when Hays, his tepid handshake lingering shyly, suddenly essayed in a flat and toneless mutter, "By the way, if we're still speaking to each other after your piece comes out, I'll come down with my architect and help you redecorate that old country house you've bought, and maybe you'd like to go over with us for that NATO meeting in Bonn, just to look it over, if you've never seen one before; just let me know enough ahead of time so I can arrange it. . . ."

Two evenings before, during a round of campaigning in church basements and high school gyms festooned with WELCOME, CONGRESSMAN HAYS banners in Halloween black-and-orange crepe paper, Hays had grumped on the road between calls, "I just can't seem to get in the spirit of this campaign for some reason. It's just no fun yet. It's too nice." At a rally a few hours earlier, as if casting about for some rancor to restore his pulse, the best he could invoke was a slightly askance and inordinate irascibility over Dr. Benjamin Spock ("That damn kook, that damn nut, if there's anything wrong with this present generation, it's that damn book of his"). But it was like a blustery short-winded blowing at stubbornly sodden ashes. Now, driving himself through the starless night over that mean and bitten landscape of hills flayed by strip mines, Hays comforted himself for a while with reminiscences about past acrimonies. "Opponent of mine once kept trying to press it as a point in the campaign that he had eleven children. It began to get tiresome, him bragging about those eleven children of his. Finally, one night, the two of us appeared together to talk to a gathering of Polish miners, a right rough bunch of fellows, and he brought the damn thing up again. So when he was finished, I stood up and said, 'Well, you know, I got a champion bull sired fifty calves, but it's never occurred to me to run him for Congress.' Those Poles started whooping and banging on the tables—they all had about three beers in them by that time—and hollered, 'Go get 'im, Hays! Go after 'im!' Yessir, that gentleman found out a little bit what politics is all about that evening, believe me." Hays emitted a fleeting and papery chortle. "Heh-heh. What I did to that guy shouldn't happen to a dog. Heh."

Then, after a pause, he sighed. "But, hell, I just can't seem to catch life this time. I just haven't been able to get goddamn good and mad at anybody. I don't know what's the matter. God—maybe it's already happening: What if I'm beginning to get old?"

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A CHESS CLUB HAS SUCH A DIGNIFIED AIR OF CONCENTRATION, RALPHIE.

HERE COMES FISHEY. REMEMBER WHAT I TAUGHT YOU ··· OPEN WITH THE SICILIAN DEFENSE, AND DON'T BE AFRAID. CHESS ISN'T **ALL** INTELLECTUAL! IT'S ALSO PSYCHOLOGICAL.

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK IT'S PSYCHO-LOGICAL?

FISHEY, FOOEY!

YOUR FLY'S OPEN!

GIVE UP? GIVE UP?

YOUR EARS ARE MUCH TOO LARGE! I INSIST YOU DO SOMETHING ABOUT THEM!

THAT PAWN GAVE ME A DIRTY LOOK! REMOVE IT!

HELP, MOMMY!

THE SUN WENT DOWN TOO EARLY TODAY. I WON'T STAND FOR IT!

IT'S ALL MY FATHER'S FAULT!

RAC-IST!

I'M NO GOOD!

I'M TOO SHORT.

I CAN HEAR YOU BLINKING! STOP IT, INSTANTLY!

YOUR CHESSBOARD HAS DANDRUFF!

YOU'RE NOT WORTH CHECKMATING IN PERSON! TAKE THIS SEALED ENVELOPE AND READ ABOUT IT!

···ALSO SIT ON THOSE PHONEBOOKS YOUR HEIGHT WILL INTIMIDATE HIM!

– BENT OVER LIKE THIS? JINKIES, IT'S A GOOD THING I WORE MY JACKET OR I'D FALL OUT OF MY SHIRT!

OH, THAT'S TOO BAD. OVERHEATING IS **TERRIBLE** FOR CHESS. THE JACKET WILL HAVE TO GO!

FA-LUMP!

TOUCH-MOVE! TOUCH-MOVE!

YOU TOUCHED YOUR PIECE! A TOUCH IS A MOVE!

SHE TOUCHED TWO PIECES AT ONCE!

SHE'S UN-HINGED HIM WITH THAT GAMBIT.

SHE'S THROWN AWAY THE RULE-BOOKS!

···LOOK! HE'S **JUMPING** HER PAWN!

WOOPS! MISTAKE!

WHAT DOES HE THINK THIS IS···**CHECK-ERS?**

UB GUB!

FISHEY'S FLOUNDERING!

SHE'S THREATENING HIS KING'S KNIGHT WITH HER QUEENS.

HE'S BLOCKING HER QUEENS WITH ··· HIS **DRINKING GLASS?**

WOOPS! MISTAKE!

GUB UB DUB!

FISHEY'S HOOKED!

HE WASN'T THIS WAY WITH SPASSTIC!

THERE'S ONLY **ONE WAY** HE CAN AVOID CHECKMATE!

HE'S GOT TO MOVE HIS BISHOP TO HER QUEEN EIGHT!

ANNIE TWO

QUEEN EIGHT

WATCH YOUR LANGUAGE, GRIDLEY.

LEAPIN' LIZARDS AND EEEEK!

THAT DID IT! SHE HAS PSYCHED THE BIGGEST PSYCHER OF ALL TIMES.

I RESIGN!

KISS ME! I RESIGN!

MATE ME!

CONGRATULATIONS, ANNIE! YOU'VE BEATEN THE GREAT BOBBY FISHEY.

I **TOLD** YOU IT'S A VERY PSYCHOLOGICAL GAME.

GLORYOSKY! WHATEVER IT IS··· I'M GOING BACK TO **BINGO!**

AND WHATEVER YOU SAY, RALPHIE, I **STILL** THINK MY CHESS IS **AWFUL!**

DON' YOU BELIEVE IT, HONEY! YOU GOT JUS' ABOUT THE **BES'CHES' IN TOWN!**

GREAT MOVES!

OH, YASS!

END

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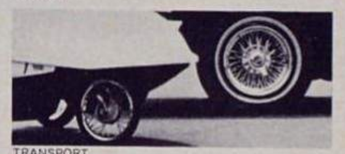
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